



CAPTAIN WILLIAM PEEL, R.N.

(Reproduced by Miss A. M. Grace, from a Sketch taken from Life in 1855.)

THE CRIMEA

IN

1854, AND 1894.

BY

GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD,
V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

*WITH PLANS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES
TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY
COLONEL THE HON. W. J. COLVILLE, C.B.*

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1895.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN SIR WILLIAM PEEL, R.N.,
WHO, BY PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE,
TAUGHT THOSE UNDER HIS COMMAND
TO DEDICATE THEIR LIVES TO THE SERVICE
OF QUEEN AND COUNTRY.

“It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised.”

SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

PREFACE.



LAST year, after revisiting the Crimea, I wrote some articles in a magazine* recalling incidents of forty years ago. These, considerably amplified, I now venture to submit to the Public. Memory in Youth cuts her track deeply and surely, and, while the opinions formed then may be modified by Time and Experience, yet, as regards facts I have found but little to alter in revising my first impressions of our Great War. The habits of precision enforced in the Navy by the keeping of a log or journal, and my daily letters written to my mother, have assisted a naturally retentive memory, and I have had many letters from comrades of both Services in the trenches, expressing general concurrence in my statements.

When, last year, I stood on the trenches of the Right Attack, by the side of one† who for months laboured in them, “carrying his life in his hand,” and we looked on the now smiling scene, where many of

* *The Fortnightly Review.*

† Viscount Wolseley, K.P.

our comrades froze, starved, or bled to death—the old sights and sounds lived again with almost startling reality. Perhaps the saddest recollections were connected with the harbour of Balaklava. In 1894 on its placid waters floated Russian yachts, and merchant vessels. In 1854 it was crowded with British shipping, which brought us supplies of food and clothing, indeed, but for want of adequate arrangements, we could not get them conveyed eight miles to our suffering, yet uncomplaining soldiers.

We must not shut our eyes to the moral of such grim lessons. A great country should not tolerate the possibility of a recurrence in a campaign, of such failures as those which discredited Representative Government for some months in 1854-5. Far above all Party questions should be the efficiency of our Forces. Now and again the country demands from its defenders the highest moral and physical exertions, and we are bound no less in prudence than in honour to afford them efficient material aid; but in the sad winter of 1854-5 England so neglected to provide for her soldiers, that the survivors may justly be said to have been supported mainly by the fine qualities inherent in the Race, strengthened by the traditions of a grand record in the Past.

EVELYN WOOD.

18th June, 1895.

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(The Publishers beg leave to thank Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, and Messrs. Seeley & Co., for permission to reproduce certain plans.)

THE CRIMEA IN 1854, AND 1894.



CHAPTER I.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.

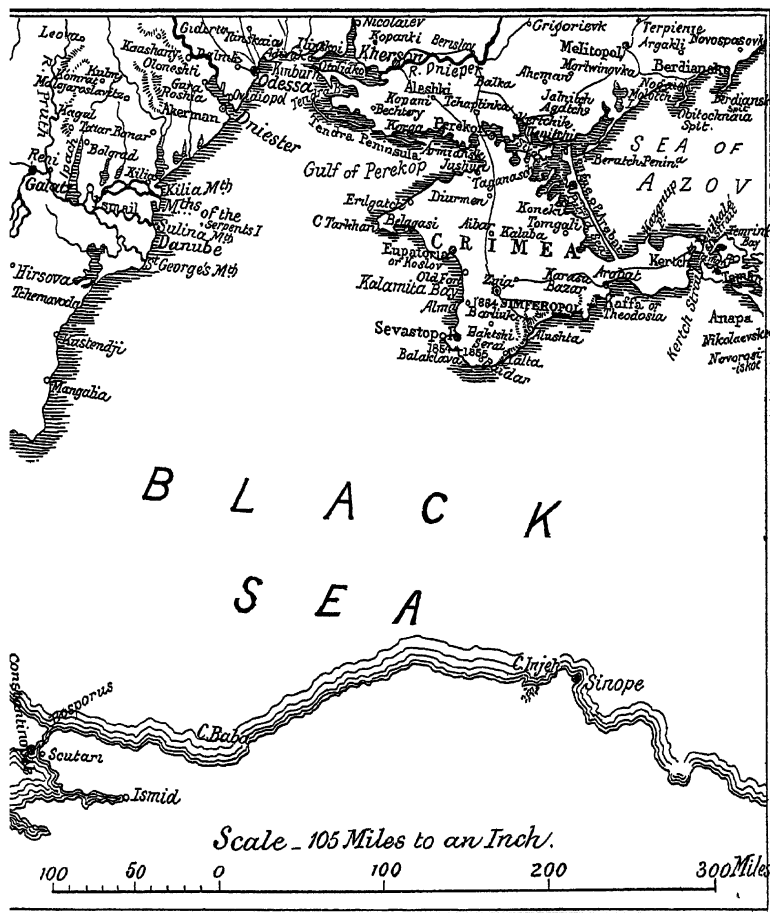
IN 1888 a hospitable host arranged to take a party of his friends, of whom I was one, on a voyage to the Crimea; but, for unavoidable reasons, the ship went no farther than to Constantinople. In 1894 the project was revived, and I was invited to revisit the Black Sea and the Crimea, where forty years ago as a midshipman I spent eighteen exciting and happy months, in spite of many attendant discomforts. I gladly accepted the offer, and receiving my "sailing orders" for the 12th of August, it occurred to me to look out in my journal where I was, and what we were doing on the 12th of August, 1854. Therein I read—"H.M.S. *Queen* at sea. Last night H.M.S. *Trafalgar* stood under our stern, and asked for medical assistance." We had known for some weeks that cholera was raging in Bulgaria, and we had heard dismal accounts of its ravages amongst our soldiers, but it was only on the 10th of August that the outbreak of the scourge

in the fleet became generally known, and the *Trafalgar*, with two other infected ships, sailed for a short cruise. The disease spread, and on the morning of the 12th the combined fleets, till then anchored in Baljic Bay, put out to sea, to endeavour to shake off the sickness which was sapping the strength of the army, and had now become serious in the fleets.

For nearly nine months before the armies landed in the Crimea, the Allied Navies had virtually confined the Russian ships to the harbour of Sevastopol, and, before I proceed to write about the Crimea, it is desirable I should account for the proceedings of our sailors during that period. From the 22nd of October, 1853, when the fleet was ordered up from Besika Bay, it remained at anchor in the Bosphorus, opposite to Therapia, till the 3rd of January, 1854, when we weighed to enter the Black Sea.

Our start was not successful. The current, strong at all times, was accelerated by a fresh Northerly breeze blowing down from the Black Sea, and in a few minutes there were three collisions. Possibly the steamers, which in many cases had two line-of-battle ships in tow, had scarcely sufficient horse-power for the purpose in hand. Our ship was just in the "fair way" when Captain (later Sir Frederick) Michell, seeing that the others wanted assistance, ordered the lieutenant on the forecastle to let go the towing hawser, and hail our steamer to help those in trouble. Captain Michell had commanded a corvette in 1838, and later a frigate, both of which were often in the Bosphorus, and knew, therefore, the currents and soundings. We made four or

five boards,* but anchored when we reached the mouth of the Black Sea, as the remainder of the fleet, delayed



by accidents, had not accomplished the distance, ten

* *I.e.* turnings about.

miles, before a thick fog fell. No other Commander attempted to follow our Captain's example, though the Admiral signalled "Well done, *Queen*." The praise was merited, as any one will understand who realizes the difficulty of tacking a 116-gun ship many times in such narrow, and swift running waters.

Next morning the Admiral, when steering for Sinope, made the signal, "The ships and territory of Turkey throughout the Black Sea are to be protected under any circumstances from all attacks." This exemplified the old adage of "shutting the stable door after the horse was stolen," for, on the 30th November, a Turkish squadron of eleven vessels, lying at anchor in Sinope Bay, had been destroyed by Admiral Naki-moff's fleet, one vessel only escaping to carry the news to Constantinople. When 4000 Turks had been killed, England decided she would protect her faithful ally! Three Russian men-of-war were off Sinope the day before we arrived, and as we neared the point there was a false rumour of the approach of the enemy's fleet. We beat to quarters and loaded our guns, the men showing a keenness for fight which was not lessened by the sight in the bay.

Six weeks had elapsed since the action, but the Turk, though careful to bury his father with all honour, is strangely indifferent to appearances as regards other corpses, and there were many still floating in and around the wrecks, several of which had been blown up.

Nothing came of this cruise, and on the 28th of January we were back in the Bosphorus.

On the 24th of March the fleets again entered the Black Sea, the Admiral signalling "Russian men-of-war are to be constrained to retire to Sevastopol." After a cruise the British fleet, on the 9th April, "manned yards," and gave six cheers for the news that war was declared, repeating these cheers in concert with the French fleet on the 15th April, as our allies received the declaration of war only on that day.

On the 23rd of April we anchored off Odessa, the defences of which were attacked early next morning by the steamers, while all the sailing vessels, except the *Arethusa*, remained at anchor, she and the boats of the sailing ships being employed in stopping for examination vessels which were leaving the port. During the bombardment H.M.S. *Arethusa*, a full-sized frigate, *stood in shore* to intercept ships escaping along the coast. In carrying out this duty she came under the fire of a three-gun battery on the high ground of Langeron Point, which shelters the Odessa anchorage from the Southward. The *Arethusa*, at the moment under *all plain sail*, immediately *hove to* and sent a storm of shot and shell into the battery, from which the Russians were driven; they soon returned, however, and fought their guns bravely, but without doing the frigate any damage. The Admiral now signalled, "*Arethusa* make sail," and filling her foresails she *wore*, firing her bow guns, then the other broadside, and later her stern guns, as she went round. Having *stood off shore* a little, she tacked, and standing in again engaged the battery, this time first with her bow guns,

then with the lee broadside, till she went about and poured in the other broadside. The Admiral's signal then became more peremptory, "Captain come on board," and the Captain accordingly getting into a boat, pulled to H.M.S. *Britannia*, but his first lieutenant *stood in*, and repeated the manœuvre till he was recalled in such decided terms as to admit of no evasion.

Most of us have read in books thrilling descriptions of ships in action under *all plain sail*, but few now alive can have seen, nor will any one ever again behold, such a beautiful scene as that which riveted our attention, drawing all eyes away from the more destructive, but prosaic duel then being fought by our steamers and the Mole forts.

Our anxiety to fight was so great as to make every one anxious to join the draft of Marines we sent to help to fight the guns of H.M.S. *Terrible*, by whose Captain they were greatly praised. H.M.S. *Fury* arrived during the bombardment, bringing despatches from Constantinople, and, crossing the Admiral's bows, *stood in*, and opened fire, but was immediately recalled, as she was again next morning, when, on being ordered to reconnoitre, she fired on the forts.

The *Tiger*, *Sampson*, and *Vauban* began the bombardment at 6.30 A.M., on the 24th of April, followed shortly by all the other steamers, and, circling round, engaged the batteries on the Mole at long range till 8 A.M., when the steamers closed in. Though the *Terrible* was hulled eleven times, and the *Vauban* was set on fire by a red-hot shot, the loss on the side of the Allies was small, but the enemy must have suffered

considerably, as four magazines were blown up, and all their guns were silenced.

We left Odessa Bay on the 26th of April, and cruised off Sevastopol till the 6th of May, when we were caught in so dense a fog as to oblige us to anchor in eighty-nine fathoms of water, not being able to see a hundred yards from the ship. The fog lasted, occasionally lifting a little, till the 12th of May, when H.M.S. *Tiger* grounded five miles from Odessa, at 6.30 A.M., under a cliff eighty feet high, within 150 yards of the shore, and close to the villa belonging to Mr. Cortazzi, who was Mayor of the city at the time.

This high ground, which was then studded here and there with houses, is now thickly built over, being a favourite suburb for merchants of the city. Though every effort was made to get the ship off, guns and stores being thrown overboard, yet, when the fog lifted, she fell an easy prey to a field battery, being set on fire in two places in less than ten minutes. Then, after some loss, the Captain being dangerously, and his nephew mortally, wounded, the Russian flag was hoisted. The Russians gave permission for the crew to remove all personal effects, but, as the fog cleared away to seaward, H.M.S. *Vesuvius* approached, and then the disembarkation, to the great suffering of the wounded, was necessarily hurried; for the Russians, fearing an attempt to release the *Tiger's* crew, cancelled the permission to remove personal effects, and enforced an immediate landing by threatening to re-open fire.

No nation could have treated prisoners more generously. Officers and men were well lodged, fed, and cared for, and the wife of the General in command sent daily from her house, jellies, etc., for the wounded officers. Two months later most of the crew were liberated, and rejoined the fleet when it lay in Baljic Bay, the officers and a few men only being retained in Russia.

When I visited the place of the disaster in August, 1894, the scene was very different. A tramcar was at the beach, from which citizens of all ages and sexes were hastening to the water; many persons were already swimming in the sheltered bay, which has recently become the favourite bathing-place of Odessa, but nevertheless a tree, standing on a ledge of earth which has slipped from the cliff, still marks plainly the spot where H.M.S. *Tiger* was lost.

During the first week in July my career nearly came to an end. Every evening the midshipmen, and there were twenty-five of us in mess, used to skylark, the favourite game being "follow my leader," which often ended in some one standing on the main truck—to my great distress, for I could not cure myself of becoming giddy. On this occasion, three of us had crawled from the main yard-arm down the brace,* and I was resting on the after-brace block, level with the poop, when a messmate, opening the quarter-gallery window, called out "Boo!" to startle me, which he

* The rope which hauls the yard round for the sail to catch the wind.

did so effectually as to make me let go, and down I fell, forty-three feet, to the water. The lower-deck ports (the *Queen* was a three-decker) were open, and I just missed one, but striking my shins till they bled freely, on the *round** of the ship, I had some difficulty in swimming to a boat which was moored to the stern ladder.

On the 20th of July, Sir George Brown and General Canrobert embarked in the flagship, and we stood across to Sevastopol, clearing for action, and loading our guns before we hove-to off Fort Constantine. After counting the enemy's fleet, and examining as far as possible the defences, we cruised up and down the coast. The Russians fired on the steamers which went closer, but H.M.S. *Fury* was the only vessel hulled, and she got a shot in the butter-cask in the midshipmen's mess store. After a good look at Balaklava we returned to Baljic Bay, where we found cherries, grapes, and plums, the latter, known as "Kill-Johns," in profusion. Blue-jackets were often seen carrying their trousers in their hands, with the feet tied up to hold the fruit; but Captain W. F. Burnett, our Commander, never allowed any to be brought on board, which possibly helped to preserve us from the epidemic which was shortly to decimate some of our ships, and cost us at that time the lives of 600 soldiers, besides the temporary loss of nearly a battalion from each division, invalided to Scutari. The French Army a few days later had upwards of 10,000 rendered

* Where the sides of a wooden ship swell out on nearing the water line.

non-effective, from this scourge alone, of whom a large proportion died.

We went to sea to try and shake off the cholera, of which there had been some cases in the fleet, but with so little success that five days later, three line-of-battle ships returned to Baljic Bay to land their sick. There they remained at anchor, for the men remaining effective were insufficient to work their ships, although they carried crews of 700 to 1000 men. The soldiers suffered considerably from want of medicines, for although the Government had proposed in April to make an attack on Sevastopol, yet in one Division camp, on the 1st of August, with cholera raging, there was no wine, brandy, arrowroot, or sago. There was a small reserve at Head-quarters, but the medical officer in charge of the Division in question had been admonished during July to demand less medical comforts, as he had asked for more of one article than the whole amount of the reserve supply. The same officer, having urgently demanded a drug, was answered some days later, during which time his letter miscarried, that as it did not make an araba (country waggon) load it could not be sent unless he supplied a man to carry it the few miles intervening between the Division and Head-quarters.

It apparently was not contemplated in those days that soldiers could get ill, for the battalions arriving at Gallipoli on the 15th of April, when the thermometer was 28° at night, were without hospital equipment, and the sick had no mattress, and but one blanket. During the cholera epidemic we read how the Medical

officers complained of their patients being in want of bedding, blankets, and fuel, which rendered it impossible to maintain the animal heat necessary for their recovery.

When our troops landed at Gallipoli, we also failed to provide for them adequately in the hospitals, nor was there any transport for the sick. A friend of mine, writing from Gallipoli to a brother officer at home, commented on the needless suffering caused to soldiers who were conveyed from the Regimental camps to hospital tents, or to ships lying in the Dardanelles, over unmetalled tracks, in a rough country wagon without springs. This letter was eventually published in a newspaper, and formed the basis of a question asked in the House of Commons on the 25th of July, 1854. The War Minister was one of the best who have ever sat in that chair, and I quote his answer, not to animadvert on his want of knowledge on technical details, for such is necessarily furnished by experts, but rather to show how different is the amount of military knowledge throughout the country at the present day. I suppose it would be difficult to find now any one in the House of Commons who could mistake a medical pannier, *i.e.* a covered basket for holding surgical instruments and drugs, for an ambulance intended for transporting sick men.

It will be observed that the Secretary of State at War, as he was then called, showed in answering the question raised on my friend's letter that he was as ill-informed as regards the supply of medicines as he

was as to the transport of the sick. Any curious inquirer may read in Hansard this following remarkable record in the debate on the vote of Credit taken on the 25th of July, 1854:—

EXTRACT FROM "PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES," HANSARD.
VOL. CXXXV., PAGE 719.

"Debate on Vote of Credit, 25th July, 1854

"The Secretary of State at War said:—

"The hon. member also made another statement. He said that an officer had written home stating that they had not the means of sending sick men from the camp to Gallipoli, and had been forced to borrow the means from the French. Now I happen to have looked over the list of articles sent out for the hospital establishment, and almost the first thing upon which my eye glanced, was forty pair of panniers *for the conveyance of the sick*. His complaint on this subject, therefore, was not better founded than that which he made with respect to the want of medicines. . . ."

This statement is astounding, but what is even more remarkable is that it was accepted by the House. Neither of the Opposition members who were attacking the Government, and one was a Colonel in the Army, knew the difference between a medical pannier and a litter!

But if the Ministers knew little, the Public understood even less about military matters, and thus, when the story of the terrible condition of our heroic soldiery during the winter in the Crimea became known in England, men's minds instinctively sought for scape-goats, and, as sometimes happens when

People are ill-informed, chose for the sacrifice the two men who were doing most to retrieve the blunders of many years during which civilians had controlled detailed expenditure of the Army.

This amazing ignorance was practically universal. Neither the Government, nor our soldiers, nor their masters the Public, realized adequately what might be the result of invading an enemy's country with an army unprovided with transport for sick, wounded, ammunition, or even food. The Commander-in-Chief naturally, as a Peninsular soldier, knew more than any one else, but he was most loyal to the Ministers, and though he demurred to their orders, yet he obeyed, and against his better judgment.

The Minister with whom he corresponded, with the generosity of a gentleman, recorded this fact in writing to Lord Raglan:—

“I cannot help seeing, through the calm and noble tone of your announcement of the decision to attack Sevastopol, that it has been taken in order to meet the views and desires of the Government, and not in entire accordance with your own opinions. God grant that success may reward you, and justify us!”

There was one staff officer at our Headquarters in the Crimea to whom all there looked up. He thought more deeply and did more than all the rest to provide for the wants of the Army. When, however, his indomitable energy was most wanted, he lay in bed grievously sick, prostrated by rheumatism, from the 16th of November to the 20th of December,

at which time he was allowed up on crutches. During that month he could neither read nor write, but still endeavoured to direct, and yet, after the war, he was the officer most blamed by the public for all our misfortunes, for his gallant chief had gone before a Tribunal where his courageous and unselfish nature will assuredly be rewarded.

It is impossible to write frankly of the Crimean War, without seeming to impute gross mismanagement to some or all of those whose duty it was to see that the soldier, whose life must be freely hazarded in battle to attain the end in view, should never want for any article which might enable him to live until required for fighting, and in the most perfect condition attainable on service. I will therefore state at once that I intend in this book to cast no reflections on any one serving in the East. Ten years before we went to the Crimea, Runjeet Singh, after seeing our men fight in the Punjaub, said, "If I owned such soldiers, I should carry them in palanquins to the field of battle, let them fight, and carry on for the next engagement any that remained alive." This sounds absurd, but he was much wiser than most Englishmen in 1854, and his plan would have been far less expensive than our haphazard economies. During a peace of forty years, the Representatives of our taxpayers had insisted on reduction of expenditure in all warlike establishments.

A Commissariat officer cannot learn his multifarious duties in a few weeks, any more than a Staff officer

can acquire from books only, however closely he may read, that experience and knowledge essential for controlling the different units of an army, to the best advantage of the whole. A Treasury clerk, however able and zealous, who has spent his service in curtailing expenditure, cannot reasonably be expected to launch out in a lavish outlay for which he has no authority, and thus incur heavy personal pecuniary responsibility, in order to provide in advance for the wants of soldiers, of which he has had no previous experience.

The Medical officers were of a high social class; many had entered the Service with excellent professional qualifications, but in their ordinary duties two of these men had merely the care of twenty or thirty men with simple ailments. A different Department held and issued drugs, and from the replies the more ardent doctors received to requisitions, it had come to be understood, at least by some, that a medical officer was valued in inverse ratio to his demand for drugs and medical comforts.

A General, however brave, however devoted to his Queen and country, who for forty years had worked in an office, could not with any justice be expected to develop into what Wellington became after ten years' war service—an able Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, Commissary-General, Principal Medical Officer, and Commander-in-Chief combined in one person.

The neglect of all preparation for war during forty years of peace foredoomed the gallant army which

left England in 1854, and general mismanagement led it to the verge of annihilation. England's futility cost her dear in Treasure, in Reputation, and Blood, but the victims of her short-sighted parsimony sustained the honour of Englishmen, and with ragged clothes, muddy tents, and empty stomachs enriched the best traditions of the Service—past and to come.

CHAPTER II.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

WHILE the soldiers were insufficiently supplied with medical necessities, the sailors were amply provided for in every respect during the cholera epidemic, but they suffered even more acutely perhaps from its ravages by being crowded so closely together, as all crews must be on board ship. One man would scream out in pain on the lower-deck at night, and his cries were generally followed by those of others. Thus the flagship lost 109 men in a few days, and on board some of the French ships the mortality was even greater. During the second week of August, Admiral Bruat, when leaving H.M.S. *Queen*, after five o'clock tea, said he was thankful he had not a case. Next morning he sent to tell our Captain he had 140 of which 40 had proved fatal. This French ship lost nearly 100 men in twenty-four hours. With us also those who survived an attack were so enfeebled as to be unfit for hard work; officers had to hoist out our Admiral's barge, and for many days after we returned to Baljic Bay I was employed, at sunrise and sunset, in taking the dead of other ships' crews out to sea for burial.

Similar debilitating effects were noticed in the Army, and the infantry were unable to carry their knapsacks even for the two short marches of only six miles each back to Varna. So deadly was the climate of the singularly beautiful district in which our men had lived for a few weeks, that the 3000 Guards, the pick of England's manhood, had 600 men on the sick list.

When the Admiral returned to Baljic Bay, taking in the most sickly ships for their crews to be landed for change of air, our Captain, acting as Commodore, signalled H.M.S. *Diamond* to carry in our letters for the English mail, and her Captain, William Peel, came on board for orders. All our officers were anxious to see one who had already a Service reputation as not only our youngest Post-Captain, but as one of the best. William Peel, the third son of the great Minister who died from a fall on Constitution Hill, was then thirty years of age. He had been promoted, having seen service on the Syrian coast and in the China War, to be lieutenant in 1844, immediately on passing the six years' examination, which he did with such brilliant success as to elicit a public eulogium from Sir Thomas Hastings, who commanded H.M.S. *Excellent*, gunnery ship, in which Peel was then serving; two years later he became a Commander.

In 1851 he travelled in the Soudan as far as Darfour, intending to work as a missionary, but his companion became so ill when they were at Obeid that they were obliged to return to Cairo, where Peel got news of events in Europe which induced his

immediate return to England. After he was promoted to Post rank, and when in command of H.M.S. *Diamond*, he was cruising off St. Maura to check the trade of "gun running," carried on by certain Greeks, who were supplying the Albanians. Peel, dressed in uniform, and wearing epaulettes, was reading in the stern cabin, when, hearing the shout of "Man overboard," he rushed to the window in time to see a bluejacket under the water. The Captain dived straightway, but the man had sunk, and was not recovered.* When the officer of the watch ran down to report "Man overboard," "Ship put about," "Boat lowered," the cabin was empty, and it was not known what had happened until Peel and others who had jumped after the man regained the ship.

In August, 1854, I had no idea I was to spend months with this man of highly-strung nervous temperament, whom I learnt to love and esteem more and more daily as "the bravest of the brave," till we were separated; both wounded, and invalided to England. I was evidently much impressed, however, for I recorded, in boyish language, "Captain Peel—very intelligent, sharp as a needle, never saw a more perfect gentleman." His looks and bearing were greatly in his favour, for he had a singularly striking appearance, showing both in face and figure what is termed, in

* In an article written for the *Fortnightly Review*, I stated that Captain Peel saved the man; but Mr. W. Turner, naval pensioner, a warm admirer of my hero, who, serving on board H.M.S. *Diamond*, saw his Captain come on board, has written to me the correct version of the story.

describing well-bred horses, as "quality." His height was above medium, head gracefully set on broad, well-turned shoulders; he was light in lower body, with dignified yet easy deportment. His dark brown wavy hair was carefully brushed back, disclosing a perfectly oval face, a high, square forehead, and deep blue-grey eyes, which flashed when he was talking eagerly, as he often did. He had a somewhat austere face, smooth and chiselled in outline, with a firm set mouth, which was the more noticeable from his being clean-shaved at that time. Such was the man, quick in movement and brave in spirit, as shown in the first bombardment, when he lifted a live shell—

"And as it burned,
From the rent breach the fiery death returned."

During the epidemic H.M.S. *Queen's* ship's company had some cases of sickness, mainly intestinal complaints, but lost two men only from cholera; and H.M.S. *London* lost less than a dozen. These two were, I think, the only ships which got off so lightly, but, from their men being more effective in September, they did more work during the disembarkation, and the crews of both ships suffered severely from an outbreak of rheumatic fever, from which the rest of the fleet escaped.

When the cholera was at its height, the fleet, then at sea, was shifting topsails, when a black cloud passed over a vessel in the weather and in the lee line. In each ship several bluejackets aloft, and marines on deck were struck down. This may have occurred



THE BRITISH SOLDIER BEFORE HE LEFT VARNA, BULGARIA.

from the cloud carrying germs, for it passed from Bulgaria to the Crimea, where the Russians lost 4000 men about this time; or it may have been that the men were already suffering from diarrhœa, and that exertion made them worse.

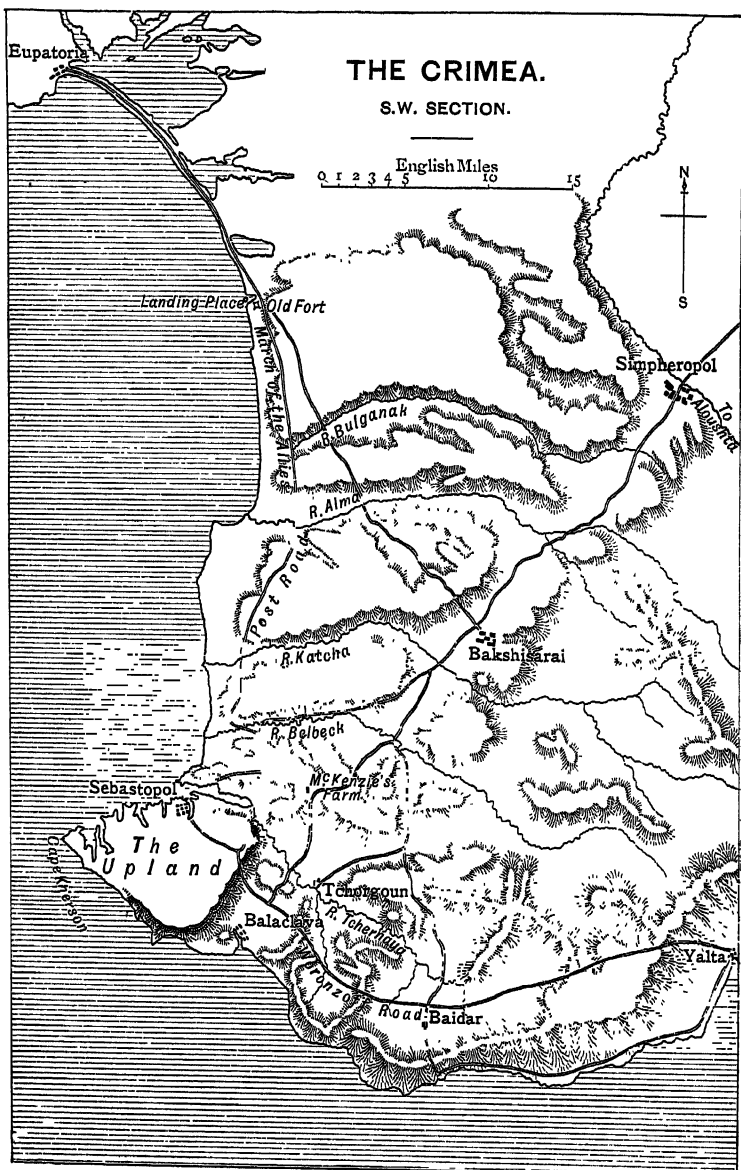
There have been many striking descriptions written of the Allied Fleets as they moved across the Euxine, some 600 vessels defended by 3000 cannon, but none have adequately portrayed the beauty and grandeur of the sight. It is of interest to remember that the expedition took a considerable time to cross the Black Sea. The first soldiers embarked on the 29th of August—the British transports assembling on the 4th of September in Baljic Bay, left on the 7th of September—and arrived at Eupatoria, distant from Baljic 240 miles, only on the afternoon of the 13th, having enjoyed perfect, calm weather. The rate of speed, $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, was too slow for convenience, but it probably could not have been put at more than $6\frac{1}{2}$ or 7 knots, even if our Allies had been able to tow their sailing vessels. Though their men-of-war were crowded with troops to an extent which would have proved serious if the Russians had ventured out with their fifteen ships of the line to offer us battle, yet the bulk of the French army, being conveyed in sailing vessels, only reached on the 12th and 13th of September the point of assembly.

This, it had been settled, should be forty miles West of Cape Tarkan, which lies about twenty miles North of Eupatoria. There the British fleet anchored

on the 9th of September, and early next day the British and French Generals reconnoitred in a fast steamer, escorted by H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, all the coast as far South as Balaklava. The mouths of the little rivers North of Sevastopol were examined, and it was decided not to land, as proposed by Sir George Brown, at the Katcha mouth, which was considered to be too near to the foe, who might interrupt the disembarkation ; and eventually Kalamita Bay, six miles North of the Bulganak River, was selected.

Lord Raglan, to whom the choice of the actual place was due, pitched on an ideal tactical spot. A low strip of shingly beach, with a background of 200 yards, was protected by a lake nearly a mile long and half a mile broad, while the flanks of the Army were covered by the guns of the fleet. The fields inland were covered by lavender and other pleasant-smelling shrubs, but there was scarcely a tree or house to afford our men any shelter, and there was a scarcity of drinking water.

From 6 A.M. on the 14th, when our boats left the ship, we were hard at work, landing troops and stores till 11.30 P.M., in spite of a heavy ground swell which, rising as the sun sank, broke up some rafts. The boats, after some preliminary work, assembled round the ships they were to clear ; and so eagerly did the bluejackets work, that, in one hour after leaving the ship, the seven battalions composing the Light Division were on shore, and by 3 P.M. 14,000 infantry and two batteries were safely landed. The French put 6000 infantry on shore in twenty-two minutes.



The solicitude of the bluejackets for the safety of their red-coated comrades was remarked by many who saw the seamen spring into the water to insure, as far as possible, their passengers landing with dry clothes. Sailors are taught to be careful of their human freight, and just then the fate of some twenty Zouaves had been impressed on us. These men, embarking at Varna, were in heavy marching order, when the pontoon in which they sat capsized, and all sank to the bottom. On the 14th of September, 1854, to the best of my recollection, not a soldier of the 20,000 we landed that day got a scratch.

While the armies were landing, H.M. ships *Vesuvius* and *Sampson* pitched shells into a camp on the Bulganak, and caused the Russians to move it inland.

The first night in the Crimea was one of discomfort for our troops, and the steady downpour of rain, beginning in the evening and lasting all night, culminated in torrents at daybreak on the 15th, and added materially to the sick list.

The cholera followed us across the Euxine. The army buried 150 at sea, and left 300 sufferers on board. Nevertheless, the health of the men had improved materially in a fortnight, with ample food, good accommodation, and fresh air.

The officers landed in full dress, carrying sword, revolver, with greatcoat rolled in horseshoe over the shoulder, wooden water-bottle, some spirits, three days' cooked salt pork, and three days' biscuit. The Rank and File, still weak from intestinal complaints, werethought to be incapable of wearing their knapsacks,

but each man carried fifty rounds of ammunition, three days' rations, a greatcoat, and blanket containing in most cases a pair of boots, socks, and, by request of the men, a forage-cap. So irksome was some of our handsome head-dress gear as to cause the men to discard it on the first opportunity. Indeed, I saw, later in the campaign, men throwing away their head-dress as they passed the head of Balaklava harbour on disembarkation.

The 15th, 16th, and 17th of September were occupied in landing cavalry, artillery, and stores, the sailors being in the boats for twelve successive hours, with one hour's rest for dinner.

The discomfort, wetting, and consequent recurrence of cholera induced an order for tents to be landed on the 15th, but the only transport available consisted of 350 country waggons,* rickety-looking vehicles prone to break down, and at their best equal only to a load of from half to three-quarters of a ton. The arabas had been seized or hired from the Tartars, but, being required to carry rations and for other purposes, the tents were reshipped on the 19th of September.

All our troops got their tents back early in October, till when, with the exception of two cold nights, the weather was still pleasantly warm, but were less fortunate as regards their knapsacks and squadbags. These latter, left at Scutari, and containing generally a shell-jacket, shirt, and pair of socks, were received by five battalions at the end of December, by other battalions

* Called "arabas."

in March, 1855, and by some not until April. If any one had thought of it, an officer per battalion and a private per company left in charge of the knapsacks could have collected them on board one or more ships; and they could have easily been landed at Balaklava when the troops got there on the 26th of September. Even if the packs contained but little, that little and a receptacle to hold articles in the tents while the men were away in the trenches, would have been invaluable. In those days, however, we all thought the army would take Sevastopol and re-embark within a week or ten days. When the packs were returned to battalions, about two months later, many had been rifled of their contents.

We re-embarked on and before the 19th of September 1500 men too sick to march. There was much suffering entailed on these unfortunate soldiers, many of them stricken by cholera, for after they were on board the ship detailed, the engines of the ship broke down as she started for Constantinople, and all the patients had to be transferred to other vessels.

We now felt the inconvenience of our Regimental medical arrangements, which, if expensive, and unsuitable for the attainment of professional skill by the doctors, were at least convenient in some respects during peace, giving two doctors to every battalion, who became acquainted with all those who came often into hospital. This system, however, was bound to break down in war, and thus prove as disastrous for the men as it was prejudicial to the medical officers, who had neither adequate opportunity of utilizing their

technical knowledge, nor of practising the administration of their Department.

The Regimental doctor and his assistant were naturally as anxious to remain in the field as the Commanding Officer was to retain their services, for any day might bring forth a bloody fight, requiring every available skilled surgeon; and so they marched on with 600 or 700 fairly healthy men, while the sick were sent back with insufficient medical attendance. All of us who have moved a family for an autumn trip, even with ample preparation, can realize how often arrangements break down, especially when they are hurriedly made. Now, the company officers had been ordered to land with such articles only as they could carry, and naturally few burdened themselves with stationery. The names of the sick who were able to talk were doubtless entered in lists on board ship, but there were many too ill to speak. The officer commanding a battalion, writing on Christmas Day, 1854, lamented he had 47 men missing, for whom he could not account, and assumed they fell out on the march round Sevastopol. Later, a statement by the Captain of a transport explains how many such cases may have occurred. During one trip between the Crimea and the Bosphorus, he buried 70 men at sea, without being able to record their names, or even that of their regiments.*

This was only the beginning of our sufferings, arising mainly from inadequate preparation : before the

* These and similar statements, based on hearsay at the time, have now been verified, mainly from official documents.

end of January, 1855, 13,000 men left for the Bosphorus, of whom 976 died during the passage of thirty-six hours; and after the sick were landed at Scutari, 520 were buried in the cemetery, for whom it was impossible to account. It is consoling to reflect that all this misery was not in vain; and in recent expeditions, for instance, in that up the Nile, 1884-85, our front Base hospital at Wady Halfa, 700 miles above Cairo, was supplied with ice for severe cases; and earlier, at Suakim, hospital-ships, with ample Medical and Record staffs, alleviated the sufferings of our soldiers abroad, and the mental anguish of their families at home.

On the 19th of September the Allied Armies moved forward towards Sevastopol, distant twenty-five miles. The British force consisted of 1000 Sabres, 26,000 Infantry, and 60 guns. The French had 28,000 Infantry and 68 guns, and 7000 Turks acted under Marshal St. Arnaud's orders.

The Post Road, termed by Mr. Kinglake the "Great Causeway," was a fairly metalled track, and, being carried over the easiest gradients, was convenient for vehicles; but the country was passable everywhere for all, being firm under foot, with no fences to break formations of troops. It was chiefly in grass, with occasional patches of cultivation.

With bands playing, and colours uncased, the scene was at first animating, but to close observers it was evident, from the men's faces, that the scourge, from which the Army suffered in Bulgaria, had not left us, and while many men fell out from weakness, there were others who dropped stricken by cholera; some,

throwing themselves on the ground, groaned out their lives, but the greater part suffered without uttering a cry.

In the afternoon, when the troops were crossing the Bulganak, a small, slow-running stream, the enemy was sighted. The Russians showed about 10,000 troops of all arms, drawn up on the hill South of the river. They retired, however, after an exchange of cannon shots, and the Allies bivouaced on the Southern bank of the stream.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALMA.

ON the 20th of September, the troops *stood to their arms* early, but did not march till 9 o'clock, when, moving Southwards, they passed over a gently undulating country. About 10.30 A.M. the Allied steamers fired some shells, at very long range, which however reached the Russian battalions on what we afterwards called Telegraph Hill. Marshal St. Arnaud had brought to Lord Raglan a sketch on the afternoon of the 19th, which showed the French engaging the whole of the Russian army, while the English marched round its right flank. It seems, however, that nothing more definite was settled than that the French, moving along the coast at 5 A.M., should cross between the village of Almatamak and the mouth of the river; and that the English army, starting two hours later, should follow generally the line of the Post Road, touching in to the French left.

Orders were given by Lord Raglan that the troops should move forward at 7 o'clock, but the Commander of the Light Division who was to lead, expected to receive further orders. This, and the necessity of

altering the formation adopted overnight to guard against any attack on the flank, caused so great a delay that, at 9 o'clock, General Bosquet, who was leading the advance of the French army, halted, and his men cooked their morning meal. The sun was high overhead, but the sea breeze prevented it from being oppressive until noon, when the wind dropped.

It was 11.30 ere the right of the British troops came up with our Allies, the Light and 2nd Divisions marching in lines with the 1st and 3rd Divisions of the French army.

There are probably few of my readers who have not at some time travelled on the Great Western railway. Those who have done so, and have looked out to the Southward between Didcot Junction and Wantage Road stations, must have noticed the Eastern end of the Berkshire Downs. These hills rise to about twice the altitude further West, where the figure of the White Horse, cut out of the chalk, is seen, but between Didcot and Wantage they are about the same height, and from a distance have the same appearance as the hills on the now historical river Alma, except that my readers, to complete the picture, must imagine the Downs cut through about Wantage by a North and South line, and terminating in a sharp cliff corresponding to that on the shore of the Black Sea.

The Alma, like all streams fed from mountain ranges, is liable to floods, and it is stated decidedly by many that some of the 2nd Division were drowned in crossing. Were it not so, it would be difficult to

believe the statement; for any one who has ridden up and down the banks, or along the stream, must have noticed that, in most places, there is but a foot or two of water in the river-bed. It is hard, therefore, to realize that there should have been much difficulty in crossing it in September on account of its depth.

North of the Alma an undulating grassy plain presents no difficulties to the movements of an army, until it gets to within 300 yards of the stream. Here, in what doubtless thousands of years ago was the bed of a larger river, the ground is broken up by vineyards, orchards, and highly cultivated gardens; potatoes, tomatoes and other kindred vegetables growing in profusion. All the maps I have seen show one stream only, but to the East of the Post Road there are in fact two river beds, one being ten feet deep, reckoning from the top of the Southern bank; and there is, moreover, a deep ditch in this part, just where the 1st brigade of the Light Division, and the Guards crossed. On the South bank, on which the Russians were in battle array, the ground rose high above the Allied troops, and for a mile and a half from the sea is very steep, precluding the possibility of taking guns up it, except at one or two places. Three-quarters of a mile up stream, from the mouth, opposite to the village of Almatamak, there is an opening in the cliff which gives a practicable approach for guns. This high cliff no doubt caused the French army to play a much less important part in the fight than it would otherwise have done.

For a mile up stream of Almatamak, the hills

recede from the river. A mile further to the Eastward stood the farm called by Kinglake the "White Homestead," and from it there is another ascent to the plateau; the next being near the village of Bourliouk. Here the Post Road crosses the river on a substantial wooden bridge, from which the Russians had removed only the side rails. About a mile and a quarter from the bridge, higher up the river, the crossing of it became a much easier task.

South of the stream the road ascends the heights from the bridge to the plateau by a valley, between hills on the right and left; that on the Western side called by us Telegraph Hill, and that to the East being the Kourganè Hill. Here, in the first instance, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, Prince Menschikoff stood, and it was about this hill that the greater part of the Russian forces were posted.

The Kourganè Hill was the key of the Russian position. Rising gradually from the Alma valley, it overlooks all the other heights, and is itself capped by a peak. At distances varying from 300 to 500 yards above the river bank there is a terrace, from which the ground slopes gradually to the river, and on the undulating ground South of the terrace there are shallow depressions sufficient to cover from the view of our men, as they assaulted the terrace, the reserves to the troops who were holding it.

Prince Menschikoff had done nothing towards intrenching the approaches to his position, but he had erected on this terrace an earthwork breast high; and half a mile further East, and higher up the hill, was

another similar but smaller breastwork. These were dignified by us with the names of the "Greater" and "Lesser Redoubt." They were insignificant as obstacles ; but in the larger work were fourteen guns of heavy calibre, bearing directly to the front, right front, and on the bridge ; and in the smaller work stood a field battery. Two field batteries were on either side of the Post Road commanding the bridge, and about 1200 yards from it, and other batteries were in action further up the hill.

The character of the ground on either side of the Alma is very different. On the Northern side, as I have stated, it presents a smooth undulating surface ; but that on the opposite bank of the river is broken up by valleys and ravines, and the nature of the ground was such that it was difficult to obtain a general view of the battle-field from any one spot.

To assault the left of the Russian position Marshal St. Arnaud was to lead 28,000 Frenchmen with 68 guns, and a Division of 7000 Turkish infantry. Under Lord Raglan, whose troops broke through the enemy's front, there were 1000 cavalry, 23,000 infantry, and 60 guns, the total numbers of the Allies amounting to 63,000 men and 128 guns. As will be seen presently, Prince Menschikoff did not bring all his men into action, but he had on the field, opposite to Lord Raglan's army, 3400 horsemen and 24 battalions of infantry, in all 20,000 men, and 86 guns ; and in front of the French 13,000 men and 36 guns.

A long pause ensued after the Armies reached the ridge looking down to the river, and it was one o'clock

—while Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud were conversing on the Northern ridge of the Alma Valley, —when the advance was sounded, and the Allied Armies moved forward in the same alignment. The French advance was headed by General Bosquet's Division, whose right brigade, under General Bouat, after crossing the river at its mouth without difficulty, kept along close on the edge of the sea cliff. He was followed by all the Turks, except two battalions detailed for rear-guard, and made so wide a turning movement that he failed to exert any influence on the fight, as he did not advance in sufficient time. Bosquet personally accompanied his left brigade, which was led by General d'Autemarre. On the left of General Bosquet's Division, but far back in echelon, moved the 1st Division under General Canrobert, and to his left the 3rd Division under Prince Napoleon marching on the same alignment, the two being followed by the 4th Division under General Forey. Canrobert and Napoleon's Divisions had each a brigade in front line, which moved in line of columns at deploying distance, the rear-brigades following in contiguous quarter columns. On the left of Prince Napoleon's Division marched the British 2nd Division, and on its left the Light Division, followed respectively by the 3rd and 1st Divisions, while the 4th Division moved in echelon in rear of the left of the Armies.

The batteries of each Division marched on their inner flanks. The front and left of our Army was covered by riflemen in extended order, the left rear being watched by the Light cavalry brigade. Just

as our skirmishers came under the fire of the Russians, who were occupying thickly the vineyards in the Alma valley, the Russian artillery opened fire. The 2nd and Light Divisions now halted in order to deploy. The 2nd Division (British) being crowded together by the deployment of the 3rd French Division, took ground to its left, and thus the Light Division had insufficient room. Although Lord Raglan noticed the closing in, he did not insist on the error being corrected, and consequently the right, or 1st brigade, Light Division, overlapped up to the centre of the 2nd brigade, 2nd Division, and considerable inconvenience and loss was caused by the crowding which ensued when the advance was resumed. The Light Division, when deployed, extended nearly a mile, and it became difficult for the General officer commanding it to supervise its advance. The 1st Division opened out its columns to deploying intervals at the same time. As our leading troops came under fire, the Commander of the Light Division wheeled it into column, but soon reverted to the line formation, in which the whole eventually went forward up to the enemy's main position.

At 1.30 P.M. the Allied Fleets opened fire, and soon after 2 P.M. General Bosquet crossed the river at Almatamak, and began to ascend the plateau by the track leading to the Southward. The Russians had no one on this part of the plateau, and the infantry climbed the height by footpaths, while the artillery moved up on the road. A battalion of

Zouaves gained the summit without being fired at by any one, after they had crossed the river, but the rear of the column was checked temporarily on the road, by a gun-limber breaking down.

In the mean time, Bosquet's right brigade, under General Bouat, having crossed at the mouth of the river, moved away further West, close to the edge of the cliff, thus making a wide turning movement which might have been of great assistance if the British advance had been delayed another hour.

It was at this time that Prince Menschikoff, standing on the Kourganè Hill, was informed of the French advance up the cliff, and he was at first unable to credit the report, for, although he had been several days in the vicinity, he had not personally reconnoitred the ground above Almatamak, and believed that troops could not ascend the cliffs at any point West of Telegraph Hill. The Prince detached two batteries and seven battalions from his centre, to meet the French attack, and rode off himself as far as the village of Ulukul Tionets, where he remained watching the advance of Bosquet's leading brigade.

When the two batteries of the Russian artillery, following the Commander-in-Chief, came under the fire of Bosquet's twelve guns, a distant cannonade ensued, the two Russian batteries being assisted by the batteries on Telegraph Hill. The French artillery claimed to have silenced the Russian guns, and, apparently, with but very little loss themselves.

Just as the seven Russian battalions were approaching the scene of action, Prince Menschikoff

returned to the centre of the position, and, leaving his batteries in action, ordered the battalions to follow him.

When Marshal St. Arnaud perceived that General Bosquet would gain the summit of the cliff without difficulty, he ordered General Canrobert and Prince Napoleon to advance, and they moved forward, the British army still remaining halted. The latter had been under fire for some forty minutes before any of the Russian missiles reached the French, who, from the configuration of the ground, could not be readily seen from the Russian position; but when General Kiriakoff brought two batteries forward on the high ground near Telegraph Hill, they, firing over the heads of the Russian infantry, dropped shells amongst our Allies. The French divisional artillery, advancing to the Northern edge of the Alma Valley, opened fire on the columns posted high above them on the opposite height, and skirmishers went forward in front of the French guns, unopposed except by some few Russian sharpshooters who held the vineyards.

General Canrobert, finding he could not get his guns across the river with his infantry, sent them round by Almatamak, and waited with the head of his Division on the Southern slope of the cliff, while the rest of his troops were still in the valley. Most of Prince Napoleon's Division was at this time under the fire from batteries on the Telegraph Hill, and suffered some slight loss, which induced, apparently, his impassioned appeal to Lord Raglan to advance, and relieve the Division from the Russian fire.

Marshal St. Arnaud now sent one brigade of the 4th Division to follow Bosquet, and the other to support Canrobert. This last order was unfortunate, for already there were more men than were required—some 15,000 in all—crowded together on the narrow front, some under fire, and the greater portion, for want of room, unemployed.

Lord Raglan at this time received many messages, pointing out the unfortunate situation of St. Arnaud's army. Messenger after messenger had come to tell him that Bouat's right brigade, with the Turks following, in all about 9000 men, having gone away far to the Westward, had left Bosquet with his left brigade, under General d'Autemarre, isolated on the summit, for Canrobert's leading troops had inclined to the Eastward, and not towards d'Autemarre's brigade.

At this time the English were under a hotter fire from thirty guns; and their artillery, which came temporarily into action, had ceased to fire, the officers considering that the range was too great. The wing of a battalion Rifle Brigade had, during the temporary halt of the Light Division, cleared the vineyards of the Russian skirmishers, and gained the Southern bank.

For an hour and a half the Allies had remained under fire without making a serious attempt against the enemy's formed battalions. Another French aide-de-camp came to Lord Raglan, pressing that something should be done to support Bosquet's isolated brigade, saying "it was compromised, and that some action was necessary to prevent it retreating." Lord Raglan, after some minutes' conversation with the

Quarter-Master General of the Army, gave the order to advance, and the two leading Divisions went down in line towards the river, on a frontage of nearly two miles.

The advance of the 2nd Division was barred by the burning village of Bourliouk, which the Russians had fired as they retreated. Sir De Lacy Evans therefore sent two battalions and a battery to the West of the village, but, notwithstanding this movement, he was cramped on his left by the right of the Light Division, and was thus restricted on that flank to the vicinity of the Post Road, on either side of which he went slowly forward under the concentrated artillery fire of sixteen guns in action on either side of the road, as well as from those on the lower slopes of the Kourganè Hill. All these guns were laid on the bridge and fords above and below it, while six battalions in the trees just South of Bourliouk fired heavily on the approaches to the river.

The advance of our infantry was, however, at this moment helped by two Field batteries belonging to the Light, and 2nd Divisions, which came into action alongside the remaining battery of the 2nd Division; thus in all eighteen guns covered the advance of the left brigade, 2nd Division. The 47th and 30th Regiments crossed the garden enclosures without much loss, but necessarily giving up their line formation. The left battalion, the 95th, was broken up in passing obstacles, but it came together again, until the right battalion of the Light Division approached and overlapped it. The 95th, being halted at the time, the 7th Fusiliers passed

through the battalion, and the 95th, resenting this, rushed forward, but inclining too far to the Eastward, joined, and afterwards fought in company with, the right brigade, Light Division.* Until the Russian batteries, firing down the valley up which the Post Road runs, were silenced, the three battalions of the 2nd Division could gain ground only by slow degrees, and the casualties amounted to nearly one-fourth of their strength. On the left of Evans's troops moved the Light Division, but overlapping, as I stated, the troops on its right. In front of the Light Division was what Kinglake terms the "Great Redoubt," near which stood sixteen battalions of infantry. On either side of the breast-work stood the Kazan Regiment in two columns, each composed of two battalions; these were supported by similar columns of the Vladimir Regiment, formed 300 yards behind the Redoubt, and the Ouglitz and Soudal Regiments were close at hand. Covering the right and right-rear of the position, stood the Russian cavalry. Thus the Light and 2nd Divisions were now marching on a position defended by 84 guns and some 21,000 men of all arms.

It was unfortunate that when the Light Division went forward, the riflemen, who had cleared the vineyards, moved away to the Eastward, thus leaving the advance of the right brigade uncovered, and it went forward without any such protection as is usually afforded by skirmishers. Reckoning sequence from the right, in the brigade stood the 7th Fusiliers, 23rd

* Some officers say only a part of the battalion joined the Light Division.

and 33rd Regiments, under General Codrington, while the left brigade comprised the 19th, 88th, and 77th Regiments, under Brigadier-General Buller. The only orders generally known to have been given by Sir George Brown to his brigadiers were, "to advance and not halt until the river was crossed." Apparently no directions were given as to pace, nor was there, so far as I am aware, any directing battalion named, and, being anxious to close with the enemy and avoid the artillery fire, the right brigade hurried quickly on, carrying with it the 95th Regiment. As the Division went forward, there was only a rough, irregular line maintained, and this was lost before the river was crossed.

Though the Light Division omitted to cover its front by skirmishers, this precaution was not neglected by the foe, and the bank facing the centre and right of the right brigade was lined by Russians, who fired down into the crowds of our men, drawing back after each discharge, and returning again to fire. Our soldiers, huddled together, were now suffering loss without being able to inflict any serious damage on the foe; but this did not continue long, for close at hand were two men in authority, both of whom were endowed with fighting instincts. Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown and Brigadier-General Codrington were amongst the first to gain the Southern bank of the river.

Codrington had come out to the East as a traveller, and had but recently been appointed to the command of the 1st brigade, Light Division. He had

several remarkable characteristics, and was well described by one of his staff, as "the clearest-minded, noblest-hearted, gallantest fellow" he had met. There are but few now left who remember how Codrington, twenty years after the Crimea, on two successive occasions, begged, and successfully, that he might be allowed to decline to be made a Field-Marshal. The increase of pay would have been of considerable importance to him, but with rare self-abnegation he pleaded there were many officers nominally junior to him, but "whose service was important enough to give lustre to the military rank rather than be rewarded by it."

General Codrington endeavoured at first to reform the line, but the fire was too hot, and, deciding to storm the breastwork, then 300 to 400 yards distant, he called on the officers to advance.

Immediately in front of the Russian earthwork were the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, and Captain Conolly, of that regiment, running forward, called on the men to follow him, and, clambering up the bank reached the summit, but only to fall dead, being shot by the Russians into the midst of whom he led. He was closely followed by the 23rd, who now surmounted the Southern bank.

The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers had for some years past been commanded by unusually good officers. What is now known as "field training of companies" had been carried out to a certain extent for some years in the battalion. All the men had been instructed in shelter-trench exercises, and a great

many of the sergeants had been taught field-sketching. Their officers showed a grand example, and were well followed; for men will follow those whom they know, and in whose skill they believe. The Colonel fell at the head of the regiment when halfway up the slope, as did other seniors, and in a few moments Captain Bell, who, it will be seen later, captured a gun, succeeded to the command, but in spite of losses the whole brigade streamed on, led by the two Generals.

The 7th Fusiliers were on the extreme right of the brigade, and Colonel Lacy Yea, a man of great energy, not only formed a line, but reformed it with great personal exertion whenever the men showed a tendency to crowd together.

While this was occurring, the two columns of Russians, belonging to the Kazan Regiment, standing on either side of the breastwork, moved down towards our men. The column descending from the Eastern flank of the work had come down the slope of the hill, which is here perfectly smooth, before any considerable number of our men had crossed the river; but, as some companies of the 19th, and the left of the 33rd Regiment reached the Southern bank, they opened fire and drove the column back, converging themselves as they followed it towards the breast-work.

Towards the left of the Division the bank was less steep, and the 2nd brigade, nearly unmolested by skirmishers and with slighter physical difficulties, crossed over, the Brigadier ordering his two left battalions to lie down under a shoulder of ground, which sheltered them from the enemy's artillery. It appears that he

was instructed to cover the left flank of the Division from any attack of the Russian cavalry. The order "to advance and not halt until he was over the stream," was accepted by him literally, and having crossed the river he remained near the Southern bank. His right battalion (19th Regiment), however, went forward, and eventually joined in with the right brigade and the 95th Regiment, suffering great loss in its forward position.

The other Kazan column, which was descending from the Western flank of the breastwork, was better commanded, and it continued to engage the 7th Fusiliers until nearly the close of the action, when it was driven back by that battalion.

The Brigadier of the right brigade went on in front, but was not followed for a minute or so, for the Regimental officers endeavoured to get the men into proper formation before they advanced. For some little time the fourteen guns in the breastwork remained silent, but presently, when but 300 yards intervened between the work and our men, who came well within view as they mounted the slope from the river, the ground was torn with blasts of shot and shell. These knocked down many of our soldiers, who were still breathless from their exertion in crossing the river and climbing the bank, in parts ten feet high. Most of our men did not fire, and few had breath enough to speak, but nearly all went forward, for the very few men whose hearts it is believed did fail them, had remained behind in the buildings and gardens of the valley. The assailants closed on the breastwork, the Brigadier riding in front, and cheering them on. Just as they

were approaching, to the astonishment of such of our men as could see through the smoke, the Russian guns were withdrawn.

The first Colour into the earthwork was that of the Welsh Fusiliers, carried by Ensign Anstruther. As he placed it, he fell dead, but it was immediately raised on high by Private Evans of the regiment, and at the same moment the Brigadier rode in over the front and the Rifle Brigade men entered it from the Eastern flank.

The Russians left only one cannon in the work as our men rushed in, but a gun was being drawn to the rear by three horses, and Captain Bell of the Welsh Fusiliers overtaking it, dismounted the driver, and had already reversed the horses when the General commanding the Light Division riding up, ordered him to return to his battalion. The horses having, however, been started down the hill, the gun remained a trophy, Captain Bell eventually getting the Victoria Cross for his conduct.

All this occurred in a much shorter time than it has taken to tell. Of the five and a half battalions which had come into action, one, the 7th Fusiliers, with stragglers from other battalions, was still fighting the (proper) left Kazan column, while four and a half British battalions were crowded about the breastwork which had been given up by the Russians.

General Codrington, dismounting, endeavoured to reform his brigade, but his troops had dissolved into an excited crowd, and it was very difficult to evolve order out of chaos in the mixed-up condition of the soldiery,

on whom a hot fire was now directed from the batteries in position higher up the hill.

It was at this time that the controlling and directing hand of the General-in-Chief was sorely wanted. There were 2000 British troops in, and around the Russian breastwork, triumphant but disordered by victory; in front of them were some 10,000 of the foe in regular formation. If at this time the supporting Division had been across the river and ready to advance, there would have been a great saving of the lives of our men. Those grouped in disorder around the breastwork began to look back, longing for a formed support, which even the youngest of our men instinctively felt was required to face the heavy columns of the enemy, but for some time they looked in vain.

When Lord Raglan gave his final order for the advance, he was on a track leading down to the river, immediately East of the burning village of Bourliouk. Followed by the Staff he crossed the stream, passing through French skirmishers then engaged with those of the enemy. Only two of the Commander-in-Chief's Staff were struck, and his Lordship with his followers rode on until he came to a knoll or low hill a quarter of a mile to the West of the Post Road, and on the flank of the Russian batteries.

A battalion of the enemy which had been in the immediate vicinity of this knoll had been withdrawn, and thus the Commander-in-Chief remained unmolested. I suppose few soldiers will acquiesce in Mr. Kinglake's theory that the moral effect of the

cocked hats of Lord Raglan and his Staff influenced materially the movements of the Russians, but there can be no doubt that the effect of the artillery, and Adam's brigade of the 2nd Division, brought up by the Chief's order on the flank of the Russian battalions then engaged in making a counter attack on our 1st Division, had an important bearing on the result of the battle.

On page 39 I mentioned that Prince Menschikoff, after moving himself with seven battalions and two batteries from the East to the West flank of the battlefield for the purpose of opposing General Bosquet's advance, himself rode back again Eastward towards the Kourganè Hill on receipt of further information from that part of his position. It may be convenient if I here anticipate the sequence of events by narrating what occurred in the part of the position in which our Allies were operating. Shortly after Lord Raglan reached the knoll inside the Russian position, an aide-de-camp came up and asked for support for his people, who were, he alleged, at this moment hardly pressed by the enemy, the actual words being, "My Lord, we have before us eight battalions." Although Lord Raglan (as I said, I am anticipating) was now very anxious for the success of the attack on the breastwork under the Kourganè Hill, which was still hanging in the balance, he answered cheerfully, "Yes, I can spare you a battalion."

I will now endeavour to show what the eight battalions were doing, against which the French desired support. In my story I left the French going

forward, Canrobert's Division being three parts up the Northern face of the cliff, and when Marshal St. Arnaud ordered up another brigade to support Canrobert, it got in front of Prince Napoleon's Division. The brigade remained in column, and neither saw the Russians nor indeed was seen by them. This brigade, and Prince Napoleon's Division occupied a frontage of only a few yards, but a distance of a mile from front to rear. When Menschikoff turned back Eastwards, he had given General Kiriakoff command of eight battalions which had been massed on Telegraph Hill for the purpose of attacking the head of Canrobert's Division, and Kiriakoff moved off Westwards with the eight battalions formed in what we should call "a mass of double columns," *i.e.* the mass was on a front of two, and a depth of four battalions. They marched straight across the front of d'Aurelle's brigade, and this was the force reported to Lord Raglan by the French aide-de-camp. When Kiriakoff's force approached Canrobert's Division, according to Kiriakoff, whose narrative Mr. Kinglake adopts, it fell back. The French Commander-in-Chief was South of the river, riding between d'Aurelle's brigade and Prince Napoleon's Division. Just at this time, however, Canrobert's artillery, which had been sent down stream to cross at Almatamak, reached the plateau, and, together with a battery of Bosquet's Division, was now approaching. The Artillery officers, taking advantage of hollows in the ground, skilfully brought their batteries, unperceived by the foe, to within a few hundred yards of the Russian column, and coming into action, still unseen, the first intimation

which the Russians had of danger from an enemy's guns was men being struck down in numbers. Kiriakoff himself was so puzzled that he imagined the shells, which were decimating his battalions, came from the Allied Fleets, and he fell back to the Eastward, following nearly the same track by which he had advanced, his men showing that fortitude under fire for which the Russians are famous. Their artillery was badly handled, for instead of covering the retreat of the infantry by coming into action, it moved off in column, and losing several horses from the French fire, called on the infantry to withdraw the guns of the disabled teams. The eight battalions at this time had not expended a single cartridge, and were not molested by the French, except by artillery fire. As Kiriakoff retreated he saw that the Russian batteries had been withdrawn from the vicinity of the Post Road, and that Menschikoff's infantry were moving back from the vicinity of Kourganè Hill, so he continued to retire for two miles, when he made a stand and was not again seriously threatened. As he fell back Canrobert's Division and d'Aurelle's brigade, followed closely by Prince Napoleon, moved straight on Telegraph Hill, and this occurred at the same moment as the Grenadier Guards moved from the South bank of the Alma up towards the Russian Redoubt, as I shall presently describe.

Soon after Lord Raglan reached the hill within the Russian position, he witnessed the advance of the right brigade of the Light Division against the Russian fieldwork. The bridge and adjacent ford

was still guarded by the Russian column confronting the 7th Fusiliers, and, by the track over which his Lordship had passed, he was some 2000 yards from the right of the 1st Division, which he had intended should support Sir George Brown's command. This Division did not move on in sufficient time; and moreover, when the right brigade of the Light Division broke its formation in crossing over the obstacles, and came under a hot fire, not only had all the battalions, except the 7th Fusiliers, closed instinctively on the Russian work, so that at one time the men were moving sixteen deep, but, urged on by their leaders, who thought, and possibly with reason, that to reform under such fire was impossible, they had greatly hurried the pace, so even if the supporting Division had followed the Light Division immediately, it would not have been close up at the time its presence was required.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge who commanded the 1st Division was in his proper place between the two brigades, 1000 yards to the Eastward, and was not in so good a position for seeing what was going on near the Redoubt as was obtainable from near the Post Road. When Sir George Brown with the right of the Light Division went forward himself from the vicinity of the Post Road, he apparently sent no message to his brother General that he would require immediate support.

At this moment the Quartermaster-General appeared on the Post Road, and his quick eye taking in the necessity of the 1st Division moving at once, and knowing Lord Raglan's wishes, he ordered the

Brigadier-General commanding the right (Guards) brigade to move forward immediately. That General replied, "Must we always keep within 300 yards of the Light Division?" To which General Airey answered, "Not necessarily any fixed distance; but move on." The brigade advanced, but had some difficulty in crossing the vineyards and broken ground. It was moving through gardens and walled enclosures, always a trying task, and it does not seem to have occurred to those in command of the right and centre battalions to break up the line into the small fractions prescribed,* in order to pass over the enclosures; thus, when the centre battalion, the Scots Fusiliers, came to a stone wall in the vineyards, they were ordered to "break ranks" and "get over the wall as best they could," and in a very irregular formation they crossed the river, endeavouring to form up on the Southern bank. Here they were sheltered, and if they had been given but two or three minutes, the Scots Fusilier Guards would have gone forward with the immense advantage of being in perfect formation. Unfortunately, the Generals and Staff were as eager as the men, and before the line was properly formed, nay, even before

* Two distinguished Generals who were present as company officers, while agreeing substantially in all other respects, differ as to the formation of the battalion as it crossed the vineyards. One, who was with the right centre company, says, "Advance in double column of companies from the centre" was the order. The other officer, who was with the left centre company, says, the advance was in line, and the only order heard was, "Get over as best you can." Both agree that the battalion was not given time to reform after it reached the Southern bank.

the left company had climbed the bank, an officer shouted out, "Forward, Fusiliers; what are you waiting for?" and on this order the men advanced, and so hurriedly, indeed, that no one in authority thought of fixing bayonets, till the men themselves asked for permission to do so.

A similar order to advance was given to the Grenadiers on the right, but the Colonel in command would not move until he got his line perfectly formed. This may seem pedantic to young soldiers, but those of us who remember how slow we were in all our movements forty years ago, will realize the importance then of having the men in the order to which they were accustomed; and this regular formation, indeed, proved of incalculable advantage, not only to the Grenadiers, but to the brigade, in the next five minutes.

When the Scots Guards went forward, the Coldstreams on their left, having come on a more precipitous part of the bank, could not succeed in mounting it, though the battalion had advanced in column of sections from flanks of companies, and even these were obliged to move down stream somewhat, and thus the battalion moved forward about two minutes after the centre battalion; but it was in perfect line, for, sheltered by a fold of ground, it had reformed with "markers" out as if it were parading in Hyde Park.

In the mean time the Light Division had been driven out of the interior of the Redoubt by the fire of guns in action on the higher slopes of the Kourganè Hill, and while some of our men took shelter in the

ditch on the North side of the breastwork, others began to fall back. The Brigadier again rode into the Redoubt, but was not followed by any number of soldiers, and the position of the confused mass of British infantry was such as to excuse them for desiring either a support, or that they might retire. On their right there was a column of two battalions engaged with the 7th Fusiliers; on the left, and left front was another column formed of two battalions of the Kazan Corps; and a little further back were four battalions of the Soudal Regiment; while immediately South of the Fieldwork, and in the hollow, stood four battalions of the Vladimir Regiment. Behind these, again, stood four battalions of the Ouglitz Regiment, and yet further back were two battalions of sailors. Thus immediately to the front of our five and a half battalions, numbering some 2500 men, there were about 12,000 cavalry and infantry, supported by numerous artillery.

The great disparity of numbers of the combatants became evident to both sides, and the Ouglitz Regiment was set in motion, advancing down the hill, but after firing somewhat wildly, it halted; but the Vladimir Regiment moved up from the hollow towards the Redoubt, slowly and without firing a shot. Those of our men who were sheltered in the ditch on the North side of the parapet did not see the great Russian column until it arrived close to the work. On it came, without making a sound, and presently from amongst our ranks there was a voice heard shouting, "The column is French; for God's sake,

men, don't fire!" This was shouted again and again, and presently a bugler on the left, in obedience to orders from a mounted officer, sounded the "Cease fire." This order was partly obeyed by all, and almost entirely by the 23rd on the right; but some of our men were still firing, when the head of the Russian column poured in a volley on the troops clustering about the earthwork. Just at this moment a bugler of the same regiment who had blown the "Cease fire," in obedience to orders from a mounted officer, sounded the "Retire." This was repeated several times along the whole line. Unfortunately, Luke White,* the heroic bugler of Ghuzni, was not present, and some men did retire, and at once, but the 23rd officers at first declined to go back, feeling sure there was some mistake; eventually, however, our men retired,

* "On the morning of the 22nd of July, 1839, a British army was under the citadel of Ghuzni. There was only one gate unblocked by masonry, and during the ensuing night the British force, moving round the city, got into position opposite to it, the Cabul Gate. Before daylight some sappers, creeping forward, laid and fired powder-bags in the gateway. As the powder exploded, the massive gate disappeared, and the walls fell inwards. One of the sappers, running back to where the main body of the assaulting column (13th Light Infantry) was halted, reported, 'The passage is choked with fallen masonry; the forlorn hope cannot force it.' On this an officer ordered Bugler Luke White to sound the 'Retire.' He replied, 'The 13th don't know it,' and blew the 'Advance.' The battalion moved on, and, the forlorn hope rushing in amongst smoke and flames, the fortress was carried after half an hour's fighting." ("Far-out Rovings Retold," by Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Butler, now Major-General Sir William Butler, commanding 2nd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot.)

leaving in the Redoubt the howitzer which had been taken.

The Russians fired at the retreating men of the Light Division, but most of the missiles struck the Scots Fusilier Guards, then advancing unsupported, and many of whom also were knocked down by the fire of the batteries on either side of the Post Road, and from the one on the upper slopes of the Kourganè Hill. Nevertheless, though some of those on the left hung back, the battalion, as such, with colours flying, went on in an irregular line, and it was within about fifty yards of the breastwork when it collided against some men of the Light Division retreating from the work.

The disordered ranks of the Fusilier Guards, never perfectly formed, and much shattered by the fire they had encountered during the advance, now engaged the Russians, who had moved North of the Redoubt in pursuit of the Light Division, and were bayoneting our wounded lying on the ground. The battalion then halted and fired their first shot. The officer commanding was soon told, not once, but repeatedly, "The Fusiliers will retire," and they did so. This order, no doubt, was intended for the Welsh Fusiliers.

As the Scots Fusiliers went down the hill, some of them, no doubt, faster than others, the Grenadiers and Coldstreams were seen advancing, and the officers of the Fusiliers, realizing the mistake, immediately endeavoured to halt their men. This they succeeded in doing soon after the Grenadiers and Coldstreams passed on as they mounted the hill, for the officer commanding

the former battalion, which was a little in front of the Coldstreams, halted a minute or two to give the Scots Fusilier Guards an opportunity of reforming, and in five minutes all three battalions went forward in one line.

It is probable that the Light Division carried back with them in disorder some of the Guards. This officers of the Light Division deny; but I am assured by two General officers who were present that Mr. Kinglake's account of the part played by the Scots Guards is inaccurate. No one who has endeavoured to collate accounts of a confused struggle, can fail to admire the patience and research which Mr. Kinglake brought to bear on his work, but I believe that his description does not, in this case, give an accurate idea of what occurred.*

The right wing of the battalion, when halted, was attacked by a rush of men from the Vladimir Regiment, who, descending from the breastwork, ran boldly forward at the colours. One of the officers who carried a colour assures me that the men on either side of him never flinched, even when a body of men some twenty or thirty deep rushed at the two-deep line.

I stated that the right battalion of the left brigade, Light Division, joined in with Codrington's battalions, but the two other battalions remained halted under cover of a shoulder of ground. The Brigadier proposed

* The "Staff Officer," whose good faith in describing what he saw has never been impugned, and who was a spectator of the scene, wrote at the time, *vide* p. 179, "Letters from Head Quarters" (Fusilier Guards)—"After a moment or two they rallied, and soon regained their comrades."

to advance, and sent an order to that effect, but the Colonel of one battalion urged that the left should not be left unprotected in the presence of cavalry, and eventually the Brigadier, who, being short-sighted, perhaps mistrusted his own judgment, acquiesced, and both battalions remained practically out of action, even when the supporting brigade of Highlanders coming up, passed them. This will be understood from the fact that these two battalions combined had but forty casualties of all ranks.

As the Highland brigade crossed the Alma valley, its right battalion, the 42nd, came to an easier place than the centre battalion, the 93rd, and the 93rd had less difficulty in getting across than the 79th or left battalion; thus the brigade, on moving forward after crossing, practically advanced in echelon from the right.

Sir Colin Campbell, after vainly attempting to push on the battalions of the left brigade, Light Division, passed them, and directed his left battalion to get into column; but, as he got a little further up the slopes of the Kourganè Hill, realizing, at a glance, that little was to be apprehended from the Russian cavalry, he countermanded this order to the 79th Highlanders, and they went forward in line.* The Duke of Cambridge's Division was now much extended, having a frontage of nearly a mile and a half.

* It is remarkable that another soldier of experience, Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart, had also gauged accurately the inefficiency of the Russian cavalry. Before the 1st Division advanced, Sir George sent to assure Lord Raglan that nothing serious would be attempted by the Russian cavalry North of the river.

As the Highland brigade advanced, Sir Colin Campbell perceived that, by moving the 42nd Highlanders forward at once,—and without waiting for the 93rd and 79th to come up into line,—they would strike on the flank of the two Russian columns then engaging the Guards, and would thus relieve the pressure on the Coldstreams; and this indeed happened. As the 42nd approached the Eastern flank of the Redoubt, the right Vladimir column, driven obliquely backwards by the fire of the Grenadiers, was moving in a South-Easterly direction to join the right Kazan column, and as the Black Watch advanced, firing, the two heavy columns joined.

At this moment the left of the 42nd was threatened by the left Sousdal column, and Sir Colin halted them for a minute, until the 93rd, coming up, was also halted and reformed.

As the 93rd advanced, firing into the right flank of the left Sousdal column then moving to attack the 42nd, the flank of the 93rd was in turn threatened by the right Sousdal column, but the 79th came up just in time, and, doing exactly for the 93rd what it had done for the 42nd, broke the Russian column at the same moment that its other wing of two battalions was overthrown by the 93rd. There still stood on the rise of the hill, beyond the hollow, four battalions of the Ouglitz Regiment, but, the Highland brigade opening fire on them, they fell back. All this time the Russian infantry received no support from the 3000 odd cavalry close at hand.

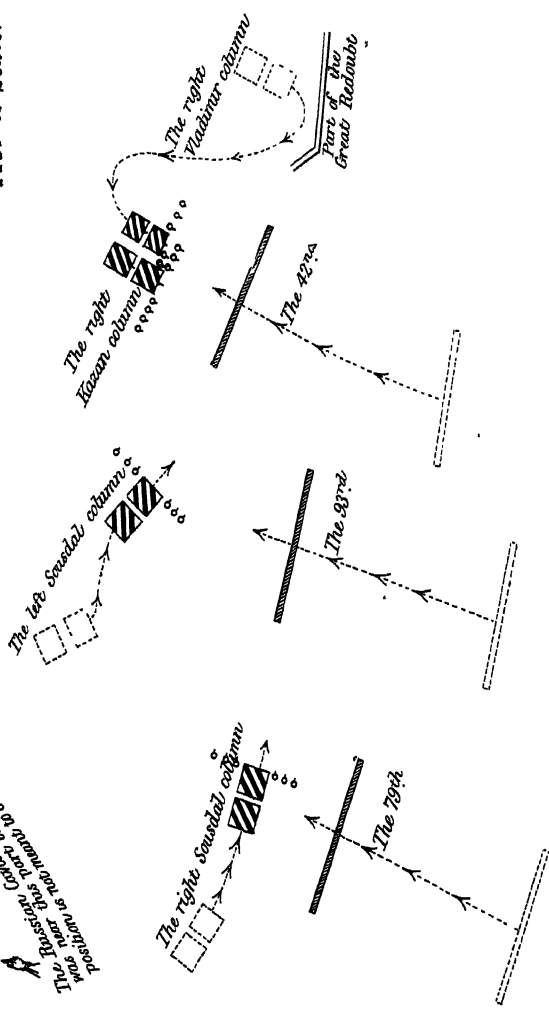
When Lord Raglan, crossing the river, rode with

The Russian Cavalry three thousand strong (about 10000) was sent in to be engaged in the plan.

The Ougliars battalions

Plan shewing the continuation of the second fight on the Kourgan's hill. The Highlanders engaged.

Not to Scale.



his Staff up to the hill West of the Post Road, he ordered up the right brigade, 2nd Division, and the two battalions which crossed below Bourliouk joined the Commander-in-Chief just as the Guards and Highlanders were completing the victory.

The British Horse Artillery now came forward and completed the victory, but Lord Raglan expressly ordered "the cavalry not to attack."

When Lord Raglan was witnessing the steady onward movement of the 2nd Light Division, Prince Menschikoff, the Commander-in-Chief, riding back from the extreme left of the Russian position, came on Prince Gortschakoff, whom he had left in command of the right wing of the Army. Mr. Kinglake describes most graphically the meeting, and Gortschakoff's replies to his Chief's questions: "I am on foot, because my horse was killed near the river; alone, because all my Staff are dead or wounded:" pointing as he spoke to his uniform, cut by six different bullets. Three out of the four Russian Generals who were fighting on the Kourganè Hill fell wounded, and the Russian loss amounted to nearly 6000.

The British losses amounted to 2000 of all ranks. The 15,000 men expended about six cartridges each, and the battalion casualty-rolls indicate clearly on whom the brunt of the half-hour's action fell. The four battalions on the extreme right and left of the first line had about twenty men in each corps hit. The Coldstream Guards and three Highland battalions had only 118 casualties between the four battalions.

The two battalions, 2nd Division, which crossed down stream of Bourliouk, had only altogether 163 killed and wounded. The Grenadier Guards lost 130; the Scots Fusiliers 180: but the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 33rd, and 95th each had about 200 casualties.

The greater part of this loss was due to artillery fire—round and case shot—for the Russian musket was a most inferior weapon, while our two divisions engaged had the Minie, a hard-hitting rifle. This partly explains how the 7th Fusiliers were able to stand up in an irregular line for nearly half an hour, fighting two battalions, numbering some 1400 or 1500 strong, and occasionally within 100 yards. The Colonel of the 7th was a man of great force of character, and although much disliked* by his men on Home Service, exerted himself so strenuously for their food and comfort in the winter, that when he fell dead at the Redan, nine months later, no chief was more sincerely mourned for by his soldiers. His masterful spirit was of great service at the Alma, for Death was busiest around him. The 7th Royal Fusiliers showed but a few more men killed than either of the other battalions, but there were also stragglers from other corps fighting in its ranks, whose names (if they became casualties) appeared in their own regimental lists.

Prince Gortschakoff had headed one column in its attack on the 7th Fusiliers, but they drove the column

* Just before the battle he wrote to his sister, "The Russians are before me and my own men are behind me, so I don't think you will ever see me again" ("The Great War with Russia," by W. H. Russell).

back, and formed a pivot throughout the struggle, covering the right flanks of the advance of the Guards, and the left of Pennefather's brigade as it went forward.

Lord Raglan invited Marshal St. Arnaud to press the Russians in their retreat, but the French Commander-in-Chief declined, stating that his men's knapsacks had been left below in the valley, and it was impossible for him to go forward. He might have given a better reason, namely, that he had no gun ammunition left after the short action.

We had 1000 cavalry, and the 3rd and 4th Divisions which had not been engaged, and our artillery, nine batteries, had suffered but thirty-four casualties, having fired about fifteen rounds per gun. If the enemy had been followed up, great results might have been obtained, for the Russians, after showing the greatest heroism for half an hour, dissolved during their retreat into a panic-stricken mob, ere, seven miles from the Alma, they reached after nightfall the Katcha river. Here they rested for two hours, and then moved on to Sevastopol.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARCH ROUND SEVASTOPOL.

THE position attacked by the Allies might have been rendered very formidable by an able Russian commander. The heights on the Western flank were difficult of access, and should have been defended by comparatively few men, for masses could not have been employed on the defence, as the Allied Fleets would have crushed them.

The centre offered great advantages for resistance, but there the Russians, though they erected breastworks under the Kourganè hill, had no works to command the banks with musketry fire, and did not resolutely defend the actual crossing of the river.

The Eastern flank offered less advantages for a force standing on the defensive, but was neglected not only by the Russians but by the Allies. Sir Edward Hamley argues it was here the attack should have been made; and there can be no doubt the victory would, in such case, have been gained with far less loss of life.

As shown in the preceding chapter, the French had but little share in the battle, and half the British infantry attacked with great gallantry the centre of the position,

while the other half remained out of action. This was the result of the Commander-in-Chief being far away in front, and within the Russian position, for though each of the Divisional Generals acted as he thought best for the general result, there was no concerted action.

The British artillery was not worked as a whole, and the cavalry was by order of the Commander-in-Chief held back, even after the enemy was in full retreat.

It was fortunate the fleet anchored off the shore, which was within an easy walk of our troops, for our Commissariat Transport was limited to seventy mule-carts, and a few country waggons we had seized after we landed, and there was scarcely any land transport for the sick, many of the ambulances having tumbled to pieces in Bulgaria. They were heavy, clumsy, and few in numbers, and cholera had diminished the roll of drivers, who were old pensioners. The Ambulance Corps, created hurriedly after the troops went to the East, had never been effective, and was not worth much when we embarked the troops at Varna, but with all our naval resources it is scarcely reasonable to allege, as has been done, that it was necessarily kept behind from want of room on board ship.

As the Army could not transport its sick and wounded, it is to be regretted it did not move forward at daylight on the 21st of September. Every military text-book enjoins the close pursuit of a beaten enemy, and there was no reason for losing forty-eight hours in carrying down wounded and burying dead, both of

which duties might have easily been done by the crews of one or two ships, if left behind for the purpose. Before the action was over, the Admiral signalled, "Hold surgeons ready to send on shore," and many of the wounded were carried by our sailors, but we might have relieved the soldiers of all such dispiriting work, which it is inadvisable to impose on even the bravest troops, who may be required to fight again in a few days.

Although we sailors all watched the battle of Alma from our ships, which moved parallel with the Armies to the mouth of the river, few of us realized the importance of the struggle—I certainly did not until I landed. This misconception was partly attributable to the easy success of the French, who were nearest to us, and who met with but little resistance, as is evident by the respective losses on equal numbers engaged.

FRENCH.

Killed—Officers, 3.

Total reported loss, 1340 of all ranks, including all losses from cholera and other causes from the 14th September inclusive.

ENGLISH.

Killed—Officers, 25 ; sergeants, 19 ; rank and file, 318.

Wounded " 81 " 102 " " 1438.

Missing, 19 (supposed to be buried in Bourliouk).*

Total, 2002.

Hamley, following Kinglake, puts the French loss in killed at sixty. This must be, I think, an under-

* It is probable these men died of cholera during the march, or on board ship.

estimate, as I recorded in the evening after the battle, having noticed in a hurried walk the various wounds on the bodies of nineteen Frenchmen laid out in a row for burial, but, on the other hand, their casualties in the action could not have been very numerous, as the total loss for the week 14th to 21st September amounted only to 1340, and out of an equal strength we re-embarked during the same period 1500 men on account of sickness alone, many of whom died.

Hamley's account of the battle is concise and clear, but I think neither he nor any other writer I know, has shown adequately the difficulties of passing through the valley where the Light Division and Guards crossed, especially to troops trained to "march like a wall, and wheel like the swing of a gate." In 1894 there was scarcely any water in the river, but near the farm used by the doctors as a dressing station there are, from the winding of the stream, practically two river beds, one being nine feet deep, and besides these there is a broad, deep ditch.

When I revisited the field of battle in August, 1894, there was little change observable except that, in rebuilding the burnt-down village of Bourliouk, the tendency has been to spread the houses further Westward.

There is rather more arable and less land under grass than there was forty years ago, and more trees are growing in the valley, but nothing can so change the look of the place as to cause any difficulty to a visitor who can read a map. The fruit trees and vines were laden, and around Captain Cust's (Coldstream

Guards) grave were tomatoes, apples, pears, and peaches in profusion.

The field is most easily reached by crossing from Sevastopol to the North side of the harbour in a boat, and thence by carriages, which should be sent round (eighteen miles) overnight; Bourliouk, from the North of the harbour, is a drive of two and a half hours.

“*September 23rd, 1854.*—Every one is talking of the gallant bearing of Sir George Brown, and the manner in which he rode on in front of the Light Division. We have re-embarked his horse, wounded in seven places, but hope to save its life.”

I wrote the above sentences at the time, expressing the general opinion of the army. Sir George—then still a fine, well set-up man in spite of his sixty-six years—had served with distinction in the Peninsula forty years earlier, leading a section of the *forlorn hope* into the great breach at Badajoz; he had been wounded at Bladensburg; and both from his training, including that of Adjutant-General to the Forces, and from the bent of his mind, was strongly opposed to changes in our Army system. Officers told with glee that, when the men were excused wearing stocks on the Queen's Birthday Parade in Bulgaria, this innovation was strongly opposed by the leader of the Light Division.

It was generally believed, in the spring of 1855, that he tried to reintroduce the stock—for which effort I have no sympathy—but he was undoubtedly right in trying to check the slovenly habits into which all Ranks had fallen. In an interesting letter now before me, written

in 1859, he expresses much apprehension that we were neglecting discipline for the sake of musketry. Nevertheless, and in spite of a somewhat curt manner and decided views expressed in emphatic language, he was greatly esteemed by those under him, though I cannot think he commanded the confidence of the Army generally.

The men of the Light Division always spoke of him as "the General," as was then, and is still, though in lesser degree, the habit of soldiers, possibly from not knowing the name of the immediate leader. This ignorance cost Sir George £1 during the worst of the winter. He had seized an opportunity of meeting Lord Raglan to urge the desirability of his showing himself more frequently in the camps.

"What good will it do?"

"Oh! 'twill cheer the men up. Why, sir, numbers of my men don't know your name."

"But they don't know your name, George!"

"Every man in the Light Division knows *my* name."

"I'll bet you £1 the first man we ask does not."

"Done," said Sir George; and they rode to the Light Division camp.

"Come here, my man. Who am I?"

The soldier halted at three paces, straight as a ramrod. "You're the General, sir!"

"But my name?"

"You're the General, sir;" and nothing more could be elicited from him.

Sir George Brown paid up on the spot.

No one who saw him ride up from the Alma river straight towards the foe, without showing an indication that he was in any danger, is likely to forget the animating effect of his bearing on the soldiers.

The Armies halted on the bank of the Alma from the afternoon of the 20th to the morning of the 23rd, and we buried over 700 bodies in and around the breastwork, about two-thirds of the bodies being Russians, and the remainder those of British soldiers.

Soon after the Allies were in motion on the 23rd, the ships off Sevastopol signalled that during the night the Russians had blocked the entrance to the harbour, by sinking across it several men-of-war.

That night the Allies, having marched about seven miles over the same kind of undulating grass country, bivouaced on the South side of the Katcha River, at the mouth of which the Scots Greys and 57th Regiment disembarked.

As the forces moved on next day across the Belbec stream, the character of the country changed, and the undulating plains were replaced by hills covered with scrub and stunted trees. On the 24th and 25th the mounted troops covering the bivouac suffered somewhat from want of water, and neither the officers nor the Rank and File of the British army had anything but biscuit to eat.

Hamley gives reasons for differing with Mr. Kinglake as to the intended attack on the forts North of the harbour, and doubts whether such a project "was very seriously considered." It is not a matter of much importance, except as illustrating the difficulties

of a divided command; but it cannot be doubted, I think, that Mr. Kinglake was right, for Lord Raglan, writing on the night of the 24th of September to the Duke of Newcastle, used the expression, "We have nearly determined to attempt the attack of Sevastopol from the South side, abandoning our communication with the Katcha."

Early on the 25th some Cavalry, Horse Artillery, and a battalion of Rifles, were sent on as an advanced guard through the woods towards Mackenzie's farm, the main body of the British army following about midday. Neither force appears to have had any guide, and the cavalry having marched on a track to the Westward of that followed by the main body, it so happened that while six batteries of artillery in column of route were preceded by the Head-quarter Staff only, they came suddenly on the rear of a Russian column moving across the front of the Allies. Neither the British nor the Russians were aware of the proximity of a foe, and the Russian Commander-in-Chief, who had reached a village six miles on, did not learn till the 28th of September that the rear waggons of his baggage column had been taken.

Prince Menschikoff was not a trained soldier, and his tactical arrangements were unfortunate, but his determination to act on his own judgment against the wishes of his subordinates was successful on this occasion. He determined to leave Sevastopol in charge of Admiral Nakimoff, and to take the Army towards Simpheropol, so as to maintain his line of communication with the Interior, whence he expected

to receive reinforcements, and also in order to place himself in a position from which he might threaten the flank of the Allies should they attack the fortifications on the North side of the harbour. During the night (24th–25th of September) the Prince, leaving in the city one battalion of Sappers, 5000 Militia, and the crews of the sunken men-of-war, moved out on the Batchiserai Road, and narrowly escaped meeting the Allies on his march.

Four British Divisions bivouaced on the Tchernaya river that afternoon, General Cathcart with the 4th Division being left to cover the movement, and to re-embark some sick, the greater number of whom were stricken by cholera.

On the 26th Cathcart's Division and the French army reached the Tchernaya, while the troops under Lord Raglan took possession of Balaklava after a mock defence by the Commandant, and a few invalids who garrisoned the ruined old Genoese fortress.

CHAPTER V.

THE LANDING OF A NAVAL BRIGADE.

FROM the 25th of September, when we lost sight of the Armies as they marched inland, we were in suspense for a week as to the assault on the town. Would it be delivered at once? Should we be allowed to have a turn at the sea-forts? Or, would the attack be delayed till the siege-train was brought up? On Sunday, the 1st of October, however, the Admiral signalled from Balaklava, "Line-of-battle ships, send 140 men and proportion of officers for service with land-forces." While the Captain was discussing the detail of the detachment I was sent on board the Acting Commodore's ship to ask in what uniform the officers were to land. The reply was too free to be recorded as given, but was to the effect, "He didn't care a *blessing* if they painted their bodies black, and went naked." Returning on board, I delivered the answer, but in modified terms. The discussion was still going on as to the landing party. All had been nominated except a midshipman. Commander Burnett, who was going in command, had been told to choose those whom he preferred. It so happened that several of the senior



THE BRITISH SOLDIER A WEEK AFTER HE LANDED IN GYDZ CRUISE

midshipmen had fallen under his displeasure, and, trembling with eagerness, I watched his eye as he looked us over, but I had only just passed my two-year examination and it went by without resting on me.

Captain Michell was my mother's brother, and though personally kind in his manner, we all thought he was harder on me than on the other youngsters. I had joined H.M.S. *Queen* early in 1852, when my uncle had been for fourteen years, and was still, on shore, without prospect of employment. Captain —, who commanded the ship when I joined her, was so terribly hard on the men, that they declined to go to sea again under his stern rule, and the ship was paid off in July to get rid of him, and recommissioned the same day by my uncle. I disliked the idea of sailing with a relative, and twice applied to leave the ship; once to serve with a friend, W. N. W. Hewett,* mate of H.M.S. *Spartan*, and once to go to the Cape in H.M.S. *Melampus*, but my applications were curtly refused. Before we left the Channel in 1853, I had been taken into favour for handling a boat in good style when bringing off the Captain's grandson (now Mr. Farwell, Q.C.), during a gale of wind, to the ship then lying in Plymouth Sound; and I had again been commended for boat service in the Bosphorus, when I was away from the ship for four days. These episodes and family pride (for he had been decorated for distinguished conduct in "cutting out" a vessel under close fire at Algiers in 1816) gave me my first chance of active service.

* Afterwards Admiral Sir W. Hewett, V.C., K.C.B.

The Captain said, "Which midshipman?"

"I am thinking, sir!"

"Take young Wood."

"Oh! he's too young, sir. It will kill him!"

"No, Burnett, I'll answer for him."

And as the Commander said, "Well, youngster, you shall come," I felt I could never sufficiently repay my uncle.

The other officers were, Lieutenant Partridge, gunnery instructor; Lieutenant Douglas, who generally assisted him; and Mr. Sanctuary, a mate. Captain Burnett often said, and wrote, he hoped that he might not be buried in the Crimea, but in the ocean he loved so well. He attained this wish, for he escaped wounds and sickness till he left the brigade on promotion, dying years later with fortitude, with nearly all his crew, in the wreck of his ship, H.M.S. *Orpheus*, on the Manakou Reef, New Zealand. Partridge was invalided during the winter; Douglas, "brave, tender, and true," as befitted one bearing the name, was killed; and Sanctuary invalided, being severely wounded the day we opened fire. All the vacancies throughout the brigade were filled up as they occurred, and, at the end of nine months, there were only three or four left of those who landed early on the 2nd of October, and served throughout the winter.

We slept on board ship in Balaklava harbour on the 1st of October, and at 4.30 next morning began rigging up shears to land our guns. This was accomplished by sunset, and we got tents and blankets on shore, pitching our camp to the West of the head

of the harbour, opposite the hamlet of Kadikoi. Close to our camp were vineyards, bearing great quantities of delicious fruit. Cholera had frightened us a little, and orders had been issued forbidding soldiers to enter them; but I saw one cavalry regiment (which probably had never received the order, as it landed later on the Katcha) ride, on its return from watering the horses, through the vines, from which the men carried off great branches without even dismounting.

Next morning we were up at 3.30, when Captain Burnett made me swallow, most unwillingly, a dose of quinine, such as, half an hour later, to ensure its being taken, was administered to every man on parade. Sanctuary then took me off to a small ditch to wash, in which we stood stripped, I shivering in great discomfort. We were told the army could not assist us with transport, but that it was important to open fire on Sevastopol at once, and for the next six days our life was spent in dragging guns and ammunition up the Balaklava col or hill. On the 4th of October the brigade was divided, one half working from the harbour to the col, and the other from thence to the Light Division camp. The 68-pounder guns were dragged up on travelling-carriages lent to us by the artillery, but they could not lend us enough for the other pieces, and nearly all the guns were hauled up the hill, and later down into battery on their ships' trucks.* We put fifty men on to three drag ropes, placed a fiddler or fifer on the gun, and if neither was available, a

* Wheels.

S



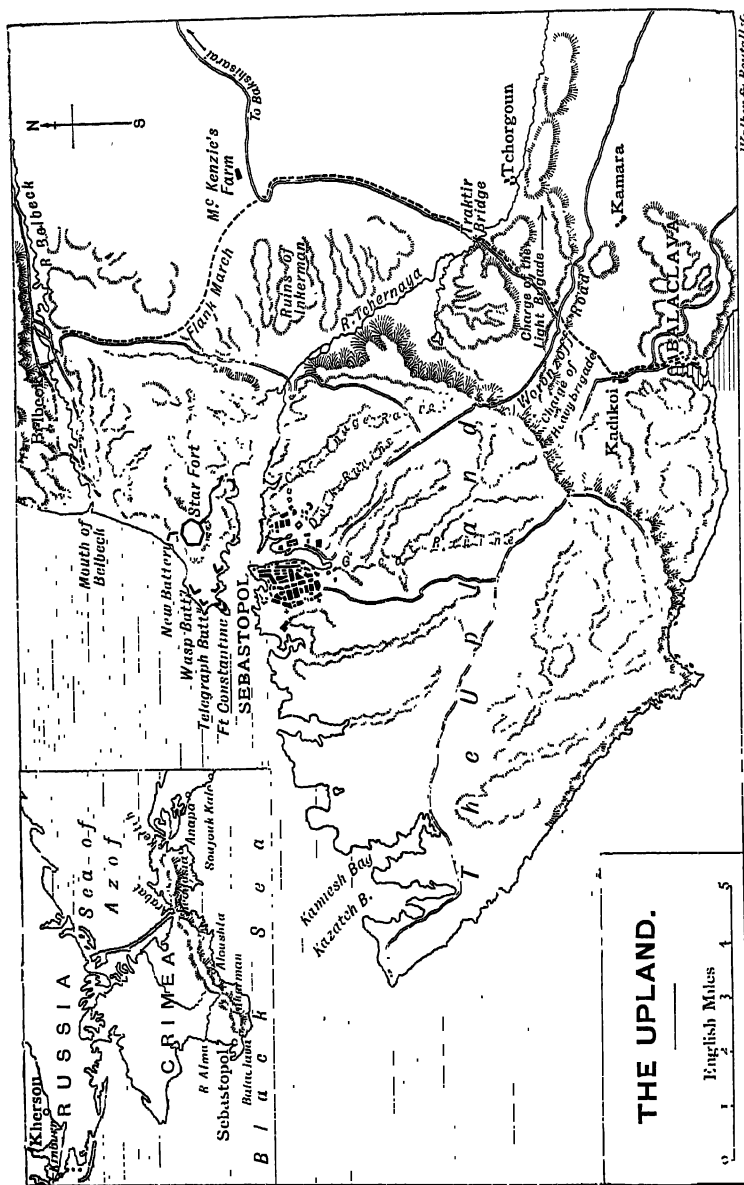
PLAN OF ATTACK AND DEFENCES OF THE SOUTH AND NORTH SIDES OF HARBOUR AND TOWN OF SEVASTOPOL.
1, Balaklava Harbour; 2, Railroad; 3, English Works; 4, French Works; 5, Gordon's Battery; 9, Malakoff Tower; 10, Redan; 11, Flagstaff Battery; 24, River Tchernaya

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tenor was mounted to give the solo of a chorus song, and thus we *walked* them up.

Probably no 1200 men ever worked harder. We breakfasted daily at 5, began work at 5.30, and, except for one hour at midday, worked till 6 P.M., doing actually the work of horses, the distance by the track from Balaklava to what was about to become the Right Attack being just eight miles.

Mr. Kinglake, the historian, aptly named the sloping fissured plateau on which we were to live, fight, and suffer for so many weary months, the Upland. Its Eastern crest stands 500 feet above the Tchernaya Valley, and the plateau extends in a straight line from North to South eight miles, reckoning from the head of Sevastopol harbour to that at Balaklava, and eight miles from East to West, measuring from the height overlooking Tractir Bridge on the Tchernaya River, to Kamiesh Bay, which the French made their base of supplies. For practical purposes the extent of ground over which the British army worked may be taken as seven miles by four, as the crow flies. The plateau was bounded by a wall of cliff-like formation, which runs generally North and South from the head of Sevastopol harbour for six miles, then trends South-West, and, passing a mile to the Northward of Balaklava, joins the cliffs on the sea coast. The surface of the Upland is channelled by many ravines. Those which had most influence on our operations commence generally close to the Eastern wall-like boundary, and, running from South-East to North-West, divided the fighting position of the Allies into



several different parts. The Woronzow-road Ravine is near its mouth steep, and impassable for armed men ; the Careenage Ravine is, at the Northern end, for a long distance precipitous, and in parts the cliffs overhang the chasm-like gorge.

We tried at first to be too sharp, and the French courteously giving way, had in consequence much the easiest line on which to excavate trenches of attack, and for haulage from the Base. When the Armies left Kalamita Bay, the French, having no cavalry, took the right flank, which was covered by the fleets. The English army obtained possession of Balaklava after a mock resistance, twenty-four hours before the French came up, and we ought to have moved on to the North-West ; but our ships were in Balaklava, and our Admiral insisted that its retention was essential for the British Navy. The French then adopted Kamiesh as their Base, where they got more room for shipping, and, after one steep ascent from the shore, a gradual rise over undulating country for their vehicles, instead of the sharp ascent from Balaklava, which caused us great trouble when the weather broke, and we lost the use of the metalled Woronzow Road, which the Russians occupied after the action on the 25th of October.

The tactical disadvantages of our position were, moreover, much greater than those encountered by the French. Their left flank rested on the sea ; we covered their right flank, and in spite of stretching our line till it nearly snapped, and must have done so but for the fine fighting value of our officers and men,

we were obliged to leave unguarded on our right a great part of the Upland. With more men we should have occupied in the first instance the so-called Inkerman ridges down to, and including, the Mamelon, and our failure to do so was one of the main causes of much subsequent loss.

I must go fully into the question of our Siege works, and batteries, for it was in them our soldiers died from starvation, want of clothing, and overwork ; and it was in them we wore down the strength of the Russians till they withdrew across the harbour, Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman being but incidents in the war, albeit of a glorious kind.

When our Armies first got into position to the East, South, and South-West of Sevastopol, we opened trenches about 1800 yards from the enemy's works as they appeared in the last week of September. They stood generally on ridges opposite to those of the Allies, and on dominating points of these ridges were built the Malakoff, 330 feet above the sea ; Redan, 306 ; Flagstaff Battery, 280 ; and Central Bastion, 247 feet. The choice of our positions for attacking the city was limited ; firstly, from the impossibility of going in to the usual breaching distance, unless we embraced the Inkerman and Thistle (later called Victoria) ridges down to the Mamelon, for works erected on the Mamelon by the Russians would have *enfiladed* our batteries,* as happened indeed later in the siege. And, secondly, because at about 1800 yards

* Enfilade fire is that directed along the front of troops, or of a work.

PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL, BY THE ALLIED ARMIES, AS IN JULY 1855.



from the Russian works, the hills on which we erected our batteries, and which sloped down from the crest covering our camps with a gentle fall for 2500 yards, then began to fall suddenly and steeply so that, had we begun to dig 400 yards further on, the enemy in our front would have looked down into our trenches, and from the Inkerman hills in our Right rear, would have taken our works in reverse.

The main, though not the deepest, fissure of the ravines which I mentioned as dividing up the plateau, separated the English and French attacks; and on the English side there were four ridges sloping down from South-East to North-West, all separated by deep ravines with steep sides. The two inner fissures ran through the Russian works, and the Careenage Ravine cutting off the Inkerman ridge terminated in the great harbour. The ravine, which passed to the Westward of the English attack, joined the largest fissure at the point of junction between the Armies, and ended at the head of the Dockyard Creek.

On the Western crest line of the Upland stood, on the Woronzow Road looking down to the city, a posting house, in which the Light Division had placed a picquet, and henceforth throughout the siege it was called the picquet house. On the 8th of October the Naval brigade pitched its camp near the picquet house, but on the Eastern slope out of sight of the enemy. We were close to the Light Division, being only separated from it by the Woronzow Road; the 2nd Division was one and a half miles further North, with the 1st Division in its left rear; and the 3rd and 4th

Divisions were from a mile, to one and a half miles to the South-West of the Naval brigade, the Cavalry and Horse Artillery being in the Balaklava plain. Two French Divisions encamped on, and guarded the East and South-East side of the Upland, and two Divisions opened approaches against the enemy between the English position and the sea.

From the 9th to the 16th of October inclusive, the sailors assisted in the erection of the batteries, in addition to dragging down ammunition, amounting to five hundred rounds per gun. We turned out daily at 4.30 A.M., and with half an hour for breakfast and an hour's rest for dinner, all worked till 7.30 P.M., except the night parties, which rested from 2 P.M. to 8 P.M., and then worked till daylight.

One night during this week, on an alarm being given that the Russians were advancing, the officer in command gave the word "Retire" to the unarmed working parties, but it was understood to apply to all, and the movement was carried out so hastily that many men left on the ground their blankets, and wooden canteens, which contained rum and water. The enemy did not advance, and our soldiers returned to find, helpless on the ground, some sailors who had disregarded the alarm but had appropriated their spirit ration.

The spade work of the soldiers varied considerably, but from the Royal Engineers' journal of work done in Bulgaria, and from what I saw early in the siege, that of the Guards' brigade was undoubtedly amongst the best. This may have arisen from the memory of instruction at Chobham Camp in 1853, or from

regimental pride, or from both causes. Our infantry, except one or two battalions, knew very little of siege-work duties, and it became necessary at a time when every sapper was required at Varna to prepare siege materials, to take off nearly half of the small force available, to instruct the Line regiments in throwing up trenches, and other siege duties. By the end of August the infantry had made 6000 gabions* and 800 fascines.† For every one of these passed as serviceable the soldiers received 14*d.* and 7*d.* respectively, which included the labour of cutting and carrying the brush-wood which was close at hand. In the Guards' brigade each section of three men produced three gabions daily. In the Line the average did not exceed one gabion daily per section. Throughout the long ensuing siege the working parties in the trenches did well or badly in proportion to the efficiency of the officers. When they sat and smoked, paying no attention to the men, the sergeants followed suit, and but little progress was made. On the other hand, when the officers, keen and sympathetic, knew how to get cheerful work out of their men, the spirits of the directing Engineer officer rose considerably.

On the 16th of October bets were freely offered in our camp that the city would fall in twenty-four hours. Some of the older and more prudent officers gave the Russians forty-eight hours, but no one thought they could withstand our fire longer. My older messmates would not allow me to buy a good, Paris-made gold

* A hollow cylindrical basket, used in building up earthen walls.

† *I.e.* long thin faggots.

watch which a soldier had taken at the Alma and offered to sell for £1, for they said, "In forty-eight hours gold watches will be much cheaper!" When orders were issued that afternoon detailing Lieutenant Partridge and Mr. Sanctuary for the first or daylight relief of the *Queen's*, Lieutenant Douglas and Mr. Wood for the second relief at 10 A.M., Douglas swore, and I cried from vexation, so persuaded were we all that the Russians would offer but little resistance after four hours' bombardment. Our miscalculations were brought back to my mind on the 24th of August, 1894, when visiting the Malakoff I noticed its guardian with three decorations, and asked him in what corps he had served. "As a sailor in the batteries." I observed, "Well! As a sailor from that battery opposite I fired at this place, and the Redan for nearly nine months." He replied, "I fired at you from the Redan for eleven months." Certainly we were over-confident in 1854.

After this conversation I left my former adversary, and having looked at the spots where Admirals Korniloff and Nakimoff were killed, we rode round the embanked Northern end of the Karabelnaia, or Dock-yard Ravine, and up to the Right Attack 21-gun battery. The parapets are now scarcely visible at first, except to one who knows where to look for them, and I had never before passed from the Malakoff up to our position on Frenchman's Hill. It is, however, striking in itself, and I suppose nine months' work on it, even though forty years ago, fixed it firmly in my mind, for I rode absolutely straight to where the Right Lancaster gun

stood, which was where Lord Wolseley wished to commence our round of the trenches. In the 21-gun battery—or, rather, in the approach to it from the Woronzow Road—Lord Wolseley showed me the place where, late in the summer of 1855, he witnessed a curious fatality. Two men were counting over picks and shovels while he was verifying the numbers—all three were close together—when a round-shot decapitated one man, driving his skull into the face of another sapper, who was thereby severely wounded. It may seem strange that we could still identify places, but when once in the line of batteries, any one who served in the trenches can easily recognize them, for the rocky nature of the ground has prevented any attempts at cultivation, and its marked features are so distinct as to prevent mistakes.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT.

AT 2.30 A.M. on the 17th of October, all the Naval officers turned out to get the first relief off, looking to the Bluejackets' salt pork and biscuits, and feeling every water-bottle to ensure its being filled up. No one could lie still after the bombardment was opened, and at nine o'clock Lieutenant Douglas took my pony and cantered up to the Picket House, rather less than half a mile, whence he could see the artillery duel, promising I should be allowed a look on his return. This pony, although it had cost me but fifteen shillings, had already been very useful, for when we were encamped near Balaklava, and during meal hours my messmates rested, I never got five minutes' repose, being constantly employed carrying messages. The pony was stolen shortly afterwards, but I replaced it in November, from a drove brought by a speculator from Asia Minor.

Half an hour after Douglas had gone, a Bluejacket ran into camp from the battery announcing many casualties, and bearing an order from Captain Peel for every available man to come down with powder.

I at once loaded up four carts, with the *Queen's* reliefs, and hurried off down the Woronzow-road Ravine, lest my senior officer should return and order me to remain in camp. When we got to within about 500 yards of the 21-gun battery, several round-shot and shell fired from the Redan, distant 2000 yards, passed over our heads, making, I suspect, some of us less eager for the fray, than we were when in camp. Presently a shell burst immediately over the leading cart, and a fragment carried away one of the wheel spokes. The man in the shafts, and every one at the drag-ropes, ran before my slower perceptions were acted on, and I was thus enabled to make a good start by peremptorily recalling them to a sense of our duty. They returned with a higher opinion of their officer than he merited, as I saw clearly, before the idea of running occurred to me, that the danger was over. We got the powder up the Eastern cliff of the road into the caves, which had been converted into magazines, and I passed up the left *covered way* into the battery, where the smoke was so dense as to shut out all objects more than a few yards distant. I knew the position well, however, having been constantly in it by day and by night, and had acted as guide to Captain Lushington on his first visit, thereby gaining a dinner which was very acceptable after having lived some time on salt ration meat. Leaving my men under cover, I went along the battery to report my arrival, and was just behind guns manned by the "*Diamonds*," when a shot, passing very near my head, made me bend down, and I felt my foot press on something soft. It was the

stomach of a dead sailor, with nothing but trousers on the body, and stepping hastily forward I landed on another dead man—the captain of the main-top! The shock to my feelings caused me to carry my head fairly erect for the next eight months.

I was employed till the afternoon carrying powder from the caves into the battery, passing in every journey two companies of infantry, acting as covering party to the guns. The men were lying on the Southern slope of the hill, on the crest of which our guns were firing Northwards. The companies were under a square heap of stones, but the spot was badly selected, being where the over-shots of the Malakoff and Redan crossed; one sergeant, as I passed close to him, was cut into two pieces by a round-shot which struck him between the shoulders, the dull thud of the blow making me look up.

I was glad to get to work in the battery, which was less trying to the nerves, and much more interesting. When arguing with Mr. Sanctuary, whom I was relieving of his charge of three 32-pounder guns, as to the best elevation for the Malakoff, he offered to lay a gun for me, and while we were checking the aim along the sights a shell burst on the parapet five feet in front of our faces, and some stones hitting Sanctuary in the face, knocked him senseless on to me. When we got him round, by help of some very dirty water, he bravely declined all aid, and tried to walk back to camp, but the sight of one eye was gone, the other injured, and, probably from concussion, he could only walk in a circle, so I forced him to accept a man's arm.

We were all fond of Sanctuary, and as sorry as we could be in such busy moments. We had nearly lost him some months previously when reefing top-sails in a fresh breeze. He was *lying out* on the fore-topsail yard, when the jib stay carrying away struck him on the head and knocked him senseless off the yard. There was a cry, "Man overboard," and several men rushed eagerly to the side, but his body was neither in the water, nor on deck. Presently a fore-yard man shouted, "I've got him," and my friend, still insensible, was taken out of the belly of the foresail, which, having been clewed up, was hanging in festoons.

Soon after Sanctuary had gone back to camp some artillery waggons came down with powder, and unloaded most of it near the stones where the covering party of infantry was lying. One waggon was brought right up to the battery, and, as it could not get into the trench, it was halted in full sight of the Russians, until it was unloaded by Captain Peel and Lieutenant Douglas.

We had some difficulty about the powder-cases lying near the stones. They were out of sight of the enemy, but both shot and shell kept bounding about the boxes, like a shower of skittle-balls. Captain Peel told me to take some men down and bring it all up, but after getting a case or two away, the men, without actually refusing, declared the work was too dangerous. I was, then authorized to promise a sum of money to any Bluejacket who would come down first with me, but failed to get help till Commander

Burnett, to whom I reported my difficulty, calling the nearest captain of a gun,* said, "Come on, Daniel Young; we'll go to the devil together, if at all." He and Young, a fine big man, shouldered a box and carried it up. This gave us a start, and several cases were brought under cover without more than one sailor being wounded. Mr. Daniells, of H.M.S. *Diamond*, aide-de-camp to Captain Peel, tried to carry one with me, slinging the box on a fascine, but the boxes held 112 lbs. of powder, had interior cases of thick zinc, and solid wooden outer coverings, and the weight was too great, for the fascine bending let the case on my heels, and we could not manage the load; so we agreed to sit on it till the last box was gone. I did not know at the time that any soldiers helped, but am now satisfied that Sergeant-Major H. Burke, late 1st Volunteer Battalion Queen's West Surrey, did so, as he has written to me the exact expression used by Captain Peel, as to the bad selection of the spot for unloading the waggons.

Although the casualties were comparatively few, it was manifest that the choice of ground was unfortunate for the purpose of unloading ammunition. I saw a mule approaching the spot, loaded with two barrels of powder, struck full in the chest by a shell; it exploded, scattering the carcase of the mule, but without igniting the powder. I saw also a curious escape. The drivers of a waggon we had just emptied were in the act of mounting, and as the wheel driver was swinging his right leg over the

* "No. 1" in Artillery language.

horse's back its hind-quarters were knocked away by a round shot.

In the afternoon a load of powder blew up at this spot, throwing a horse many yards in the air; whereat the Russians, standing erect on their parapets, cheered—a compliment we returned about 3 P.M., when a magazine in the Malakoff, and two in the Redan, exploded in rapid succession, the latter with such terrible effect that three guns only returned our fire at sunset, while the Malakoff Tower was in ruins, and there were two guns only in action in the battery below it.

But though many of our officers were brave, it was Captain Peel who inspired his followers with a part of his own nature. He exemplified the American poet's (Bayard Taylor) hero—

“The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

This man, who never quailed, felt acutely every shot and shell which passed near him, but the only outward effect was to make him throw up his head and square his shoulders, yet his nervous system was so highly strung that even a flesh wound became dangerous in his case. In 1851, when crossing the Nubian Desert, from Korosko to Abu Hamed (where Colonel Stewart and his companions, sent down by Colonel Gordon, were treacherously slain in 1884), Peel dismounted from his camel to give water from his store to a small dying bird! To this tender-hearted man it appeared that our Bluejackets should be encouraged to stand up to their guns like men, and he asked four officers—

two *Diamond's* and two *Queen's*—to set the fashion in the battery by always walking erect, and without undue haste.

Next day he, to my knowledge, although I did not see it, gave us a grand example. A shell weighing 42 lbs. came through the parapet and rolled into the centre of a small group of men, who threw themselves flat on the ground, which action would not, however, have saved those nearest for there were several boxes of powder on the ground, then being passed into the magazine. Peel, stooping down, lifted the shell, and resting it on his chest, carried it back to the parapet, and then stepping on to the banquette,* rolled the shell over the superior crest,† on which it immediately burst.

The following day I had been relieved, and was eating my ration—salt pork and biscuit—on one side of a gun, when a shell burst on top of a magazine on the other side of the gun. It created some trepidation, although the danger of the powder exploding was remote unless another shell fell on the roof. The officer excitedly shouted to the senior lieutenant, "Shell burst in the magazine, sir." Now Ridge, 1st Lieutenant H.M.S. *Diamond*, was as brave as he was efficient, and responded without concern, "Ay! ay! put it out!" but the shouts were repeated, and I was eventually obliged to abandon my dinner, to stamp out the burning bags and fill up the crater made by the explosion. While so engaged, I felt some one alongside helping me, but did not look up; for with shells striking the parapet on either side, the position

* Foot-step of earth.

† Top slope.

was not one in which I was inclined to linger, and thus did not notice that it was Captain Peel till the work was done, when he ordered me down. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted till his death at Lucknow, in 1858.

In the spring of 1855, Captain Peel was walking with Captain Wolseley,* assistant engineer, one night up and down in rear of the 21-gun battery, when a mortar shell fell on the projection built up to shield the entrance of a magazine. The shell burst immediately, and as the sandbags caught fire the magazine man came tumbling out like a harlequin in a pantomime. Before any one else moved, Peel was on the magazine pulling down the burning mass of bags, and was immediately joined by his companion, Captain Wolseley.

The British Left attack ran short of powder in the afternoon of the 17th, and had, moreover, the undivided attentions of such Russian batteries in the vicinity as could train their guns on it, after the French ceased fire; and, to the best of my recollection, the 21-gun battery was the only one that fired unceasingly till the 24th of October. This was certainly due to our Master spirit, Peel, not only by his providing the ammunition, but by the vigour he instilled into all his subordinates. The Naval officers put their hearts thoroughly into their work. They sent into battery all their servants the first day, and throughout the siege able-seaman Elsworthy, H.M.S. *Queen*, was the only man taken off duty to draw rations, cook, and mend the clothes

* Now Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

(brushed they never were!) of a commander, four* lieutenants, one mate, and a midshipman.

When I got back to camp on the evening of the 17th, I had to fetch water and then dig up roots for fuel to make our tea, for in our enthusiasm we had abjured, as I have stated, the use of servants, and sent every seaman into the battery. Perhaps our ardour cooled; perhaps my cooking was not approved; but to my great relief W. Elsworthy resumed his duties next day.

Elsworthy was one of that uncommon class of sailors or soldiers who, while perfectly respectful to the commanding officer, never hesitate on occasion to contradict him flatly, and I became greatly attached to him for his care of us, and his determination to stand by me. He accompanied me on most of my foraging expeditions, but once in December I went alone to Kamiesh, and purchased half a large pig for £2 18s.; possibly I gave too much, but I had difficulty in bringing it home seven miles on the pony, and was much mortified on being told at dinner by the Commander that I had done very badly. Elsworthy, who was not only our cook but butler, interposed and gravely asserted that the Commander knew nothing about the prices of pork, and that my purchase could not be surpassed in any point of view.

Before continuing my narrative of Captain Peel and his sailors I will state generally the result of the first bombardment. It was deemed so certain that

* Lieutenant Douglas, R.M.A., brother of my friend, joined us a short time later.

the 126 guns which opened at 6.30 A.M. on the 17th of October, would crush the Russian fire, that preparations had been made for an assault that evening. The troops off duty were kept ready to "fall in" without coats or blankets; assaulting columns were detailed with Engineer officers as guides, and sappers with scaling ladders, and the horses of the field batteries stood "hooked in."

During the forenoon, however, the French gunners were fairly beaten—two large magazines blew up, causing great loss of life, and at 1 P.M. the French batteries ceased firing, just as the Allied Fleets came into action. We cheered as they engaged the forts, but at sunset had the mortification of seeing them withdraw. They had suffered more than the forts. The English batteries had only eight guns dismounted, and re-opened fire soon after daybreak next day.

Every Regimental officer believed that we could carry the Malakoff and Redan that evening, and this was not unreasonable, for they had all the confidence accruing from their recent success at the Alma. Although their men's bodily strength was not equal to a long march, it was sufficient for a dash at the enemy's position. The Rank and File averaged about seven years' service, the men being from twenty-five to twenty-seven years of age; they had been drilled to rigidly obey orders, and would probably have retained their formation under losses, in a manner which the boy soldiers of a few months' service, who were led against the Redan nine months later, could not be expected to emulate. Moreover, those boy soldiers

had all their short service in the worst of schools, that of the trenches, where they were continually taught to keep under cover, a habit which is detrimental to a successful assault.

Our Chiefs probably thought that we could carry the works opposite to us, but in combined operations concession is essential. We had the advantage later of the large numbers that our Allies could bring into the field to our assistance, but there are many disadvantages belonging to joint operations; and although the best spirit prevailed between our Commanders, these disadvantages were felt so seriously by General Pélissier towards the end of the war as to induce him to recommend, in the event of its being continued after the fall of the city, that the Armies should work in different zones.

On the afternoon of the 17th of October, the French, hoping to re-open fire on the 18th, asked for twenty-four hours' delay, which Lord Raglan could not refuse. A further delay till the morning of the 19th became necessary, when the French re-opened the bombardment, but the Russians had by that time also repaired their damages, and were in better condition than on the 17th of October; and by the 20th the English batteries had lost the undoubted mastery they obtained on the first day.

On the 19th of October, some Russian riflemen came up to the North end of the stone quarry, on the Southern summit of which our battery stood, and from the cover of large stones 400 yards distant, annoyed us greatly by their good practice through our

embrasures, till a premature shell from their own people in the Malakoff dislodged them, and they ran back in spite of the fire of the "covering party" of our soldiers. From one of them I borrowed a rifle for the second captain of a gun, who knocked over a man, the remainder getting under shelter in the Middle ravine, whence an officer and private came back for the man who had fallen. They did not carry him off, possibly because he was dead ; but the fire of several men did not make the officer hurry away, and he removed his cap and bowed once or twice ironically when stones near him were struck.

On the 19th or 20th of October three officers of the Naval brigade were passing straight from the Woronzow Road to the right of the 21-gun battery, while the "Twelve Apostles" was pitching shot up towards us from a very long distance ; several rolling near us like cricket balls, and one of my comrades jumped to avoid a shot which seemed to be about to stop. It rose, however, on a stone and carried off both his feet.

In the first few days Captain Burnett and Lieutenant Douglas were checking the aim of a gun before it was fired. It was not till later we realized that of two guns which appeared to us to be in the same alignment, one was nearer to us by many yards than the other standing next to it, and it required therefore less elevation to reach it, the error of "shorts" and "overs" being apparently due to bad *laying*. While the aim was being discussed, and as the officers and eight men stood around, a mortar shell fell immediately under the gun close to the front of the carriage, and exploded.

The effect was remarkable. The gun was cut into two parts, the charge exploded, our cannon shot went into the air, and the carriage and breech of the gun turned a somersault backwards, yet not a man was scratched!

We were very proud of ourselves when we first opened fire, and had adorned our battery with a board on which was printed, "The Koh-i-nor Battery." This and a Union Jack hoisted behind the centre gun was soon knocked over; the board we abandoned, but the flag-staff was replaced again and again. Captain Peel, whose idea it was, fixed it up twice the first day, but eventually little remained of the pole, and therefore we fastened it to a spare rammer, stuck into a pyramid of gun-trucks.* On one occasion, while I was putting the finishing touches to what I vainly imagined would give a firm hold, a shot striking the pile, cut it down to the ground.

During the last days of this bombardment I saw a curious sight. A cart loaded with round shot had, by a mistake, been brought during daylight up to the battery, and two men were in the cart throwing out the shot, when the cart was struck about the middle of the load, while one of the men was lifting a shot. Neither man was touched by the enemy's shot, but it impinging on the heap in the cart, scattered our shot high in the air and in many directions. One Blue-jacket lost an arm and leg, the other an arm and some fingers of the other hand.

We all landed with as much kit only as we could

* *I.e.* the wheels of a ship's gun carriage.

carry, and my supply of pocket-handkerchiefs was limited to one in use, and one at the wash; but this cost me nothing, as I expended both during the first bombardment. One was used to tie up Able-Seaman Simmonds, H.M.S. *Diamond*, who was dangerously wounded by a shell splinter in the thigh. Six months later he came to thank me for the loan. The use of the other was more germane to the intention of the manufacturer. On the 20th of October a shell burst immediately over a gun I was working, and struck down, among others, Edward Hallett, carpenter's crew H.M.S. *Queen*. He was greatly knocked about, and as I helped a doctor to turn him on his back, for all his wounds were in front, we noticed his nose was nearly off, hanging by a bit of skin. The doctor wiped off some of the grit with my kerchief, and refixed the nose with it. The nose joined satisfactorily, and Hallett was invalided with a pension for his other wounds, but died two years later.

CHAPTER VII.

BALAKLAVA.

IN describing the so-called Upland,* I stated that its Eastern boundary is terminated by a wall-like cliff, which, after running for six miles Southwards from the head of the harbour of Sevastopol, then trends away to the South-West, passing to the sea-cliffs North of Balaklava harbour.

The scene of the two cavalry charges I am about to describe lies between the Tchernaya River and the village of Kadikoi, which stands a mile North of the harbour. The plain of Balaklava, bounded on the North by the Tchernaya and on the South by the hills around the harbour, is cut into two parts by a ridge or chain of low hills, down which is led the Woronzow Road, which passes generally 4000 yards to the North of Balaklava, and about two miles to the South of the Tchernaya. These hills, called by us the "Causeway Heights," stand well above the plain, and divide it into two parts, which, for the purpose of description, may be termed the Northern and Southern valleys :†

* Page 81.

† Strictly speaking, the Causeway Heights run from W.N.W. to E.S.E.

neither has much breadth, and the Northern valley is narrowed in by a clump of hills called the Fedioukine heights, abutting on the river. It was on the Southern slope of the Causeway Heights that the charge of the Heavy cavalry brigade took place, and in the valley lying between the Fedioukine Heights and the Causeway that the Light brigade immortalized itself. The surface of both valleys affords perfect ground for cavalry manœuvres.

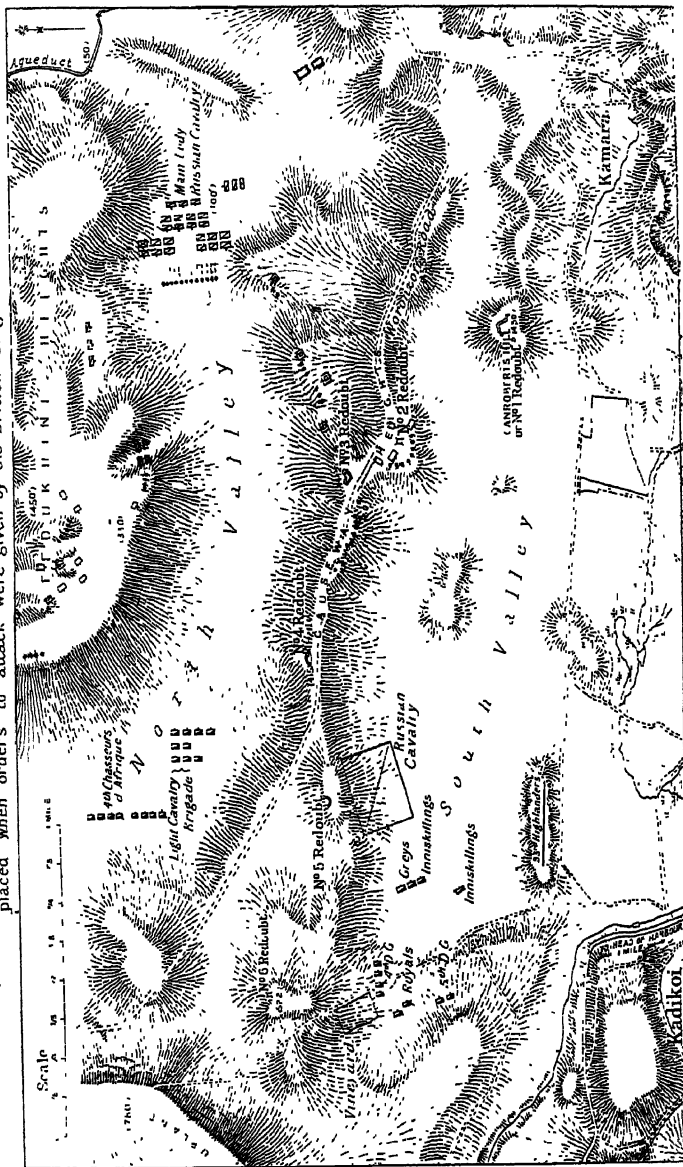
On the Causeway Heights were five earthworks of slight profile, and there was a sixth on a circular hill (called Canrobert's), which stands a little to the Southward of the ridge. It was armed with three 12-lb. iron guns, and there were two in each of the three works furthest to the Eastward of the ridge. These so-called Redoubts—unworthy of the name, being, as Hamley says, surmountable by a man on a donkey—stretched over two miles. They were occupied by Turks; a battalion being in No. 1, or Canrobert's, and half a battalion in the others.

On the evening of the 24th of October, Rustem Pasha, the Brigadier-General in command of the Turkish contingent, sent in news of an impending attack, and stated to within 2000 men the number of Russians acting under Liprandi's orders, who had been concentrating for fifteen days near Tchorgoum. As there had been already more than one false alarm, Lord Raglan contented himself with asking for an immediate report of any further news, and no extra precautions were taken.

While the troopers of the Cavalry Division were

BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA, 25TH OCTOBER, 1854

The indicated positions of the Troops show approximately how they were placed when orders to attack were given by the British Brigadiers



"standing to their horses" before daylight on the 25th, the Turks opened fire on the advancing Russians. Liprandi brought thirty guns into action against Redoubts Nos. 1 and 2, being answered by five of the 12-pounders in the earthworks and two batteries which, escorted by the Scots Greys, came into action on the Causeway Heights. The three 12-pounders in No. 1 Redoubt were soon silenced, but the battalion of 500 Moslems stood fast, undauntedly awaiting the attack of five battalions, which were closely supported by six others; at 7.30 A.M., however, the Redoubt was carried, the Turks leaving 170 dead in it. When the Turks in Redoubts Nos. 2, 3, and 4 saw their comrades in No. 1 overwhelmed without the British cavalry coming to their assistance, and that the nearest British battalion was 3000 yards away, they fled, carrying off most of their camp equipment, with which they streamed across the plain towards Bala-klava: some were sabred in this retreat. The British Cavalry Division fell back to the North of No. 6 Redoubt, with its back to the wall-like cliff of the Upland.

General Liprandi having got possession of Redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, remained inactive for a long time, but eventually sent a large body of cavalry up the Northern valley, and as it came on, four squadrons, separating from the mass, moved away to the South-west, it is alleged, to attack a park of artillery, which the Russians imagined to be near Kadikoi. Any such intention, however, was immediately abandoned on the receipt of a distant and nearly innocuous fire from the

93rd Highlanders formed in line on rising ground outside Kadikoi.

While the Russian cavalry was moving up the Northern valley, General Scarlett, with eight squadrons, sent by the Divisional Cavalry General to support the 93rd, was moving down the Southern valley. Our cavalry had been halted on low ground, and, forgetful of the lessons of the Peninsula, had no scouts on the Causeway Heights, and were thus unaware of the movement of the Russian cavalry; nor were the eight squadrons then going Southwards, in the Southern valley, parallel to and about 800 yards from the ridge, protected by any flankers, which should have pushed along the Causeway Heights, as far as the Russian skirmishers would allow them to advance. The Russians also moved without scouts or flankers, and thus neither of the cavalry generals, whose men were soon to be in close personal conflict, was aware of the movements of his adversary.

When the Russian cavalry came within range of the heavy guns on the Upland, two or three shots were fired, which caused the whole force to wheel to its left, and it crossed the Causeway Heights. Our Light brigade having just moved a short distance Southwards, was at this moment facing North-East, and the Russian cavalry, disregarding it, passed obliquely across its front.

As the eight squadrons of the Heavy brigade, moving towards the 93rd, posted near Kadikoi, passed the Light brigade camp, the General's Aide-de-camp, chancing to turn his head towards the Causeway

Heights, caught sight of the lance flags in the Russian column. Scarlett immediately gave the order "Left wheel into line," but the order was executed by only one squadron of Inniskillings and two squadrons of the Greys, the other five squadrons having passed on the Balaklava side of a vineyard. Having wheeled into line, the three squadrons moved a short distance to their right to give room for the 5th Dragoon Guards, which the General intended should come up on the left of the Greys.

There is considerable discrepancy in the figures stating the Russian strength, but no published Russian accounts have made it less than 2000, and from the balance of evidence it seems clear that the Russians had between 2000 and 3000 horsemen present.

By the time that the three leading squadrons of Scarlett's command had again wheeled into line, the Russians, advancing at a walk, had lessened the intervening space, which, at the moment Scarlett eventually moved forward, was about 400 yards. Both the Divisional General and Scarlett had become very impatient to get the three squadrons in motion before the Russians should increase their pace. The advance was sounded repeatedly, but it was difficult to induce the commanding officers to move until the line had been accurately *dressed* with markers out in front. Captain Barker's Field battery had just come into action close to the 93rd Regiment, and fired about twenty rounds at the Russian column, when the squadron of Inniskilling Dragoons crossed the line of fire. The accounts of this fire, as given by Artillery

and Cavalry officers, differ, but it must have influenced the result to some extent. When our squadrons got into motion, one was considerably in front of the others. Scarlett himself was fifty yards in front of all, and although incommoded by the camp equipment of the Light brigade lying on the ground over which the squadrons passed, a fair pace was attained before they rode into the hostile mass which had meanwhile halted. As the three squadrons dashed into the Russian ranks, they appeared, to spectators on the Upland, to be engulfed, so greatly were they out-flanked on either hand by the enemy; but our men gradually hacked their way through the Russian masses, and, considering the enormous disparity of numbers, with singularly little loss.

When the "three hundred" pierced the centre of the Russian mass, the outside squadrons from either flank changed front inwards, in order to surround our dragoons. While this manœuvre was being executed, the Russian wings were ridden into by the remainder of the brigade, which in many cases struck the rear ranks of the foe. Just before Scarlett charged, three heavy guns, firing from the Upland, struck the rear of the Russian mass, rendering it unsteady, and within ten minutes of the collision the whole of the Russian horsemen were galloping at speed over the Causeway Heights, whence they had come, followed by the fire of Captain Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery.

During this struggle the Light brigade remained motionless. It saw the Heavy brigade, 500 yards off, incurring the danger of being overwhelmed, but was

not permitted by its commander to move a step forward to Scarlett's assistance.

The Brigadier, Lord Cardigan, believed that Lord Lucan, the General commanding the Division, had given him orders that he was to defend the position on which he then stood against any attack, but on no account to leave it. The General, on the contrary, asserted that his orders to the Brigadier were—"Attack anything and everything that shall come within reach of you."

Behind the Brigadier sat an officer in command of the 17th Lancers, Captain Morris, who had seen much service in India. He was short in stature but powerfully made, being 43 inches round the chest, and was affectionately termed by his brother officers "The Pocket Hercules." During the Punjab campaign, while yet a youthful cornet, he engaged in single combat a horseman who, careering in front, challenged the 16th Lancers, and, after an exciting struggle, killed the man. After Morris's service in India he passed through the Staff College (Senior Department), and there was no Cavalry officer on the ground with wider experience. I went to India with him in 1857, and *kept house* for him for several months, and he often told me that he repeatedly urged the Brigadier to attack the rear of the Russian mass as soon as it was committed to a fight with our Heavy brigade; and on his declining to do so, begged that the two squadrons of the 17th Lancers, then under his command, might be permitted to fall on the rear of the wavering mass. It is true that Lord Cardigan denied that any such request had been made,

but I am satisfied that he was mistaken, and honestly, for, although not popular, he was never accused of wilful misstatements. Moreover, Morris put it officially on record at the time in a letter to the Adjutant-General. Morris's evidence is the more convincing because when many were disparaging his Brigadier for having, as they asserted, retired prematurely from the struggle in the Northern valley, Morris, who was well qualified to judge, emphatically asserted that "he led like a gentleman."

The Naval brigade sent doctors down to attend to the wounded, and they described to us that evening the effect of some of the sword-cuts inflicted by our Heavy dragoons on the heads of the Russians as appalling; in some cases the head-dress and skull being divided down to the chin. The edge of the sword was used, for the greatcoats worn by the Russians were difficult to pierce with the point. A Russian officer who was present writes that they had between 300 and 400 casualties mainly from sword-cuts.

In those days our men were taught the sword exercise in a formal style, and with great regard for regularity, each cut being followed in correct sequence by its corresponding guard. A doctor, dressing a wound in one of our men's head, asked, "And how came you to get this ugly cut?" The trooper replied with much warmth, "I had just cut five* at a Russian, and the d—d fool never guarded at all, but hit me over the head"! Few Russians had made any attempt to sharpen their swords. Many of our men survived after receiving an

* A body cut.

incredible number of cuts, and a private of the 4th Dragoon Guards had fifteen cuts on his head, none of which were more than skin deep. This and the faulty leading of the Russian officers, account for the very slight loss incurred by the Heavy brigade—78 killed and wounded.

I have already mentioned the inopportune precision of *dressing*, the want of flexibility of our cavalry in this action, and the neglect of all precautions for security either when halted, or when moving to a flank. During the last four years we have seen on the Berkshire Downs all the Regiments which behaved so grandly under Scarlett forty years ago, and on the 18th of September, 1894, with other spectators, I saw at our manœuvres a Regiment cross the front of a hostile brigade at a gallop, and, having gained the flank, wheel into line without checking the pace, and advance to the attack. This was not one of Scarlett's brigade, but all Regiments, in spite of the want of sufficient manœuvre ground, have improved in many ways to a remarkable degree. The improvement is the more creditable to our officers, since even at Aldershot and the Curragh, which are the only stations with ground sufficient for brigade drill, the space is too limited to admit of cavalry manœuvres. Our troopers can manœuvre quicker, they understand "Detached duties" better than formerly, but no cavalry in the world can ever surpass their predecessors in that astonishing courage and self-confidence which carried 300 men hurtling into the midst of from 2000 to 3000 antagonists.

Although I did not see the Light brigade charge, of which no Briton can think without a quickened feeling in his heart, yet having enjoyed exceptional opportunities of associating with some of the most prominent actors in that dramatic scene, I venture to suggest that the chivalrous errors, which, if they did not induce the charge, yet contributed to the heavy loss, cannot justly be attributed to only one or two men.

The two leading Regiments in the charge were the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers. I joined the former before the end of the war, and the latter in the time of the Sepoy Mutiny, and thus had many opportunities of hearing at first hand not only of the incidents of that glorious half-hour, but also of the events of the previous six months.

When the Army went to the East, our cavalry officers held a very high opinion of the possibilities of their Arm, combined with but little knowledge, and a lesser opinion, of the value of the other branches of the Service. Mr. Punch, who often hits off in a picture the overweening pretensions of a class, had a very clever sketch in a number which reached our army at Varna, shortly before the troops embarked. "Scene—Camp in Bulgaria. Two cavalry officers greeting. 'Oh, Fwed, have you heard? They say now the Infantwy are to accompany us to the Crimea!'" When, therefore, 1100 Sabres looked on while the Infantry stormed the heights overlooking Bourliouk on the Alma, the irritation amongst the ardent horsemen was intense, and this was not soothed until they showed that no task was too great for their burning

courage. The General* who was supposed to have Lord Raglan's ear at this time, wrote on the 26th of October, "There has been much dissatisfaction expressed (whether right or wrong) at the way in which our cavalry has been managed, even the cavalry officers themselves considering it has not been forward enough."

The Light brigade had an hour or two previously been looking on while their comrades in the Heavy brigade achieved one of the most brilliant cavalry victories ever recorded, and officers were naturally eager to emulate such a deed. This state of feeling explains, to a certain extent, how two proud, brave leaders, with no knowledge of war, were easily led into attempting to execute an order of which they both disapproved, especially when the senior had been irritated by what he considered to be an insubordinately expressed suggestion of a Head-Quarter Aide-de-camp.

Lord Lucan, the Divisional cavalry leader, on receipt of an order brought by Captain Nolan, freely criticized Lord Raglan's instructions, and this probably did not tend to render Captain Nolan's manner more respectful. The order reiterated a somewhat similar command sent down previously from the Upland:—"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns; troop of Horse Artillery may accompany. The French cavalry is on your left. Immediate."

* It is remarkable he does not seem to have been aware of the views Mr. Kinglake attributed to Lord Raglan as to holding the cavalry in reserve, "I will keep my cavalry in a bandbox."

From the spot where Lord Lucan received this order, *i.e.* on the Southern slope of the Causeway Heights, no Russians were visible, and he asked sharply, "Attack, sir! attack what guns?" The General considered that Nolan replied in an insulting tone as he said, pointing in an Easterly direction, "There, my Lord, is your enemy, and there are your guns."

As Mr. Kinglake justly observes, whichever way Captain Nolan pointed, the difference in the angle from the captured English guns on the Causeway Heights, which Lord Raglan thought the Russians were about to remove, and the Battery of Russian guns in the Northern valley, behind which the defeated Russian cavalry had retreated, and were then standing, was only twenty degrees. A fuller consideration of the order would have shown a more experienced commander that Lord Raglan could not have intended the Cavalry brigade to go down the Northern valley, since the previous instructions, to which I have referred, ran thus: "Cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights;" but our Cavalry leaders were unused to war, and its attendant difficult problems.

When Lord Lucan rode across the Causeway Heights, to where his Brigadier then sat looking down the Northern valley, and imparted to him the order, there arose a further misunderstanding, for Lord Cardigan considered that his command in the charge was to be limited to the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers. This view was not altogether unreasonable,

for the Divisional General, against the Brigadier's will, moved back the 11th Hussars into the second line. The formation in which the five regiments, consisting of ten and a half squadrons (the 8th Hussars had half a squadron at Head Quarters), moved down the valley, was as follows:—1st line, 13th Light Dragoons, 17th Lancers; 2nd line, 11th Hussars, 4th Light Dragoons, the latter being at first some way behind but were intended to come up alongside the 11th Hussars. The 8th Hussars were in 3rd line. The brigade moved forward at the trot. Shortly after it advanced, Captain Nolan was seen galloping across the front, shouting, and pointing to the Causeway Heights with his sword. Lord Cardigan not realizing what Nolan was endeavouring to convey, regarded this as an unwarrantable interference with the direction of the brigade; and Nolan was unable to give any further information, for the first shell, bursting just in front of his horse, tore away part of the brave Hussar's chest. His horse turning, went back, the dead body remaining for some distance erect in the saddle.

After the brigade had been a few minutes in motion, it was fired on by batteries, and riflemen on the Fedioukine Heights, and also by batteries and riflemen on the Northern slope of the Causeway Heights. It then came under the direct fire of twelve guns in its front. A steady gallop was maintained, until what remained of the four squadrons got near the guns, when the pace was increased to an estimated speed of seventeen miles an hour, and our men, galloping

through the battery, went headlong into the Russian Cavalry, which, repeating the mistake made in the Southern valley, remained at the halt, until the men turned their backs before the handful of British soldiers. The 4th Light Dragoons got up to within thirty yards of the 11th Hussars before it closed on the enemy, and on reaching the battery through which the 13th and 17th had passed, found the Russians endeavouring to carry away their guns. The 4th remained some minutes attempting to defeat this object, and began to send back some of the guns before going forward to pick up the remnants of the four leading squadrons.

The right squadron of the 11th Hussars barely touched the right of the Russian battery, and passing on charged some Russians, who stood at the halt till just before the collision, and then retired. The 8th Hussars, after suffering heavily from fire, brought up their left shoulders, and eventually charged facing the direction in which they had come, with the same success that had attended all the other encounters, the Russians giving way easily when attacked.

Meanwhile the 4th Regiment Chasseurs d'Afrique, moving to the Northern end of the Fedioukine Heights, got on the flank of the Russian batteries thereon, and so effectively silenced them, that the survivors of the Light brigade were not inconvenienced in their retreat by the fire of guns on that side.

The Heavy brigade was moved forward on the Northern slope of the Causeway Heights until it came under effective fire; but eventually, Lord Lucan

considering, that the only result of keeping the brigade in this forward position would be to incur useless loss, he retired it; and in fact comparatively little damage was done to the survivors of the Light cavalry in their retreat.

Nevertheless, the losses were great. Out of 673 of all Ranks who rode down the valley, only 195 rode back. There were 130 killed, 134 wounded and 15 taken prisoners, the balance being dismounted, for out of the 673 horses, 475 were killed and 42 wounded.

The havoc and confusion wrought amongst the Russian troops are indescribable, and this accounts for the number of our dismounted men who escaped. Several individuals of the leading squadrons dashed on to the banks of the Tchernaya, one officer killing near the river in succession, the Wheel, Centre, and Lead drivers of a gun which the Russians were endeavouring to carry off.

Lieutenant Percy Smith, 13th Light Dragoons, from an accident to his right hand, carried merely a dummy sword in the scabbard. While leading his men on the far side of the Russian battery, a Russian soldier, perceiving he had no sword, galloped up alongside, and resting his carbine on the left arm, pressed the muzzle close to Smith's body as the two horsemen galloped, locked together. Smith presently, finding the suspense intolerable, struck with his maimed hand at the Russian's face, and the carbine going off, the bullet passed over Smith's head, his opponent then leaving him alone.

Captain Morris, of the 17th Lancers, having been

terribly wounded, gave up his sword to a Russian officer, who shortly afterwards, being driven from his side, left Morris alone, and he nearly fell a victim to the cupidity of some Cossacks. From them, and others, however, he escaped, and eventually, with great difficulty, got back, up the Valley, till he fell insensible close to the dead body of his friend Nolan.

Lieutenant Sir William Gordon, who greatly distinguished himself in personal combats in Central India in 1858, is still an active man, although the doctors said, on the 25th of October, 1854, that he was "their only patient with his head off," so terribly had he been hacked by a crowd of Russians into which he penetrated. He used to make little of his escape, but we learnt that after being knocked out of the saddle he lay for some minutes on his horse's neck, trying to keep the blood from his eyes. Eventually, without sword or pistol, he turned back, and, unable to regain his stirrups although a perfect horseman,* rode at a walk up the Valley. He found between himself and our Heavy brigade, a regiment of Russian cavalry facing up the Valley. He was now joined by two or three men, who were also retreating, and they made for a squadron interval. The nearest Russians, hearing them approach, looked back and by closing outwards to bar the passage, left sufficient opening in the squadron itself to enable Gordon and those following him to pass through at a canter. He was followed by a Russian officer, and summoned to surrender, and on refusing,

* Within a few months of joining as a recruit he trained and rode his hunter, winning the Regimental Challenge Cup.

would have been cut down had not his pursuer been shot by a trumpeter of the 17th Lancers.

Most lovers of Art have admired Miss Elizabeth Thompson's power in depicting the frenzied expression of the Hussar's eye in her picture, "Balaklava." I have seen many such demented faces, but carnage does not so affect all men, and we know that a cornet, rich in worldly possessions, whose horse was killed far down in the Valley near the guns, retained his presence of mind, and extricating the saddle, carried it back into camp on his head.

The Light brigade charge—albeit the Russian battery was wrecked, the Russian cavalry driven off the field, and the Russian infantry induced to fall back in squares—was nevertheless a glorious failure, since we left the Russians in possession of the three redoubts and our 12-pounder guns. The charge of the Heavy brigade was, on the contrary, an astounding success. But the terrible loss incurred by Light brigade squadrons, and the glamour thrown over their wild ride by the impressive verses of the Laureate, entirely blinded the Public as to the material military value of the two exploits. The feelings of our countrymen are seldom moved except by incidents in which there is severe loss of life, and thus the determined gallantry shown in the attack of the three leading squadrons of the Heavy brigade has remained comparatively unappreciated.

Those who balance loss and gain by restricting their consideration to one day only, scarcely allow that anything was achieved by the Light brigade on the

25th of October. Admitting, however, Lord Raglan's primary error of launching cavalry unsupported by infantry to the attack of 20,000 men in position, the subsequent misunderstanding of the order, and indeed the truth of almost every criticism that has been made on the charge, yet it cannot be doubted that the memory of it will inspire our children with a desire to emulate the courage of their predecessors, and our foes with the uneasy feeling with which the bravest of our soldiers in India regard the approach of Ghazis who have made up their minds indeed to go into the next world, but only in company with some of those in their front.

Although General Bosquet accurately characterized the charge as "magnificent, but not war," yet the impression it created on our Allies was clearly shown later by the unbounded importance General Canrobert attached to the Light brigade supporting his troops at Inkerman.

Distance and expense must militate against officers in ordinary circumstances visiting this historical valley, but though the luxuriant grass and wild flowers which adorned it in spring forty years ago have now disappeared, being replaced by cultivation, yet its shape cannot alter, and to the end of Time any one interested in the deeds of our cavalry, when standing on the edge of the Upland, will have no difficulty in tracing the course of those who, it may be truly said, in devoted obedience to orders rushed "to glory or the grave."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RUSSIANS RECONNOITRE THE INKERMAN POSITION.

I SPENT the night of the 25th of October in the trenches, and having returned to camp at daylight, enjoyed on the 26th a distant but clear view of the sortie by the Russians while they were on the Inkerman crest, distant from our parade ground about 2500 yards. At 1 P.M. I was loitering outside our camp, when rapid firing commenced near the 2nd Division; bugles now chorused in the camps on either side, and the Naval brigade fell in and looked to the ammunition. Soon afterwards a battery of artillery* passed near our camp—the teams stretched down and every driver “riding” his horse. What impressed me, so that I have never forgotten it, was the set, determined look on the faces of the men; not an eye was turned to the right or left, as the guns swept past—and no one seemed to notice the little bank and surface drain on either side of a road (existing then as it does now), which sent the guns jumping up in the air. In silence we watched the battery speed on, until from where we were standing they seemed to

* “E,” or “The Black Battery”—now the 12th Field Battery.

unlimber within hands-shaking distance of the Russians, who a few minutes later began to fall back before our rapidly increasing numbers.

The fighting on the high ground at Inkerman was soon over, the Russians being easily repulsed. It gave, however, a chance of distinction to my friend W. N. W. Hewett,* of H.M.S. *Beagle*, and he eagerly seized it, winning the most coveted decoration in the world. Between the nights of the 8th and 10th of October a battery had been thrown up on the ridge, about half a mile in front of where, much later in the siege, the Victoria redoubt stood (and still stands). It was in the first instance built for five guns, which made such good practice at the Malakoff (2000 yards distant) and at the ships in the Careenage Creek (2500 yards distant), that the Russians called it the "five-eye battery;" but before the 26th, four guns had been removed. The official Naval account states that an order was sent to Mr. Hewett directing him to spike his gun and retire, and that he refused, politely urging that the Commodore would never have sent such an order. The Naval account also states that some soldiers helped to cut down the parapet to enable the gun to be fired to the flank. The difference is not material, but I follow our sailor's unofficial version, where it is generally substantiated by others who were on the spot.

When the Russians were seen on the Inkerman crest, a message was sent to Mr. Hewett "to spike his gun and retire." Some said the order was sent

* Afterwards Admiral Sir W. Hewett, V.C.

by an infantry officer posted higher up on the crest. I believe the message emanated from some one in the 21-gun battery. It is clear soldiers had nothing to do with it, for an officer, then in the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who was present tells me the danger was much less apparent to him than to others who were further off, and we know that Major Sir Thomas Tronbridge, who was in command of the Fusiliers' company, advised against any retirement being made. The order, however, reached Mr. Hewett, and at a critical moment, for Russians were just then coming out of the Careenage Ravine from somewhat behind the battery. Hewett had been firing at and keeping back some of the enemy who had attempted to approach on the ridge in his right front, but now one or more companies which had ascended the Careenage Ravine out of sight of the battery, were advancing by, and had got within 300 yards of the right flank of, the battery. The gun could not be trained to reach them as the embrasure confined its "field" of fire, but Hewett was quick of resource, and after one more round, as the gun was being reloaded, he gave the word, "Four handspikes muzzle to the right," * and trained the gun so that its muzzle rested against the earthen flank wall of his battery. Turning to a messenger who was repeating the order to fall back, he shouted, "Retire!—retire be damned!—Fire!" and a mass of earth, stones, and gabions was driven forward by the projectile and 16 lbs. of powder, forming a wide-spreading extemporized shell. When the

* In Artillery language, "Trail left."

Russians fell back our infantry pursued them, being led on most gallantly by one officer, the only man just then in red, the others wearing great coats.

The Russians, in their attack made by 6000 men on the 2nd Division, lost 250 men, and 80 prisoners were taken by our soldiers in the pursuit, which was pushed to the end of the ridge opposite the Malakoff. The enemy had intended to hold and intrench the high ground we called Shell Hill, which stands thirty feet below, and 1200 yards North of the Inkerman crest.

We were now about to pay not for what was hastily termed "procrastination" in our leaders, and "indolence" in our men, but rather for our countrymen's incapacity to understand that even British soldiers may be too severely tried in tasks assigned to them. The Army may well forgive this erroneous opinion I have quoted, for it was based on imperfect knowledge, and he who wrote it, by telling the story of our men's sufferings to the public, saved the remnant of our Army. The *Times*, more than half a century ago, by rescuing the principal bankers of Europe from pecuniary losses, gained greater honours than have ever before or since been paid to any newspaper. These services were, however, but trifles compared to what their agent, the first of War Correspondents, effected for our troops during the painful scenes I shall describe further on.

Lord Raglan early in August had pointed out to the Government the difficulties which might arise in housing the Armies during the winter, even assuming

they were successful in taking Sevastopol. He and the Commissary General continued to inform the Ministers, and the Treasury respectively of their fears and wants, but not in sufficiently cogent terms to induce either of these Authorities to provide food and shelter for the troops during the early part of the winter. The acquired military habit of reticence under trials which cannot be alleviated, and an intense loyalty to the Ministry, which was later but inadequately returned, possibly induced our gallant chief to minimize the weight of his recorded anxieties. But William Howard Russell told his employers, and through them all English-speaking peoples, how our little Army was perishing from want of proper food and clothing. He probably made mistakes, as his letters, often hurriedly written, were necessarily based on incomplete information, and subsequently he indeed admitted that he had made some statements as to our earlier operations, which he would not have penned could he have anticipated that the Allies would be still outside Sevastopol when his letters were published in London.

He was regarded with animosity when his earlier criticisms were received in the Crimea not only by those on the Head-quarter Staff of the army, who, as he imagined, were partly responsible for the needless suffering endured by the Rank and File, but by many other officers, who feared the effect such letters might produce on the discipline of the troops. Soon, however, honest, thoughtful men began to realize that the good to be effected by outspoken statements transcended all possible inconveniences,

and there came a revulsion of feeling in his favour, which is clearly expressed in a volume of letters recently published.*

“Camp, May 7th, 1855.

“As regards the *Times* newspaper, I am become a sad renegade, and am not half so ready to abuse it as I was in July last. . . I feel convinced, on the whole, it has been a good friend to the Army in the Crimea.”

At first, however, Russell incurred much enmity, though few unprejudiced men who were in the Crimea will now attempt to call in question the fact that, by awakening the conscience of the British nation to the sufferings of its troops, he saved the remnant of those grand battalions we landed in September, 1854.

It is true that to save men's lives a Ministry was overturned by the Press, but soldiers could scarcely have been expected to regret even such a contingency when the existence of an Expeditionary Force was at stake. The Government tried, however, though in vain, to moderate the language of the leading newspaper. Feeling was so strong in London that one of the principal clubs ceased to take in the *Times*, forgetting that publicity is the essence of constitutional government. It is remarkable that Lord Raglan, who was the principal target for the adverse criticisms of the Press, never proposed to fetter the correspondents, though he deplored some of their writings. In a letter to one of the Ministers, he wrote the following passage :—

* Colonel Campbell, “Letters from Sevastopol.”

"I am afraid they [the Press] will circulate many unfounded impressions; . . . but what cannot be cured must be endured, and we must make as light of the evil as we can, and pursue, notwithstanding their denunciations, the course which we may consider our duty to follow."

The failure to intrench at Inkerman was caused by our having engaged in an enterprise entirely beyond our powers, which the reflex action of public opinion from England would not allow us to abandon, even if our leaders had been willing to do so. The General officers commanding not only the 2nd Division, but others, had pointed out the expediency of fortifying the Inkerman position, and the Engineers pressed continually for "more working parties," "more covering parties," and "that the Mamelon should be occupied."

All these measures were most desirable, but Lord Raglan must have felt how impossible it was for him to avail himself of a tenth part of the advice pressed on his notice, for on the 25th of October (Balaklava day) Sir George Brown reported, "at daylight instead of having any one in camp for the defence of the position, we (the Light Division) shall be short of troops to relieve picquets;" and a few days later, but prior to the battle of Inkerman, the General officer who had been urging the intrenchment of that hill, wrote, "I have but 600 men on this front position. The troops are completely worn out with fatigue. This is serious." Yet the Mamelon, on the occupation of which the Engineers were daily insisting, was 3000 yards further in advance, and only 600 yards from the Malakoff!

So Lord Raglan could only trust in Providence; in his own stoical, courageous nature; and the, as yet, unconquerable fighting qualities of our soldiers.

Lord Raglan's conduct of the operations at this time has been adversely criticized by civilian writers of great ability, who argue, because we entrenched the Inkerman position after the battle, that it might equally well have been fortified before the 5th of November. This is not, I think, sound reasoning, for the conditions of the campaign were then totally different. Before the battle we were devoting all our energies to the impending assault which was to have been delivered on the 7th of November. After our bloody victory of the 5th, we abandoned offensive operations, and necessarily contented ourselves with holding the ground around our camps, and could therefore spare more men from the trenches; and the reinforcements landing daily at Kamiesh for our Allies enabled them to detach large parties to aid us in throwing up defensive works.

There were 5000 Turks at Balaklava, and I have never understood why we did not get 50,000 from Constantinople, as we might have done but for some, to me, unknown reason. Our Chiefs did not at that time credit the Moslems with the magnificent passive courage inherent in their race, although they had recently fought very well at Silistria. The 5000 in the Crimea were not, however, available for intrenching works at Inkerman at this time, being employed in throwing up works for the defence of Balaklava, for the safety of which our commanders were very anxious. If we had been beaten at Inkerman the consequences

would have been very serious, but the loss of Balaklava would have entailed absolute starvation, and therefore the position at the Base was strengthened by the other two battalions of the Highland brigade which joined the 93rd, in its camp near Kadikoi, where it had been since early in October.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMEN.

ON the crest of Inkerman there were a few yards of breastwork thrown up by a party of the 2nd Division, and some gunners. It was, however, of no great value in the memorable defence of those blood-stained slopes, except perhaps in defining a line of resistance, and in deceiving the Russians, who in the dim light, further obscured by fog and smoke, imagined it was a formidable work. The Sandbag Battery, round which the Russians and English struggled so desperately, had no guns in it, they having been removed to Balaklava after they had crushed an opposing battery which the Russians erected on the real Inkerman heights, North of the Tchernaya River, for the hills we call Inkerman have no name known to the Russians. The position of the Sandbag Battery was, however, of some tactical value, for immediately below it the ground drops rapidly for forty yards and then falls almost precipitously to the Tchernaya Valley. This ledge, therefore, was important as affording a foothold to assailants or defenders, and both sides held it alternately. The battery stood at the North-East shoulder of what Mr. Kinglake terms, the

"Fore Ridge of the Inkerman Crest." This crest-line runs East and West, and is nearly level for half a mile, being bisected by the road, which comes up from



the head of the harbour through the Quarry Ravine, and as it emerges on the open ground, runs nearly North and South. At about 400 yards from the road as it passes over the crest, the ground falls rapidly to

either side. To the West it descends to a branch of the Careenage Ravine, and to the East it sinks to the steep edge of the Upland overlooking the Tchernaya Valley. The "Fore Ridge" extends 400 yards North of the crest, and to the East of the road, with a gentle upward slope of 1 in 60 from the crest to the Northward, equal to a rise of 20 feet. Then from the North end of the Fore Ridge the ground falls for 300 yards, at a gradient of 1 in 10, and at this lower point is the ledge on which the Sandbag Battery stands.

From the crest-line of our position the ground to the Westward of the "Fore Ridge" falls gently for 400 yards Northwards to the head of the Quarry Ravine, up which the Post Road is engineered, rising 900 feet from the valley, in curves to obtain gradients possible for loaded vehicles. We always had a picquet just where the road leaves the ravine, and across the road the picquets had built with loose stones a low wall. This extended into the scrub on either side, and was called "The Barrier." The Russians were constantly on the British side of this obstacle during the battle, but except for half an hour about 9 A.M. it was nevertheless held by us all through the day, even when the enemy had got farther to the Southward. The Sandbag Battery stands 500 yards East of the head of the Quarry Ravine, but out of sight of travellers emerging from it, being hidden by the spine of the "Fore Ridge," and at 250 yards, or half-way, the head of a lesser ravine juts in, thus rendering difficult any advance by a formed line from North to

South.* Westwards of the Post Road exit from the Quarry Ravine, the ground is fairly level for 300 yards, when it falls into another branch of the Careenage Ravine, distinct from that which bounds the crest-line on its Western side.

From about the head of the Quarry Ravine the ground rises gently to the Northward for 800 yards, where on the highest part (called by us Shell Hill) there is still (1895) a redoubt, erected in the spring of 1855. It is thirty feet below the crest of the English position. From Shell Hill spurs run out, sloping down to either side, but not so steeply but that they afforded the Russian artillery a frontage on a North-East, South-West line, of three-quarters of a mile. When the infantry advanced, however, Southwards its front was narrowed to the 300 or 400 yards lying between the branch of the Careenage Ravine, and the Post Road; and to get to the Eastward, the Russian troops must either have crossed the Quarry Ravine, or have moved to a flank under close fire of our picquets. All the ground was covered by a low coppice of stunted oaks, and, except where it was nearly level, by large boulders, or crags. Where there were no stones, the ground was wet and muddy, and all these conditions made movements of troops in close formation difficult.†

The Russian arrangements were bad in all respects.

* Visitors may readily find the battery, which still (1895) exists, by walking from the head of the ravine so as to avoid, but pass close to, the intervening lesser ravine.

† The coppice, then low on the crest, was in August, 1894, from seven to nine feet high, and is yearly growing thicker.

The attack was undertaken against the advice of the Admirals and Generals, under pressure from the Grand Dukes, who had recently arrived in the city. General Soimonoff was to lead 19,000 infantry and 38 guns up the Inkerman ridge to Shell Hill, from which he was to attack the British position in concert with General Pauloff, who was to lead 16,000 infantry and 96 guns across the harbour head, and up to the high ground: some by a ravine North of Shell Hill, and some by the Quarry Ravine, to each position a climb of 600 feet. Gortschakoff, who had replaced Liprandi outside Balaklava, and commanded 20,000 men with 88 guns, was to threaten an attack, and if possible seize the South-East corner of the Upland. When the forces joined, General Dannenberg was to assume command of Soimonoff's, and Pauloff's armies.

General Soimonoff submitted to Prince Menschikoff the draft orders for carrying out the attack, which were approved. Late in the evening General Dannenberg directed Soimonoff to advance up what the English called the Victoria Ridge, and forwarded a copy of his order to the Commander-in-Chief. The Prince gave no decision on this all-important matter, and Soimonoff after some consideration decided to adhere to the orders he had already issued.

The Russian Generals were unacquainted with the Inkerman ridge, though it was within three miles of the City of Sevastopol, and naturally the Regimental officers who were employed in the attack, and who had but just arrived from Russia, knew even less of that part of the Chersonese, for which the

opposing forces contended from daylight till past noon. It is very difficult ground to work over, especially to those unacquainted with its peculiarities. There are many hollows, glens, and gullies leading up to the crest from the valley of the Tchernaya and from the head of the Careenage Ravine. These, while they covered the ascents from the lower ground on either side, from their very irregularities caused difficulties to the movement of troops in regular formation, and rendered them liable to fall into confusion. In the result most of the battalions got clubbed and none succeeded in deploying. Our 2nd Division and the brigade of Guards, however, had been on picquet on the ridge by day and by night for upwards of six weeks, and were well acquainted with its peculiarities, and this knowledge proved of great advantage during the battle.

Mr. Kinglake has with infinite trouble disentangled by "Periods" the conflicting stories of this protracted and confused struggle, but for the purpose of a condensed account I prefer to divide the battle roughly into five attacks.

My Relief for the trenches breakfasted at 2.30 A.M. on the 5th of November, and we marched off to battery at 3 A.M. It had been raining heavily during the night, and was still drizzling at dawn. There was a fog, which, though dense in the valleys, lifted occasionally on the hills. We could hear plainly the bells ringing in the city at 4 A.M., and some said they could hear the rumble of Artillery wheels,* but nothing was

* We now know the noise was made by General Pauloff's artillery, which marched at 2 A.M.

noticed by the picquets on which the attack was about to fall, for they reported at 5.30 A.M., "All quiet in front," at the moment when a long line of guns was being formed up to cover—

THE FIRST ATTACK.

General Soimonoff, having given strict injunctions for the maintenance of silence in the Ranks, and against any lights being shown, moved from the city at 5 A.M., and crossing the very difficult defile of the Careenage Ravine, got into position before daylight. He did not wait for Dannenberg, or to communicate with Pauloff, but about 6.30, as soon as his gunners could see, opened fire from Shell Hill with 22 32-pounder howitzers and 12-pounder guns, and two field batteries—total, 38 pieces, against our picquets on the crest, the overshots destroying many of the 2nd Division tents which were pitched on the Southern slope of the crest.

While Soimonoff's guns were getting into position, two of his battalions advanced in column, but were stopped by the fire of a company of the 2nd Division on picquet near Shell Hill. The company then turned its fire on to the Russian artillery, but presently had to fall back, as the Russian battalions again advanced. Soimonoff halted his infantry on the neck of land, 400 yards wide, which is bounded on the East by the head of the Quarry Ravine, and on the West by the glen leading down into the Careenage Ravine, while his guns played on our picquets standing on the crest. The Russian artillery crushed the 2nd Division battery

on the East of the road, but they failed to silence that on the West side.

Behind and about the crest were 3000 men of the 2nd Division; and half a mile further South stood the Guards 1300 strong. The Right brigade Light Division, 1400 men, was a mile and a half to the Westward, and the 4th Division two and a half miles to the Westward. Bosquet's two Divisions were from two to three miles distant, guarding the Southern and Eastern cliff of the Upland, against Gortschakoff.

Soimonoff, after a short and comparatively harmless cannonade, sent on 9000 (holding 10,000 in reserve) infantry, formed in columns, in echelon from his right, the field batteries remaining in position near the heavier artillery. Some columns were composed of an entire battalion; others of the four companies in which a Russian battalion is organized. All got broken up by the low trees, and dissolved into crowds of men. The leading battalion outstripping the others, was vigorously assailed by a wing of the 49th Regiment, and repulsed, carrying back also its supporting battalions.

SECOND ATTACK.

Soimonoff then personally led on 12 battalions, numbering 9000 men, in the same formation, but this time, six battalions moving on either side of the Post Road, fell on our Centre as well as on our Left. He had some success, driving back a battalion and taking three of our guns.

A column of Russian sailors had marched up the

Careenage Ravine, the roadway of which is scarcely wide enough for "fours," and, surrounding a picquet in the fog, nearly reached the 2nd Division camp, but a detachment from the Light Division, in coming up, crossed this column just as a company of Guards smote it from the opposite side of the ravine, and it hurried back to Sevastopol, without again coming into action.

Meanwhile, Soimonoff's onset had been vigorously met in counter attacks by detachments of the 47th, 49th, and 77th Regiments. Soimonoff was killed, our three guns were recovered, and the six battalions which had advanced against our Centre were driven back. The other Russian battalions, on seeing this repulse of their comrades, followed them in the retreat. As the enemy fell back, some battalions passed close to a British battalion, but being mistaken for our troops advancing were not molested.

THIRD ATTACK.

While Soimonoff was personally leading on his men, Pauloff's force came into action. He had sent on his leading eight battalions, with one which had strayed from Soimonoff, across the Quarry Ravine. They stretched from the Post Road in the Quarry Ravine to the Sandbag Battery, a frontage of 500 yards. A very weak wing of the 30th Regiment, and the 41st Regiment, 520 strong, in extended order, enumerating from West to East, ran at these masses and routed them.

The 41st Regiment had just at this time comparatively an easy victory, but the action of the 30th

Regiment teaches a valuable military lesson, and was sufficiently dramatic to merit more detailed notice. The wing under Colonel Mauleverer numbered 200 men, and opposite to them came two battalions of the Borodino Regiment, with two more in support. When our men were ordered to fire, the charges, saturated by rain dropping down the barrels of the "piled arms," would not explode, and Mauleverer saw that, to prevent his men falling back, immediate and aggressive action was essential. He advanced to the "Barrier," * and then, ordering the men to lie down, awaited the approach of the foe. When the leading battalion was close up, Mauleverer and his officers, mounting the wall, jumped down into the mass of the enemy. The British soldiers followed close with their bayonets at the charge, and though the Colonel with many officers and privates fell, killed or disabled, yet in a few minutes the survivors were driving a beaten mob before them. The other two battalions of the Borodino Regiment retired, and by 8 A.M. a weak Division of British troops had defeated 19,000 Russians.

The total defeat of Soimonoff's 19,000 men was due to the following causes:—Eight of his battalions had suffered heavily at the Alma, and thus were out of heart. The General led the front line, and as not only he but General Villehois, and nearly all the Senior officers, were shot down, the Reserves were never brought forward, and the battalions, pushed to the front (as a friend of mine who was present says), wandered about in an aimless fashion like sheep without a shepherd.

* See p. 135.

FOURTH ATTACK.

General Dannenberg now arrived. Omitting all consideration of Soimonoff's men already engaged, who, being demoralized by their terrible losses, especially in officers, were sent to the rear, Dannenberg had in hand 19,000 fresh troops, who were supported by the fire of 90 guns. He brought 10,000 forward, attacking with his Left our Right and Centre, so as to lend a hand to Gortschakoff. Before Dannenberg advanced the Guards had reinforced the 2nd Division, and 2000 of the 4th Division, mainly detachments left in camp from the battalions which were guarding the trenches, were approaching under Cathcart.

The Russians fell heavily on the 41st Regiment at the Sandbag Battery, and on the Fore Ridge slopes, and the Welshmen being reinforced by the Guards, the fighting assumed the most determined character. The Russians would not accept defeat, and the struggle was continued, till around the battery was formed a rampart of corpses.

Mr. Kinglake's fifth volume is a marvellous tribute to the British and Russian officers and privates; but our men are soldiers by choice, while the Russian private is conscripted against his will. No soldier can show more passive courage than the Russian, but he has not the aggressive and initiative fighting spirit shown by Britons. The Russian officers, however, came forward again and again to lead on their columns, and one young lieutenant climbing the parapet of the Sandbag Battery, though only followed by a single private, leapt down on the bayonets of our men. Nor

were our officers less devoted even to death. When the 41st were being overwhelmed, Captain Richards, Lieutenants Taylor, Stirling, and Swabey, the latter of whom had been already wounded, not being able at the moment to collect men for a counter attack which they considered to be essential, charged vigorously into a Russian column, and were all killed.

Till now some semblance of a line had been maintained by our men, and no success had tempted them below the Sandbag Battery ledge till General Cathcart arrived. He had pushed into the fight four-fifths of his 2000 men, but with the remaining 400, mostly 68th Light Infantry, he descended the Eastern slopes of the Upland to attack the flank of the Russians, and the movement in advance thus commenced was taken up by our men on the higher ground.

As the 400 men led by Brigadier-General Torrens and Cathcart went down the hillside, their red coats showing out clearly amongst the Russian and British troops, who wore generally great-coats, drew a heavy fire from sixteen guns on the Russian left flank. Torrens fell mortally wounded, but the scattered line pressed on, some men joining a few of the Coldstream Guards, and pursuing the foe to the meadows of the Tchernaya.

The left flank of the 400 aligned itself on the right of the Guards who were fighting around the Sandbag Battery, and the Russians were being pushed rapidly back when a volley directed at the backs of our men came from the summit of the hill on which a battalion of the Russians now stood. It had marched up

unopposed, and apparently unseen, from the Quarry Ravine, and was now behind not only the men led down the slope by Cathcart, but also behind the Duke of Cambridge, who, with the colours and 100 men Grenadier Guards, was at the Sandbag Battery.

When Sir George Cathcart perceived the Russian column above him, he sent Colonel Windham further down to collect more men, and directed about fifty of the 20th Regiment who were near him to charge up the hill. This they did, and some of the fifty actually, by Todleben's account, broke through the 700 or 800 of the Iakoutsk Regiment. Some who failed fell back down the hill, and being out of ammunition might all have been made prisoners by a more active enemy. Cathcart himself remained under a ledge within fifty yards of the Russians, awaiting the approach of a second staff officer whom he had despatched to collect some men. In riding down to meet him the General was shot dead, both the Staff officers near him being struck down at the same moment. The survivors of the party near the General regained the summit in small scattered bodies. The crest, now bare of defenders, was occupied by Russians, one battalion facing Eastward to surround our men who were still fighting lower down.

This strange situation gave rise to many heroic episodes, one of which I will relate. No. 1 Company Fusilier Guards had been on picquet over night on the extreme right of the outpost line. It was relieved at 5.30, and the company was breakfasting on the spot, when firing was heard at the opposite end of

the outpost line. Mr. Robert Lindsay, who was in command, moved at the double towards the sound of the firing. After proceeding a mile, the weight of the ammunition and the men's great-coats induced the officer commanding the company to place them all in a quarry, and thus the company fought in tunics all day, the rest of the battalion wearing their great-coats.

When the Russians gained the summit of our position they were behind many of our men, and the company, in moving to break through the foe, actually had its rear towards Sevastopol, and its front towards the camp. It seemed to Mr. Robert Lindsay and to his men that their position was critical, for two large bodies of the enemy were then between the company and the Guards' camp, but the Russians did not offer to fire, possibly for fear of hitting their own people.

Mr. Lindsay, after a hurried consultation with his colour-sergeant, led on his men, who, with fixed bayonets and hearty cheers, charged up the hill. Lindsay, running at the officer commanding the Russians, who stood in front of his men, ran him through the neck, and escaped unscathed. His colour-sergeant, however, who followed up in the most determined manner, was less fortunate, being killed as the company closed on the Russians. When the Fusiliers brought their bayonets to the charge the Russians were standing packed together, and were so close to our men that Lindsay smelt distinctly that peculiar, strong, leather-like odour which is perceptible in the immediate vicinity of Russian troops.

The company broke successfully through the masses of its foes, and then, reversing its front, fought once more facing towards Sevastopol.*

While our men were fighting to get out of their encircling foes and regain the summit, the French troops under General Bourbaki arrived on the crest, and the Russians fell back.

FIFTH ATTACK.

Covered by a heavy fire from 94 guns on Shell Hill, 6000 Russians advanced against the Allies, who now numbered 5000. The first line of eight battalions, in company columns, came on from the Quarry Ravine, neglecting our right near the Sandbag Battery, now held by a French battalion and a few men of the Rifle Brigade. This, the most determined attack of the day, was pushed home in echelon from the Russian Right against our Left, and up the main road against our Centre. The enemy's columns, penetrating our Left, took and spiked some guns, bayoneting the gun detachments, who at first in the fog mistook the enemy for our men, and the leading Russian battalions were again fairly on the crest for a time. Just before the supporting Russian columns came up the English and French advanced and drove back the foe. The French, whose aid, offered early in the fight, had been declined by the officers commanding the Light and 4th Divisions,

* Mr. Robert Lindsay (now Lord Wantage, V.C.) for his conduct on this occasion, and also at Alma, where he defended the colours when attacked by a large body of the enemy, received the Victoria Cross.

but whose help had been invoked later by Lord Raglan, were now in force on the ground, and, after some hesitation, arising from various causes, were helping our soldiers. Two Horse batteries went well down the Fore Ridge to the East of the Post Road, and thence fired on the Russian guns on Shell Hill, though not without suffering great loss.*

From the Right Attack batteries we were enabled to inflict severe losses on the enemy. The two roads near the mouth of the Careenage Ravine are very steep, that on the South exit being taken up ground which rises 100 yards in 400, and Reserves of men and ammunition were therefore sent by a track which passes East of, and then South of the Mamelon, till it descends by a valley running back Northwards, into the Careenage Ravine. As we did not then realize how the Russians were cramped by the ground, we at first imagined that the columns we saw were destined to turn our flank, and the guard of the trenches being inadequate to protect them in front and on the flank, our position appeared precarious as the sound of the firing on the heights trended further Southward. Six guns were run back to fire along the flank: spikes were issued, and the men shown the line of Retreat.

The head of the Russian column of men and waggons turned Eastward at a point 300 yards South of the Mamelon, and disappeared, but it was doubtless soon halted, for those behind remained for a long time exposed to our fire at 1500 yards range, until, under

* See map, p. 134.

its pressure, they melted away. I saw one of our guns pitch a shell into a powder waggon, destroying all the men and horses near it.*

The Russians endured this destructive fire with resigned courage, their comrades in the Malakoff and Redan doing all they could to help them by concentrating fire on those guns of ours which were causing so much destruction.

The last attack by Dannenberg was delivered soon after 11 A.M., and shortly after 1 P.M. the Russians retired from Shell Hill, unmolested except by artillery fire.

The Russians lost 6 generals, 256 other officers, and 10,708 men, a large proportion being left dead on the field. General Dannenberg had two horses killed under him, and lost nearly all his Staff.

The Allied losses, each nation having brought about 8000 men on the field of battle, were:—

		Killed.	Wounded.	Totals.
English—Officers	39	91	130
Other ranks	...	558	1670	2228
French—Officers	13	36	49
Other ranks	...	130	750	886

General Todleben animadverts severely on the want of dash of the Russian Artillery, while he praises that of the Allies. It is not easy to see what the Russians would have gained by sending their guns forward. The ground was too limited for the infantry, and even if it had not been so cramped

* A friend who was present thinks it was blown up by a rocket.

by the narrowing of the neck lying between the respective positions, once the Russian artillery left Shell Hill, the batteries would have lost sight of their foes. The British artillery, as General Owen shows,* did very good service. The batteries all had to get into position under the fire of heavier guns already in action. Lord Raglan sent early in the action for two 18-pounder guns. These were standing ready and were dragged by Siege Train gunners at 9.30 A.M. up to the crest of our position, where they did excellent work, firing eighty-four rounds a gun. The accurate practice and heavy projectiles of these pieces produced a marked effect on the enemy's batteries which soon tried to shift position. The most striking proof, however, of the effect of the fire of these guns is in the sequence of the casualties in our detachments. During the first fifteen minutes the two guns were in action seventeen men were knocked down; but in the next half-hour there were only three men struck.

Captain Wodehouse's battery of the 1st Division enfiladed† the Russian line of guns from Victoria Ridge, and when the enemy finally retired, the French Horse Artillery followed up and came into action within 350 yards. The loss of horses in the Russian teams was so great that many batteries reached the city only at 8 P.M., being dragged in by the infantry.

Lord Raglan found it was necessary, after considering the proceedings of a Court of Inquiry, to

* "Modern Artillery."

† Enfilade fire is that which is directed along or parallel to a line of troops.

remonstrate with the Russian Commander-in-Chief on the barbarity of the Russian soldiery towards our wounded, who were in many instances bayoneted in the presence of officers while lying helpless on the ground. It is remarkable, however, that in no known instance did the enemy kill any of our people, who having ceased to fight remained standing up, and it may be that from their ignorance the Russians apprehended our wounded might fire on them after they had passed to their front. Be this as it may, our people behaved very differently, for in the early phase of the action a Russian officer, followed by one or two men only, was just surmounting the top of the Inkerman Crest when he was seized by three of our soldiers, who endeavoured to take possession of a leather bag the officer wore over his shoulder. The officer stuck to his bag, which evidently contained money, and was just about to pay with his life for his resolution, when an English officer interposing, insisted on his being let go. The episode then became comical, for when he realized that he had saved not only his money but his life, having drawn his sword, he stood at attention, saluted the English officer, and then ran like a hare down the hill.

During one of the Homeric episodes of the battle when the Russians were in possession of the crest far behind the Sandbag Battery, which was still held by the Guards, the latter fought with unsurpassed determination. Mr. Kinglake records how Private Sellars, of the Grenadiers, and a Russian fell dead at the same moment, each transfixed by his opponent's bayonet.

When Captain Burnaby, Grenadier Guards, running forward, charged into the centre of the foe who were swarming into the Sandbag Battery and killed the Russian officer who was leading, he was attacked by many men. Private James Bancroft followed his Captain closely, and several Russians set on him. Bancroft drove his bayonet through the chest of the nearest of three men, but before he could withdraw it was bayoneted through the jaw. Though he staggered back, yet he kept his eye on the man who had dealt the blow, and shot him dead, killing the third with the bayonet. Two other Russians then fought Bancroft at the same moment, and he fell, pierced in the right side. Jumping up again, however, he knocked down one of his enemies, who, not being much hurt, clutched Bancroft's legs as he fought the other man. The Guardsman killed both, him on the ground by kicks with the heel of the boot, and the other man with the bayonet. It is curiously characteristic of our nation that a sergeant, ignoring or possibly not perceiving that the Russian on the ground was trying to hold Bancroft till another Russian could stab him, shouted out forbidding Bancroft to kick "a man that's down."

During one of the last determined attacks on the crest of our position, the survivors of the wing of the 30th were lying behind the low breastwork, and, exhausted by their physical efforts in the fight waged on empty stomachs, the men slept so soundly in spite of the heavy cannonade, that they were nearly charged while still asleep. The slopes were hidden by mist and dense smoke, and our officers mistook at first a

body of troops coming up quietly for one of our battalions retiring from the front. There was only just time to rouse the men, but they answered to the shouts of their officers, and, running at the advancing foes, scattered and drove them back.

Another column of Russians got within five yards of two companies of a battalion on the West side of the Post Road, and took some of our men prisoners. They had not disarmed them when shells from their own artillery bursting amongst captors and captives, the Russians fell back, and most of the prisoners by hard fighting escaped.

Towards the end of the battle Major and Brevet-Lieutenant Lord West, 21st Regiment, coming from the Careenage Ravine, thought the time for an aggressive movement was at hand, and ordered Lieutenant Acton, 77th Regiment, to collect his company, about sixty strong, and attack the Westernmost Russian battery on Shell Hill. He was to pick up two companies of another regiment lying not far off. Acton called up to him an officer from either company, explained the orders, and elected to attack in front while the others should move on the flanks of the battery. Both officers refused, alleging the force was insufficient. Acton observed, "If you won't come, I'll attack with my own men," and turning to them ordered the advance. Not a man moved, all being influenced by the opinion of the other officers, who had said in the hearing of the men that three companies were too weak for the task. Acton saying, "Then I'll go alone," walked on by

himself in front of his men, but had not got fifty yards when he was joined by Private James Tyrrell, 77th Regiment, and one soldier from the recusant company on the right, and the three men marched on. Presently the whole of the 77th company ran up, and Acton dividing his men into three parts, sent a sergeant to either flank, while he ran forward in front of the guns, which were then firing case on his party. The other two companies followed on the flanks, but the Russians, hastily limbering up, retired, Acton finding only three waggons as he reached the position.

Sir De Lacy Evans, who commanded the 2nd Division, was on board ship sick on the 4th of November, having had a heavy fall from his horse on the 29th of October, and Brigadier-General Pennefather differed entirely from his chief's views as to the best mode of defending the position. De Lacy Evans would have held the crest only with his Division, extending any reinforcements as they arrived, on the Fore Ridge. Pennefather, on the contrary, did all the fighting he could lower down. Mr. Kinglake thinks the older soldier was right, but Sir E. Hamley believes Pennefather's was the better plan. In balancing the two opinions we should remember that Sir E. Hamley had received a professional training, and that he was engaged in the battle. He took three guns early in the day temporarily into a very forward position on the Fore Ridge. When Pennefather, however, determined to fight on the lower slopes, he should have taken adequate steps to send forward ammunition. At the

time the French came up a long string of our men straggling to the rear presented all the appearance of a retreating force, and a friend of mine saw Lieutenant-General H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge about 11 A.M. collect some 300 to 400 of these stragglers belonging to different corps, and take them back into action.

Pennefather, however, succeeded to the temporary command only five days before the battle, and in our Army we had neither organized ammunition supply arrangements, nor any system for removing wounded men. It may be doubted if he had much organizing genius, but his courage was remarkable even on that ridge, which is immortalized by so many noble deeds.

As Napier wrote of the assault of Badajos, "Many died, and there was much glory," but happily the Brigadier-General in temporary command of the 2nd Division, the mainspring of four hours' desperate resistance, survived. Essentially a fighting general, he was seen wherever bullets fell most thickly, and when not visible his voice was heard encouraging his men with a vocabulary borrowed from "the Army in Flanders." It meant nothing, but will not bear repetition. Years after he was appointed to the Aldershot command, and Her Majesty chanced to ask, "Has the new General yet taken up his command?" She received the apt reply, "Yes, your Majesty, he *swore* himself in yesterday."

Soldiers should remember that the Russians were enabled to place thirty-eight guns in action within 1300 yards of our main position without our knowledge. "The Infantry Manual" of that date lays

down that a strong patrol should always be sent some distance towards the enemy's post before daylight. This was not done.

During the long Peace we had forgotten the lessons and practice of outposts initiated by Sir John Moore at Shorncliffe Camp, and brought to perfection by Crauford in the Light Division during the Peninsular War. The rules existed indeed in manuals, as I have shown, but like other rules which are never practised, had become practically unknown. The most Western nations are now wiser than they were, and give their soldiers opportunities in annual manœuvres of practising the ordinary duties of war. But if our soldiers did not understand outpost duties, they had nothing to learn from other nations about hand-to-hand fighting. Mr. Kinglake's fifth volume cannot be perused without evoking the warmest feelings of admiration for the courage of our regimental officers and men. When our officers and non-commissioned officers were shot down, groups of privates banding together under some natural and self-elected leader of men, would rush forward on the foe, and in the Naval brigade we heard next day that Captain Peel had led seven such separate attacks.

When the news of the desperate fighting reached England, the valour of the troops evoked extraordinary manifestations of proud exultation, and as the tale became known in our most distant colonies, the same feeling was shown there, and in all grades of life. Her Majesty the Queen sent a warm acknowledgment through the Minister of War to Lord Raglan

to her troops for their "noble exertions in a conflict which is unsurpassed in the annals of war for persevering valour and chivalrous devotion. . . . *Let not any private soldier believe that his conduct is unheeded. The Queen thanks him, his country honours him.*"

It is pleasant to reflect that the Special Campaign Pensions, of which some 1200 only have been given up to March, 1895, are no longer to be restricted in number, and practically every survivor of that bloody fight will be pensioned, even if he served only ten years in the army.

Personally, from what I saw and heard during the War, I think, with the exception of some night fighting in and about the trenches, our Infantry never fought during it with so great, resolute and sustained determination as on the 5th of November. There is a good deal of evidence in support of this opinion, and our men's conduct had a marked effect on our Allies at the time. In a private letter, written by the late Sir Charles Russell, who gained the Victoria Cross for marked gallantry in the action, I read :—

"November 7th, 1854.

"I cannot find terms to express my admiration and astonishment at the bravery of our officers and men. . . . The French think so much of our fight, and an officer told me, whatever the feelings might be in France, the Army would for ever go with the English."

Humanly speaking, however, if the Russian Generals had been as skilful as their men were patient under fire, the result must have been disastrous to the Allies.

Gortschakoff, with his 22,000 men, never seriously occupied the attention of Bosquet's Division, part of which was thus enabled to support us at Inkerman.

Pauloff's battalions closed more resolutely with our men than Soimonoff's, but then the ground over which Pauloff's troops advanced was very different. They had a steep climb, it is true, but whether they ascended the Quarry Ravine direct from the Tchernaya Valley, or coming from Shell Hill crossed the ravine, they were scarcely punished at all until they reached their foes, and the nature of the ground enabled them to get within charging distance of our men before they saw each other. Then the weight of numbers told; each Russian company column had from 120 to 200 men, and in many cases was met by small parties of from 15 to 20 Britons. That these were not annihilated was owing to the unskilful leading of the Russian officers, and the indomitable courage of our soldiers of all ranks.

Soimonoff's men were subjected to terrific slaughter before they got within charging distance, and under conditions most unfavourable for success. They were crowded together on a narrow neck of ground, where bushes did not shelter them from bullets, yet broke the ranks. When once over "the neck" neither flank could see anything of the progress of the centre, nor of the other flank. Their formation was so deep, that many of our hard-hitting Minie * bullets went through half a dozen men. Then, as some disorganized survivors approached the crest above them, they saw what in the

* All our troops except the 4th Division had the Minie rifle.

fog doubtless appeared to be a serious entrenchment, and they were suddenly assailed by a confident soldiery, who rushed at them, cheering with shouts of victory, as if they were but the advance of strong supporting bodies behind the crest. It is remarkable that small parties of our soldiers charging in line seldom failed to push back heavy columns, and it was only when the sheer weight of numbers stayed the onset of our troops that they were in turn driven back. So great is the moral effect of an aggressive movement!

All the Russian battalions, except about 1900 men who had rifles, were armed with an inferior smooth-bore musket, but few soldiers will doubt, in spite of Mr. Kinglake's opinion to the contrary, that the primary cause of Menschikoff's defeat was the great mistake made in trying to put from 38,000 to 40,000 men on ground sufficient only for about one-third of those numbers. Pauloff should have emerged at daylight from the Quarry Ravine, under cover of all Soimonoff's guns of position, established on Shell Hill (as they were) before daylight. These guns could have been guarded by one of Soimonoff's Regiments, say, 3000 men, who might, if it was thought necessary, have thrown up shelter trenches. The General should have marched up the next ridge to the Westward with 16,000 men and his field guns. This ascent, named by us Victoria Ridge, is half a mile wide up to where the Victoria Redoubt still stands. The hill narrows further to the Southward to 400 yards in breadth, but then South of this narrow space it becomes possible to pass up and down the faces of the Careenage and

Middle Ravines on either flank, and thus very superior numbers must have told in the struggle.

Soimonoff, no doubt, feared advancing on the Victoria Ridge lest he should be caught in flank at daylight by the 21-gun battery of our Right Attack, but he could far more readily, before the day broke, have got up to where the Victoria Redoubt stands, well on the flank of the 21-gun battery, than to Shell Hill, for from the city up to our camps the Victoria Ridge presents no obstacle to the march of troops on a broad frontage. The result of his hesitation is one of many proofs that nothing is so costly in war as half measures.

According to an account* of the battle, published at Berlin in a newspaper, and evidently inspired by some Russian in authority, Prince Menschikoff always intended Soimonoff to move up on the proper left side of the Careenage Ravine (*i.e.* the Victoria Ridge). If this were so, the Prince, as I have shown, did not take adequate steps to have his plan executed. The same account gives the numbers of Russian infantry actually engaged as 29,700 men.

As the Russians fell back finally, their flank was assailed by a detachment from the Light Division troops on Victoria Ridge. Lord Raglan wished the French, who were then in force on the Inkerman crest, to follow up the enemy in his retreat, but two Russian steamers dropped some shell amongst the Allied troops, and Canrobert hesitated till too late. It is right I should add that Todleben declares nothing

* See Nolan's "History of the Russian War."

would have been better for the Russians than that they should have been attacked while retreating, but it is difficult to justify this statement, since we know that the loss of horses in the gun teams must have deprived them of the use of their artillery.

Nothing could be better than the work performed by the British gunners, but it was essentially an infantry fight. Todleben states distinctly it was our riflemen which caused most damage. "It was more the fire of rifled small arms than that of the enemy's artillery which reached our gun detachments, the greater part of which was struck down."

When I got back to camp about 6 P.M. I went over to see a shipmate, Captain March, Royal Marines, who had been wounded while serving with the Light Division. He had served in Spain from 1836-40, being present at the action of Hernani. March was a great favourite with all on board H.M.S. *Queen*, and maintained his reputation by a cheerful demeanour when badly wounded. He had been struck in the jaw by a big bullet, which had made a very large hole, but had left no sign of its exit. He afterwards served in China in the war of 1861, and lived for forty years after the battle of Inkerman.

There were strangely mingled feelings in the British camps that evening. With the intense pride of our men's enduring courage there arose uneasy reflections that we had narrowly escaped being beaten under circumstances in which defeat would probably have been followed by death, or captivity.

The Rank and File were perhaps too wearied to think much of anything but their most pressing wants—food, and rest—but this latter, though sorely needed, was not enjoyed by all of the 2nd Division till many hours of the night had passed, for the soldiers were searching for absent comrades.

CHAPTER X.

THE GALE OF THE 14TH OF NOVEMBER.

THE removal of the wounded had been actively carried on all the afternoon, so that by nightfall most of the British soldiers had received attention, though some were not found till next morning. General Bosquet had sent down a number of cacolets* for the men lying near the Sandbag Battery, and Lord Raglan had ordered up 500 Turks, who carried into our camp over 700 wounded Russians before night fell on the 5th of November. The dead were strewed all over the ground between Shell Hill and the Inkerman crest, but they were lying in heaps between the Barrier and on the track leading from it to the Sandbag Battery, around which were the corpses of 200 British and over 500 Russian soldiers. On the track, five Guardsmen, killed by one round shot, had all fallen in the same direction, and were still, in death, clutching their rifles. Mingled with human bodies were carcasses of horses, and several of the poor animals were still alive though terribly wounded, for as yet no one had leisure to bestow on them a merciful bullet.

* Mule litters.

The bodies of British and French soldiers were placed in separate pits, the Russian corpses being buried by fifties in long trenches, dug by parties of Turkish troops, on the slopes of the Ridge. A lime-kiln under Shell Hill was also utilized for this purpose, and filled to the top.

The British Generals who fell in the battle were buried next day: General Sir George Cathcart, of the 4th Division, on the hill still called after him, and near him General Strangways, the officer commanding the Royal Artillery of the Army. He had been mortally wounded the previous day, just before the two 18-pounder siege guns were brought into action, by a shell which, falling amidst the Head-quarter Staff, killed two horses without injuring their riders, but it shattered the General's leg. He was helped off his horse by Major Adye,* and carried to the Artillery camp at his own request, having said, "Take me to the gunners! let me die amongst them." This was literally fulfilled, as he died in a tent, surrounded by wounded artillerymen. By a strange coincidence he was buried by the troop of Horse Artillery, the remaining "Unit" of two Rocket troops, with the second of which he had served at the battle of Leipsic in 1813.

We have seen that Lord Raglan did not interfere with General Pennefather, and possibly from his very quiet manner, few in the Crimea knew how resolute he was in adverse circumstances. On the morning after the battle the outlook was dispiriting. We had indeed, after seven or eight hours' fighting, won a victory, but

* Now General Sir John Adye, G.C.B.

at heavy cost. Five General officers had been killed or mortally wounded: three others severely wounded, and about 2300 men were lying on the Inkerman ridges. The weather was breaking up, and of the 25,000 men who landed in the Crimea two months previous, less than 14,000 remained *at duty*, and these were so hardly worked as to become daily less efficient.

Probably no one in the Crimea knew so well as our Chief that England had no Reserve to her Army. The ranks of the battalions of grandly built, well-drilled men we sent out to Turkey in the spring of 1854 had been filled up by accepting volunteers from corps remaining in England, and in the words of Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Minister for War, "The Army in the East had been created by discounting the future. . . . Every regiment within reach had been robbed to complete it."* The oldest General in the Crimea, whose dauntless courage had brought him into notice nearly half a century earlier, in an epoch when few but highly born youths received commendation in the Army, despaired, for he thought our position so unsatisfactory that he urged Lord Raglan to evacuate the Crimea and re-embark his Army. This advice was obviously worthless, for the Allies had not sufficient sea transport available, and I mention it only to show how much Lord Raglan stood, in force of character and undaunted demeanour under severe trials, above the other Generals in the Allied Armies.

He had now to face all the miseries of winter, in position on a barren, unsheltered plateau, where neither

* "Recollections of a Military Life," by General Sir John Adye.

food nor shelter was obtainable for man or beast, and on which he was confronted by an enemy far outnumbering our wearied troops.

The English force had dwindled down to 14,000 men, while reinforcements were continually landing for the French army, till in January, 1855, their effectives were four times greater than those in our ranks, and in February numbered about 80,000 men. Did Lord Raglan press General Canrobert sufficiently to take over a more adequate portion of the Siege works? is a question which thoughtful soldiers who love Lord Raglan's memory must ask themselves, but it is one on which they may well hesitate to express an opinion. He often failed to insist on arrangements being carried out, even when this had been agreed to, and thus while preserving the Alliance as no other British General could have done, overtaxed the strength of his brave, uncomplaining soldiers, rather than risk an interruption of the good feeling then existing between the Armies.

General Canrobert never refused, but he delayed to move some of his troops to the ground they eventually occupied on our right till long after he might have done so. The battle of Inkerman, however, having caused a change in the situation, on the 6th of November the Allied Generals decided to remain on the defensive and await reinforcements before delivering an assault, wintering, if necessary, in the Crimea. The Inkerman Ridge was to be fortified, the French undertaking to move a Division to that flank to help in entrenching and guarding

it, and the labour for the so-called English works was to be found by Turks under English supervision, and they were to be begun after dark on the 8th of November.

Now that the probability of the Army having to winter on the Chersonese was imminent, steps were taken, though, alas! too late, to mitigate the inevitable attendant hardships of a life on that inclement storm-beaten Upland. On the 7th of November Lord Raglan ordered the Commissary General to ask the Treasury to send out a steam mill and bakery "with all practicable despatch," but six months elapsed ere it was provided. Commissariat officers were sent to the Bosphorus and to ports in the Black Sea, and soon large supplies of hutting material were received at Balaklava, but there, for want of transport, they remained.

There was now a break up of the weather. The last week of October was pleasantly warm during the day, although occasionally cold at night; but, after the 5th the days became chilly, and the nights bitterly cold. On the 10th of November rain fell early, and for many days continued incessantly. The officers were insufficiently clothed, and the soldiers' garments were, in many cases, threadbare. In those times, from want of experience, we over-estimated the wear of uniform, basing our calculations on its use for days of fifteen hours. But our men had lived in their clothes since February, and rough, stony ground as beds by night, with continuous trench work by day, had reduced their garments to tatters, though they

had often been repaired with sandbags filched from the Engineer's stores in the batteries.

Warned that I must carry everything I required, I landed on the 2nd of October with two blankets only, and wearing light shoes. These gave out after a week's messenger work done for Commander Burnett, and I should have been barefooted, but that John Handcock, the Marine who had looked after me on board H.M.S. *Queen*, and who was stationed on the Balaklava heights, hearing of my state, sent me down a pair of his own shoes. These were now worn out, so motives of business as well as curiosity took me very soon up to the Inkerman crest, where I obtained a good pair. Disliking the idea, however, of despoiling a dead man I took with me a Bluejacket, to whom I promised 10s. for a satisfactory fit. This he soon accomplished.

On the 10th I fell sick, suffering from constant diarrhoea, induced by eating salt pork, occasionally uncooked, and the malady, aggravated by stormy nights in the trenches, had run into dysentery. I was directed to remain lying down as much as practicable, but on the morning of the 14th could no longer obey the order. It was blowing in heavy gusts at 4 A.M., when the battery Relief marched off, and, as sheets of rain beat on the tent, I congratulated myself that I had been excused duty. At 5 A.M. the tent-pole showed signs of giving, and Lieutenants Partridge and Douglas, having hurried on all the clothes they possessed, held it by turns, but at 6 A.M. a heavier blast lifted it fairly into the air, and it was carried away. I was uncomfortable, but suffered nothing in

comparison with hundreds of our soldier comrades, many of whom, wounded or sick, lay for hours exposed to the fury of the elements, for the size of the hospital marquees offered so much resistance to the wind, that they were the first to fall. Several men in the Armies who were *at duty* were found dead on the morning of the 15th, and over sixty horses perished that night from exposure. Even when the wind moderated everything was so saturated with moisture that but very few fires were lit, and cooking was practically, save in few cases, not even attempted.

It is impossible to describe the scene of misery, but some idea of it may be realized if my readers will imagine they are on the bleakest of the Surrey hills, eight hundred feet above the sea, without even a tree for shelter, and exposed to the wildest storm of wind, rain, and sleet they have ever experienced. There were, indeed, two or three hovels near our camp, but they sheltered only a few, and were crowded with wounded soldiers, and in many cases these dwellings lost their roofs. Horses broke loose from their picket-ropes, and, wild with terror, careered over the Upland; wag-gons were overturned; and to some it seemed that "the End of all things" had come.

I felt I must move, and attempted to walk towards a low wall of stones by which we had surrounded some powder-boxes, but I was knocked down, and was forced to travel the short intervening distance on my hands and knees. Even in this fashion the wind was too much for my remaining strength, and I should have been carried past the enclosure by several yards, had

not Lieutenant Partridge and two Bluejackets intercepted me by going down on their knees and joining hands, till they reached me. Once I got under the wall, my comrades did all they could for my comfort, giving me the driest and most sheltered spot. So far as we could see there were not more than one or two tents in any camp still erect, and these were protected by walls of loose stones. We lay huddled together speculating "how it fared" with our ships, watching the storm-driven articles which were swept through our camp, and making mild bets as to their flight. Two drums, borne along nearly together, afforded us much interest. They rolled occasionally, and then, caught by a stone or tent-peg, would turn upright for a second or two, when a fresh gust carried them on at a rapid pace. There were two tents still standing in our camp, the poles having been spliced with strengthening pieces, and to one of these, belonging to H.M.S. *Bellerophon's* officers, I was invited about 9 A.M. when my feeble state became known. They helped me down to it, but to open the door was impossible, and I had to crawl in through a puddle, which put the finishing touches to the mud which covered my jacket and trousers. This did not, however, deter my kind hosts, and, regardless of my dirty clothes, they rolled me in their clean dry blankets, and I slept till 1 P.M., when I heard Captain Burnett, on his return from the battery, shouting, "Where and how is young Wood?"

About 12 o'clock the wind, till then South-West, veered to the Westward; then sleet was followed by

snow, which lay on the hills, but from 2 P.M., although colder, the force of the wind lessened, and my comrades set to work to re-establish our camp, and by 9 P.M. had collected from afar what remained of it.

Mr. J. B. Barnett, midshipman,* H.M.S. *Albion*, who never missed his turn in the batteries, gave a strong proof of his endurance when the fury of the gale had moderated a little. Naval officers are always anxious to pass their examinations for promotion on the actual day of completing the prescribed period, as service for promotion is reckoned from the day of examination. Mr. Barnett completed his six years' service on the 14th of November, and having struggled down to Balaklava, went on board a ship and passed provisionally.

Our losses that day were heavy, both of lives and stores. Twenty-one vessels were wrecked off Balaklava, and the *Resolute*, a magazine ship, laden with ten million rounds of rifle and gun ammunition, went down. She had been sent outside the harbour after the battle of Balaklava, when we were apprehensive for the safety of the place. The *Prince*, one of our largest transports, went down laden with warm clothing and stores of all descriptions. The Marines, encamped on the heights, witnessed this and similar catastrophes without any power of assisting the wrecks, for the wind was blowing with such terrific force on the height that no man could stand up. Colonel Roberts, now living at Freiburg, told me recently he saw a tent carried high into the air and with it a small deal table.

* Now Rear-Admiral Barnett.

Lying at full length, our officers and men looked down 1000 feet on the sea, and at that distance saw the *Prince* strike on the perpendicular cliffs: in the driving rain the ship looked small and her crew like pigmies, and fortunately they did not suffer for long, as the ship broke up immediately.

The Turks lost a 90-gun ship, which foundered off Eupatoria with all hands.

The French suffered also, losing one of their line-of-battle ships, the *Henri IV.*, wrecked, as was the *Pluton*, at Eupatoria. Nor did the Russians escape, many houses in Sevastopol being unroofed.

H.M.S. *Queen* again gained credit, the Admiral signalling, "Well done, *Queen*!" for, in the afternoon, during a lull in the storm, while anchored off the Katcha River, she sent her boats to rescue men from several Austrian and Greek wrecked ships, saving over sixty lives. It was a work of much danger, increased by the stupid barbarity of a few Cossacks, who fired on the rescuers, wounding some seamen. Captain Michell, to whom this rescue was due, possessed extraordinary nerve. The *Queen*, like other line-of-battle ships, had her rudder disabled, and was in considerable danger, but this apparently never disturbed his judgment. He had previously offered to try and break the boom which closed the harbour, by taking H.M.S. *Queen* at it under *all plain sail*, but the Admiral declined to allow the experiment to be tried.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GRIEVOUS SUFFERINGS OF OUR SOLDIERS.

I ENDEAVOURED in Chapter X. to describe the immediate effects of the storm of wind, rain, and sleet on the 14th of November, 1854.

That storm was the beginning of misery so intense as to defy adequate description. Apologists of our often unfortunate, though sometimes "happy-go-lucky" system, have attempted to ascribe the greater part of our loss of health, and of lives, to the climate. This is inaccurate; the climate of the Crimea, though more variable, is but little more inclement than that of the North of England. Moreover, students of history now know that, given adequate food supply, and sufficiency of suitable clothing, it is exceedingly difficult to kill man or beast by either hard work, or climatic influences. Officers were able to procure extra food and clothing, and their comparative immunity from disease when the Rank and File were perishing by hundreds is another proof of this now generally accepted fact. England gave its little Army, however, neither enough food, clothing, nor even medicine, as witness the following :—

CIRCULAR LETTER FROM THE PURVEYOR-GENERAL TO
THE MEDICAL OFFICERS IN THE CRIMEA.

“Balaklava, 3rd October, 1854.

“There is no arrowroot, brandy, essence of beef, sago, or candles in store. Ground rice will be substituted for arrowroot and sago, but it has not yet been procured.”

On the 16th of November a doctor records that he requisitioned, but in vain, for 12 lbs. of candles, and depicts in eloquent terms the horrors of a hospital marquee at night, when for want of light he was unable to attend to cholera-stricken patients.

Ten days later the surgeon of a regiment remonstrates—

“With a large number of cases of dysentery, I can obtain no castor oil, no preparation of opium, only a small quantity of morphine, no preparation of chalk, nor anything to make up a gargle.”

Another surgeon is more fortunate in that he has medicine, but he writes—

“Sick asking for soup and sago, but I have to give them medicine instead. Few of them would have been patients if they had had more clothing, less fatigue, less exposure, and more food.”

And then another trouble came on us, for from the latter end of October scorbutic diseases became prevalent.

Mr. Kinglake says that Lord Raglan, as early as the 24th of October, not only ordered the Commissary General to supply fresh vegetables, but, encroaching on

the duties of the Commissary General, also directed the Commandant of the Base at Varna to send them by every ship sailing from that port. The result was not satisfactory, as I shall presently show, for though, after the 10th of December, the money payment for vegetables, when they were issued, was abrogated, yet we know * that even as late as the first week in April, 1855, the men did not receive as much vegetable food as they required.

Towards the end of November there were no battalions in which some private soldiers were not tainted with scurvy, and although 20,000 lbs. of lime-juice, equal to 634,000 rations, was received on the 19th of December, 1854, at Balaklava, it was not till February, 1855, after the whole Army had become so affected, that the first issue was made.

Some fresh meat was issued in January and February, but the sick were always served first, and as the whole quantity issued in sixty days amounted only to 14 lbs. per man, and as half the army was in hospital, the men still struggling on *at duty* got but little.

The troops in mid-winter lived on salt meat, biscuit, and rum, pork being generally preferred, since it was more easily cooked, and could even be eaten raw. Some men could eat neither the pork nor the beef, their scurvy-affected mouths finding it too distasteful to be swallowed, and all would sooner have had less meat and some kind of vegetable or rice. As late as the 31st of March, a Staff-surgeon reports,

* Captain Colin Campbell's Letters.

"I found three days' rations in one tent uncooked. One man had not eaten his meat (salt) for a month."

There were abundant supplies of cattle within a week's sail of the Crimea, but our Commissariat officers urged the necessity of having steamers for their transport, which were not always available, forgetful of the fact that the Duke of Wellington fed his troops for months at Torres Vedras on fresh meat brought in sailing vessels from the North of Spain.

The food supply of our Army had been arranged on a system suitable for the United Kingdom. The Commissariat issued bread and meat, for which a stoppage of $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ per diem was exacted from the men's pay. At Varna the stoppage was increased by $1d.$, and the duty of providing coffee and sugar imposed on the Commissariat. Unfortunately, the question of green-groceries was left unsolved, and these were still, in theory, to be provided under Regimental arrangements, *i.e.* that the soldier should buy his own. This plan, which works fairly well when the orderly man of a mess can walk into a shop or Regimental institute, or when a battalion is supplied by a contractor, is obviously unsuited for service conditions.

The men had been getting $6d.$ per diem extra as field pay, and after the first month were paid when working in the trenches, so they had money available; but until December there was no system capable of bringing to them fresh vegetables, though we were within forty-eight hours' steam of a city containing 600,000 inhabitants, who live mainly on such diet. One ship indeed arrived from Varna with her decks

piled up with cabbages, but the purchaser had omitted to consign them to any one, and no one being willing to accept the financial responsibility of signing for them, the cabbages were eventually thrown overboard.

A small quantity of vegetables was issued for December. The "Inquiry Commissioners" asserted that it ran out on paper to only two potatoes and one onion per man, but I doubt whether even this quantity reached the men's stomachs. Later during the winter, tinned potatoes were offered on payment to the troops, but without instructions for cooking, or indeed any possibility of preparing them owing to want of cooking utensils and fuel, and naturally they were refused.

The issue of rice which had been granted as an extra ration was stopped, as the quantity in Store sufficed only for the sick, and for the Turks, who were at this time not only carrying loads for us, but were also digging trenches both at Inkerman and in the Right Attack, where the strength of British troops was no longer equal to these duties.

Our soldiers got an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of biscuit till the 7th of November, when, as the supply threatened to run short, the extra issue was stopped. The men could not eat $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. dry biscuit without soup, tea, or coffee, but the increased ration had been a boon, for the French, who baked throughout the winter, would always exchange bread for biscuit.

In those days British troops had no knowledge of cooking, being in this respect far behind the French and Turks. But even had our men been perfect cooks, they would have had but little opportunity of

exercising their skill. Camp kettles were issued at Kalamita Bay when the troops landed, in the proportion of one to five men. Now the kettle would cook fresh but not salt meat for five men, as more water is required to extract the brine from salt meat than the kettle could hold ; and, moreover, this number, five, represented nothing then, nor does it now, in our Regimental systems. Most of the kettles had been dropped at the Alma, or in the subsequent march, and the soldiers were reduced for all cooking purposes to the mess tins which each man carried on his back. These were inadequate. The lid perhaps was most prized, for when the body is wet and cold there is a craving for a hot drink, and it took less time and fuel to roast the green coffee berries in the lid, than to boil the salt meat in the body of the tin. It had not occurred to any one in the Department then responsible for our Commissariat, that to make a mug of coffee out of green berries, roasting and grinding apparatus was essential, and till January, when some ground coffee was landed, our men might be daily seen pounding the berries, with stones or round shot, in a fragment of exploded shell.

Mr. Kinglake, excusing our inaptitude for war, alleges "the coffee was issued in a green state, and at first with advantage and satisfaction to the soldier." He proceeds further to state that later "ground coffee would have been infinitely more welcome after the men were cruelly overworked and weakened by sufferings." He adds that the enemy's shells served admirably for grinding and roasting coffee. The first

and last assertions show clearly how little a civilian living at Head-quarters may know of the feelings of an army, and indicate, moreover, that he had never made a cup of coffee for himself when in a hurry even in London.

The supply of fuel became daily more difficult. When we first arrived on the Upland, the Engineers annexed and felled for siege purposes every tree within our reach. Late in November the supplies of vine, and stunted oak roots, on which we had depended for what cooking was accomplished, were exhausted. The Southern shores of the Black Sea were fringed with forests; but our Army's previous winter experience had been in the Peninsula, where effective soldiers found their own fuel, and purveyors presumably bought for those in the hospitals, which were always established in, or near towns. Thus it had not been a duty of the Commissariat to supply firewood for troops.

On the 4th of December an Army order provided for a fuel ration, but it took some time to execute the order, and on the 26th of December, the surgeon of a Light Infantry battalion wrote, "Fuel for cooking hospital rations has never been supplied. Thermometer now at freezing point." Within a day or two of this report, viz. on the 28th-29th of December, the first supply, an issue of charcoal, was made.

The desire for a hot drink doubtless caused pilferings of wood, wherever it was unguarded, and the Engineers complained that bits of gabions, and even pick and shovel helvcs, were burnt by our starving soldiers

during the worst of the winter in order to make a tin of coffee. About this time a General officer, in urging on Lord Raglan the necessity of his men receiving pickaxes to grub up roots, said with some warmth, "Sir, it is felt pickaxes are essential. I may say they are firewood itself!" Lord Raglan replied, "So I learn daily from the trenches."

In the *Prince* large quantities of warm clothing, boots, etc., went to the bottom of the sea, and Lord Raglan, writing on the 16th, the day after he knew the extent of our losses, asked that these and the ammunition lost in the *Resolute* might be at once replaced. He also despatched officers to Constantinople with orders to purchase all the blankets and warm clothing obtainable, but trade in that city is not conducted with the rapidity to which we are accustomed in England, and forty years ago even we were less enterprising than we are at the present time in London. When contractors had supplied goods, we did not know how to forward them, and thus some fur coats which His Royal Highness the Prince Consort bought in October, as a present to the officers of the Grenadier Guards, were delivered only in the spring of 1855, when the warm weather having come, rendered them temporarily useless.

Even when freight was put on board it was frequently carried for several voyages without being landed, and Mr. Kinglake tells a ghastly story of a corpse, despatched to Ireland for interment, having got "mislaid" while it was being carried from, and back again to the Crimea.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COLLAPSE OF OUR TRANSPORT ARRANGEMENTS.

I SHOWED in the previous chapter that forty years ago we did not understand how to provide either food or clothing for soldiers on service; but the fate of animals was still worse, except that their end came more quickly.

When the British army landed at Gallipoli, those charged with its maintenance had not provided any transport animals, but 5000 were collected later at Varna, and were tended by men of all nations.

The sufferings of our men in the winter were mainly due to want of transport. It is true they were terribly overworked in guarding a position far too extensive for the numbers available, but then besides these military duties, they had to act as beasts of burden. Mr. Kinglake, in animadverting on the action of the "Clamourists" of the Press at a time when our Army lay "suffering in wise, heroic silence," forgets that had the Press been as reticent as were our soldiers, those serving in the Crimea would have been reduced to a silence never to be broken in this world. This gifted writer argues, that as "Wellington's transport

power in 1809 broke down so utterly from want of forage, that his troops were reduced to great suffering even after the victory of Talavera," therefore our want of adequate arrangements in 1854 was excusable. Mr. Kinglake omits, however, to mention that Wellington before his victory at Talavera had advanced more than 200 miles from his Base at Abrantes, when he was, from circumstances unconnected with the battle, obliged to retire ; and that he had relied for forage on Spanish promises, which were not redeemed. In the Crimea, our advanced posts throughout the winter were less than ten miles from Balaklava, and there can be, in my opinion, no adequate excuse for want of sea transport for a nation which had a large fleet of men of war outside Sevastopol. These were not required for fighting purposes after the Russian fleet had been sunk ; and, moreover, it must be remembered that England owns half of the Merchant vessels of the whole world.

When the actual want in our camps began, there were 2000 horses, mules, or ponies still at Varna. Some of these were brought over from time to time, but they were overworked, ill-tended, and under-fed ; and during the winter 1854-5 at the worst time, our available transport numbered less than 350 pack animals, and 120 carts. Our destitution will be easily understood when one reflects that in 1855-6 we had 8000 animals, 200 waggons, 500 carts, a railway capable of a daily output of 250 tons, and a good road constructed by 300,000 tasks of labour. On the other hand it must, however, be remembered our fighting force had at that time been doubled in numbers.

More ponies could have been brought over in October; indeed, those left idle at the Base must have eaten more than their value at cost price; but there was little forage in the Crimea, and the difficulties of transporting chopped straw, which is plentiful all around the Black Sea, appeared to our Commissariat to be insurmountable. I cannot remember what trade there was then in chopped straw, but it is now sent in bags on board ship to Constantinople, and to other cities.

Mr. Kinglake, while admitting it was the only supplement to barley for the food of animals in the East, states that "experience soon proved it ill fitted for the supply of an Army dependent upon transport by sea," on account of "its bulk in proportion to its weight and nutritive power." I cannot remember that it had any trial at all, but with an Army fed on biscuit, carried in those days in bags, and with a large fleet lying idle after the 21st of September, 1854, when the Russian fleet was sunk to the bottom of the harbour, we had ample means of packing and transporting any amount of chopped straw. Nothing can excuse the Treasury of 1854 in failing to send out hay pressed or unpressed, but neither is there any adequate excuse for our having failed to utilize the resources of the surrounding countries beyond this great fact, that we did not know the business of soldiers in war-time.

The Artillerymen were, I think, the best horse-masters in the Crimea, and some batteries were near the barley stores at Balaklava, but even in them during the early winter the starving horses had

eaten through the spokes of several wheels, and the body of a rocket carriage. This was, however, when the winter was well advanced, for although some officers, accustomed to see English forage only, were not satisfied, yet it is admitted that the cavalry horses were fairly well fed until the local supply ran out, about the end of October.

Soon after the 26th of October General Canrobert, who had the most intense admiration for our horse-men's courage, pressed for a brigade of cavalry to be stationed near Inkerman, and, on the 2nd of November, the remains of the Light brigade, numbering 330 effective horses, were encamped between the 2nd and Light Divisions. The French were helping us in many ways, and it was no doubt difficult to refuse the request, but the result was fatal. The Commissariat could not bring up more barley, and the General in command of the brigade considered that all the horses should remain on the spot ready for the purpose for which they had been sent to Inkerman, rather than that some should carry food in order that all might live. Naturally, after a month, a daily allowance, averaging $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of barley, with no other food, proved indeed "the last straw." On the 2nd of December, the men led back to Kadikoi their horses, unfit to carry any weight, and in that short distance of six miles seventeen fell, and died of exhaustion.

There were frequent delays in drawing supplies at Balaklava, men and horses being detained there a long time—on the 8th of December for eight hours. Twice the Cavalry horses were taken down for hay,

but none was obtained. There was always barley at Balaklava throughout the winter, but no carriage for it. Hay, the issue of which had always been limited to 6 lbs., ran out, as did straw, after the 14th of November, when the gale, by wrecking many vessels, deprived us of twenty days' supply of hay. Moreover, a portion of the barley issued was lost for the want of nosebags. From lack of system, no one knew until January that such articles were on board a ship in Balaklava. The Captain of the vessel then asked the General officer commanding the Cavalry for a party to assist in clearing them from his hold, where they had been lying ever since July. Similarly some Veterinary stores were not discovered, although urgently required, until they had been on board ship for many months. It was our custom to hire large ships for conveying stores, and there being no organized system of stowage, the articles wanted first of all were often at the lowest part of the ship's hold. The French took up smaller vessels which facilitated the separation of *Stores* from *Supplies*.

The hay question was a fertile subject of acrimonious correspondence immediately after the war. The Commissary General, writing on the 13th of September, the day before we landed, demanded 2000 tons, but of this he got 260 only in the first six months. On the 13th of November he asked for 800 tons monthly, but was told only 300 tons monthly could be supplied.

The Treasury, unaccustomed to War, thought to save money, and as there appeared to be ample forage in the Crimea when we landed, the necessity

for complying with a demand, made the day before the Army landed, was not convincing to gentlemen whose chief merit, and indeed duty, in peace time, is to keep down expenditure.

On the 9th of October a letter from the Commissary General was received by the Treasury to the effect that the Tartars were friendly ; that forage was abundant, but not procurable, as the Cossacks prevented its being brought in. Nothing was now done in London till the 7th of November, when more hay was ordered, but up to the 30th of that month only 270 out of the 2000 tons which had been demanded had left England, and up to the end of January, 1855, 230 tons only reached Balaklava. Mr. Kinglake attributes this failure to feed the horses of the Army, and therefore the soldiers, to "the exceeding diligence, exceeding thoughtfulness, exceeding anxiety, exceeding zeal for the public service." He adds, "It is probable that the very opposite qualities would have led to a better result." All soldiers will hope that those who are responsible for feeding the Army in future wars will not be endowed with that "exceeding" ignorance which caused those in authority to starve us nearly to death forty years ago.

Although Mr. Kinglake finds fault with the "clamours of the Press," yet he notes that when the sufferings of England's soldiers becoming known induced a change of Government, this "was followed after a very short interval by a sudden and great increase of hay despatched to the Crimea from England." I am less concerned to dilate on the cruelty

of the delay, for that, doubtless, was unintentional, but for people who were spending between a quarter and half a million sterling a week, to risk failure for the sake of £40,000 * was to show ignorance of ordinary business principles.

The inevitable conclusion to which any one will come, who has followed my story so far, must lead him to believe that our Commissary General was also in fault; so I may at once state that the Chelsea Committee of 1856 absolved him from blame. His nominal duties embraced all the Civil administration of the Army except that for hospitals. He had an insufficient Staff,† mainly recruited from clerks in Public offices, who were of course without any field experience. He had to create subordinate establishments. He alleged that the total deficit of human edible rations throughout the winter did not exceed 26,000. This might have been so on paper, for indents were always made out in advance, and the carriers, tired of waiting for many hours, often left before they had got the proper quantity: as a fact there was absolute want. In the Light and 4th Divisions the men were often on reduced quantities, and one day no rations whatever were issued. I shall show later how much better the sailors fared than the soldiers, yet during the last week in November we sailors were for two days on half rations of meat, and without biscuit, and on the 19th of December,

* It was calculated a ton of hay landed at Balaklava cost £20.

† One had served in the Peninsula; two had been to the Cape of Good Hope, in times of peace.

in the first heavy snowstorm, the Naval brigade did not receive rations of any kind.

Up to the 14th of November there was with each Division a depôt of food for one day's consumption, but the gale stopped all convoys, and then rations were not issued till the overworked ponies arrived in camp. This was often so late that the soldiers going on night duty in the trenches had no time for cooking



TAKING RATIONS TO THE FRONT IN A SNOWSTORM.

the meat, even if they had collected enough fuel, and so they were marched off, fortified only by biscuit and rum, of which later in the siege three tots a day were issued, to the serious detriment of the men's constitutions.

During a few days in December the Commissariat tried to re-establish small depôts with each Division, but our Chiefs were still hoping to assault the enemy's

works, and the Commissariat animals were taken for siege-train purposes: it is indeed less remarkable that we ran short of food, than that we did not absolutely starve.

It is easy to criticize the conduct of our Generals, but it should be remembered that the Government, by very decided instructions, had urged on them the undertaking of a great task with inadequate means, and that the error of persevering, in hopes of success, was in itself of noble origin. It led, however, to indescribable sufferings, as the miscalculation of the length of the Siege induced in a great degree the delay in providing for the approaching winter.

It was, however, as unreasonable as it was unjust to attempt to fasten the blame for the hopeless muddle which ensued, on those in the Crimea. It was caused mainly by the neglect to maintain the Departments of the Army during forty years of peace. The Government at home thought those in the Crimea must be in fault, while we thought more should have been done to help us. There are pages full of recrimination, all instructive, and some of which would be amusing if the subject were not so sad. For instance, the fury of the gale of the 14th of November left us only thirty-seven hospital marquees, and the soldiers' bell tents were so worn as to admit rain freely. Lord Raglan's Staff officer fortunately managed to purchase 4700 camp kettles and many other essential articles at Constantinople and in the Levant, and it was well he did so, for months elapsed before the demands for similar articles were met by supplies from London.

There were, however, no hospital marquees to be purchased in the East, nor were there any in store in England, and it was not till April, 1855, that they were made. Then, on the 2nd of April, the Admiralty were asked for conveyance for them. This was allotted on the 23rd, but on the 8th of May all the tentage had not been despatched!

We shall see later the terrible sufferings endured by soldiers sick unto death, for want of fixed hospitals, so I may here mention that early in May, 1854, the Director-General of the Army Medical Department proposed the establishing of Hospital ships at the seat of war, and, later, Base hospitals further back. These requests were ignored, as were also his demands that attendants for the sick should be drawn from the Army, for which duties pensioners were detailed. The medical officers objected to these worn-out soldiers being selected, but England had not enough able-bodied soldiers even for fighting purposes.

It may be asked why recall all these dismal stories? I do so because I feel sure that the trading pursuits of a commercial nation like England must always be unfavourable to military efficiency, and to the present generation our hideous sacrifice of the lives of soldiers in the Crimea is but little more known than the sufferings of our troops at Walcheren, and in the Peninsula. I believe in the advantage of telling those who elect Parliamentary Representatives what has happened, and what may happen again, unless a high standard of administrative efficiency is maintained. This cannot be attained unless the necessary Departments are

kept up and practised in their service duties during peace.

I mentioned in Chapter II. the remarkable improvement in our Medical Organization since the Crimea War, as proved in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5. It is exceedingly difficult to test the efficiency of Field Hospitals and Bearer Companies, in Peace manœuvres, it being impossible to represent adequately the *make-believe* of dangerous wounds, and to conjure up that strain of anxiety which must come over conscientious doctors after a serious battle, an anxiety with which few of their combatant brethren can fully sympathize. An attempt was, however, made at Aldershot in 1894, to exercise a part of the Department, as far as practicable, under Field Service conditions, and the Medical officers made the most of the opportunity.

The Ordnance Store Department has obtained some slight practice in Autumn Manœuvres, but these for twenty years have been carried out on a scale too limited to allow of their being made a test, either of the adequacy of what stores we possess, or of how quickly we can issue them. We know, however, from recent experiments that at some stations the Mobilization Stores and Equipment have been issued to "Units" in less than an hour's time.

The formation of the Army Service Corps, and the inculcation of business principles in the minds of the young officers who join the Department, has already effected a striking improvement in our Commissariat and Transport arrangements, but it is doubtful whether

the Public, or even some of my comrades who have not seen a serious campaign, fully appreciate the importance of the duties of Supply, and the necessity for their practice on Home Service.

There are some apparent advantages during peace times in employing contractors. England is a trading country, and Government contracts are much prized, being "good for trade." The system is sometimes apparently cheaper than that of direct purchases, because, although officers are in theory supposed to be capable of keeping supplies up to samples, and contract conditions, yet many contractors offer at prices which cannot be remunerative if the conditions are rigidly observed; and unless there is some adequate reason to the contrary, the lowest tender is necessarily accepted. However zealous and careful officers may be in checking the quantity and quality of articles, they cannot for long cope with the "trade customs" as carried out by men who have to make a living, and thus the soldier gets less value than is intended by the State.

Supply by contract failed in two great campaigns during the last thirty-five years, and it is unlikely we shall again trust to such a hazardous system; but unless our Commissariat officers buy during peace they will not know their business in war. Direct purchases should, I think, be the rule at all large military stations.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER IN THE CRIMEA DURING THE WINTER OF 1854-5.

IT was not, however, the Administrative branches only which had gone back in efficiency during a long peace. Officers and men, though unsurpassed by those of any Period for courage, did not know much about the Service conditions of a soldier's life, the instruction of the Rank and File being almost entirely in the hands of Non-commissioned officers, and the food supply and clothing under the Quarter-Master. Company officers did not as a class fully understand that their primary duty should have been to ensure that their men were sufficiently fed, and adequately clothed, nor could they do so under the arrangements then in force. Neither officers nor privates had been accustomed to think about war, for it was a contingency regarded as unlikely to recur during their period of service. Three years before, the great Exhibition of 1851 had been opened with assurances by all our most gifted politicians, that the era of Universal good-will and peace had been inaugurated with that collection of the industries of the world; and when, two years later, the Duke of Wellington died,

there was a general feeling that not only was he the last of our warrior race, but that we were unlikely to require any such in future. He possibly shared this feeling, for he did nothing towards keeping battalions ready for war. I write "battalions," for, strictly speaking, England had no Army in 1853, but merely some scattered fractions of an Army.

Some of our mistakes in the Crimea were comical. Throughout the winter the General officer commanding the Cavalry Division spared no pains to instruct those under his command, and his requests, exhortations, and admonitions showed that they were ignorant of their most elementary duties. The Dragoons went to draw forage without any means of bringing it away. On the 2nd of October the General found an advanced picquet "as unprepared for action as if they were at Hounslow Barracks;" and five days after the battle of Balaklava, an order was issued animadverting on Captain —, for that "when in command of a most important post close to the enemy, solely on the trifling excuse of hearing shouting in the enemy's camp, he relinquished his post, and bringing his picquet into camp, dismissed it without reporting to the senior officer what he had done!"

This sounds incredible, but the adverse observations on the Captain's ignorance were founded on the opinion of a Court of Inquiry which investigated the circumstances. As the Russians were not intent on aggressive action, this strange conduct was not productive of any inconvenience, but the want of system in the trenches militated seriously against progress.

In our siege works there were four co-equal and independent forces. The Engineers planned and laid out batteries and parallels; Infantry soldiers found the labour for the works and defended them; Artillerymen and Sailors "mounted," and fought the guns. Nevertheless, for months there was no chief controlling Commander, and thus in the trenches we constantly played at cross purposes, and even late in the siege, when the Engineer officer in charge asked for 100 men, who had been detailed in Army orders for work, he could not get them and had to report that "The Field officer of the trenches objected to employ a working party when I could not assure him the men would be safe!"

"Sentry go" in garrisons of Constitutional England is bad training for war purposes, which often require that a sentinel should shoot first and inquire afterwards. Our men, from their peace training, when on Picquet, often allowed Russians to approach close up, and reconnoitre the works, without firing on them, and it became necessary to issue Army orders on the subject.

Nor were we in the Naval brigade equal in knowledge of war to our adversaries, for at the end of January we were fooled into allowing a man, dressed in plain clothes, who had previously lunched in our camp, to walk through the 21-gun battery. He stated that he was an Army doctor, and spoke English with a slight Northern accent, was very intelligent, and asked many questions as to our magazines and system. He witnessed the *reventing* of a gun; and

then some of us, at his request, pointed him out the best way to the advanced trenches, which he wished to visit. He remained in the front Parallel for some time, asking about the Russian rifle-pits, and how he could best have a look at them. Eventually he put a foot on the banquette,* and, as he was being warned to keep down, or he would get shot, he started running, and, escaping our bullets, successfully reached the Russian trenches. His plans must have been well matured, for he had arrived only the previous day in Balaklava, from Constantinople.

But the most startling instance of ignorance and want of military spirit was afforded by the General officer commanding a brigade. While officers and men were suffering privation in camp, he lived on board his yacht in Balaklava harbour, two miles from his brigade in October, and seven and a half miles in November, after it had shifted camp, and thus was not present when it advanced at daylight on the 25th of October, nor for several hours when his command was under fire on the 5th of November at Inkerman. In every army there are some men incapable of soldier-like feeling, but nothing, perhaps, shows more clearly how we had forgotten the lessons of the Peninsula than that such disgraceful conduct should not have been promptly suppressed.

The Naval brigade was three days (20th–23rd of November) shifting camp, for every article—tents, hospital marquee, and ammunition—was, from want of transport, carried by the men one and a half miles

* Step of earth.

to our new camp, which was pitched in the head of a ravine running between Head-quarters and the 3rd Division. Here we were better sheltered and were nearer to Balaklava.

A day or two after shifting our position, our senior officer had a visit from the officer commanding a French regiment, stationed immediately above our camp, who said, "We think your sailors have somewhat indistinct ideas about ownership of animals. As yet our men have strict orders not to retaliate, but I must explain that this cannot continue, and as I have some of the most expert thieves in Paris under my command, unless your men desist, some morning when you awake you'll find half your camp gone!" I presume this was a word in time, for we remained good friends.

Our camp was now out of the keen, cutting winds, but what we valued still more, it was nearer to the Base. Every half-mile closer to the fuel supply was a gain, for although hitherto the Commissariat had helped us with carriage, we had now to depend on our backs and legs for all transport purposes. The work in battery became much lighter as the winter advanced, half gun detachments only, as a rule, going down; but even they were not excused transport work, for at this time the night Relief left the trenches at daylight, got back to camp in an hour; rested till 9 or 10 A.M., and then marched to Balaklava for food or for coal. This latter we carried up in haversacks, slung over each shoulder, and gave it in at the company kitchens. After the battle of Balaklava we lost the use of the Woronzow Road which was held by the

Russians. The state of the track now traversed, especially on the Col de Balaklava (*i.e.* the rise from the plain to the Upland), has been vividly portrayed by Sir E. Hamley, but even his description of its horrors falls short of the facts. On more than one occasion during the winter my boots were sucked off my feet by the tenacious mud, churned up in the rich alluvial



LE COL DE BALAKLAVA.

soil of the valley ; and in January, 1855, I saw eighteen horses trying in vain to drag a gun on a travelling carriage, with 5-foot diameter wheels, over the hill, which, early in October, offered no difficulties to the hand power of the sailors, even with the gun on the board-ship trucks.*

* Wheels of 18 inches diameter.

But all our journeys were not undertaken for the benefit of our stomachs. Our Chiefs were renewing the armament of the batteries, prior to an assault in which the English were to storm the Redan, and Barrack Battery, while the French attacked the Flag-staff Bastion. This attack was unavoidably delayed till after the Russians had been strongly reinforced, and they then occupied the Mamelon, while we were thinking of doing so, and thus the assault was eventually postponed indefinitely.

We transported our own ammunition, each Blue-jacket carrying a cartridge, 16 lbs. in weight, for the 68-pounder guns, on either side of the body. The men at first disliked carrying these to the battery, thinking 32 lbs. of powder was a disagreeable load under fire, but the officers setting the example in picking up the bags, nothing was said, and the load was soon preferred to that of round shot, as being of easier carriage. Later in the siege the Naval brigade furnished daily parties for carrying up hutting materials for the army, besides 200 men to assist the railway platelayers.

The sailors were not the only combatants acting as carriers. The Turks not only dug trenches, but carried loads for us. I described in Chapter III. how steadfastly they withstood the Russians in the early morning on the 25th of October, and have never understood why these Moslems who came out so grandly at Silistria, were considered unfit to fight alongside the English and French troops. Their courage and resignation were remarkable, even under sufferings beyond description. It was commonly asserted that the only food provision

made for them when they landed was two biscuits a man, until the already overburdened English Commissariat attempted to ration them. The Turks are naturally a proud race, and when they begged round the camps for food, and picked up our scraps, their wants must indeed have been great. As was natural, they got little or no transport assistance, and this fact led to some gruesome scenes on the Balaklava track. The mortality in their ranks was heavy, and for some reason their dead were interred in a cemetery near Balaklava, to which corpses were, as a rule, carried on stretchers. A sufficiency of these was not always available, and during the depth of the winter I often saw Turks carrying not only the sick, but also their dead comrades pick-a-back. The first such load I saw struck me as being so strange, that I went up close, and noticed that the dead man's arms were tied in front of the carrier's chest.

The infantry at Balaklava, though they escaped night duties and were better fed than their comrades in the Front, did hard work, carrying during December and January, 7000 loads of Siege materials to the Engineer Parks, and 145 tons weight of biscuit to the Army Head-quarters' depôt. It was not till the spring of 1855 that Croats were engaged as carriers, although we were within two days' steaming of Constantinople, where all merchandise and personal luggage is transported on the backs of men, who at that time earned from 9*d.* to 1*s.* per diem. The Sultan was in those days "our very good friend," and his Ministers would have assisted in providing porters if the aid of the

Porte had been invoked. If the Croats had been unwilling to come to the Crimea, except for high wages, it would have been cheaper to have paid them any sum rather than have exhausted the little remaining strength of our fighting men. We had but few of such either at home or in the Colonies, and those in the Chersonese were nearly worn out.

But, as I mentioned in Chapter I.,* in the days of which I am writing, we did not realize how costly and valuable our soldiers were, although the Ruler of the brave Sikh nation knew it well.

A man who has officially and as a matter of duty been practising economy all his life, and referring to a central office for authority to expend even the smallest sums, cannot change his habits in a few weeks, so I impute no blame, but merely record a fact noted in my journal, dated the 1st of January, 1855, which irritated us greatly at the time, as we looked at our men who were doing the work of beasts of burden—

“We were offered last week 300 ponies, brought up to Balaklava on speculation, but the officer thinking the price too high, refused to purchase till he had got authority from a superior. This he obtained, but when he returned next day the French had bought the whole cargo.”

During the last days of November, and the first of December, the Russians reconnoitred our position at night, and we were ordered to keep full gun detachments in the batteries. This was irksome, for the trenches were frequently inundated by the heavy rains,

and we had to sit on stones or shell boxes in order to keep our feet out of the water. Just before daylight on the 2nd of December, the Russians, bayoneting a pair of our advanced sentries who were sound asleep, fell on a picquet, which, benumbed with cold, could offer but little resistance. Its Relief, however, came up at the moment, and our men then charged and drove the enemy back. A few nights later, not only were the sentries killed, but several men of their Reliefs (I counted seven) were bayoneted through their blankets, while lying asleep in the advanced trench.

The Russians at this time frequently sent out a dozen men, who, crawling up near our works, opened fire. This obliged our soldiers to endeavour to keep on the alert, but their incessant work was daily rendering them less capable of remaining awake. As Lord Raglan wrote, "Our men are on duty five nights out of the six, a large proportion constantly under fire."

In the second week of December I went to sleep in the 21-gun battery about 8 P.M., when it was freezing, and I was more anxious to get out of the wind than into a dry spot. The wind dropped, and it rained about 2 A.M., when, although I felt I was getting wet, I was too tired to rise. When I tried to do so just before daylight, I could not move, the water having frozen around me, for with the coming day the temperature had again fallen. My comrades carried me back to camp, and putting hot bottles to my feet, and around my body, with loving care and attention saved me from frost-bite. Numbers of our sentries were thus affected, and six weeks later some of the

Naval brigade officers went round every morning before daylight to bring in soldiers who, from the intense cold, had become incapable of movement. Our Commodore, Captain Lushington, later in the siege records in his diary, that he watched a soldier staggering out of the trenches towards camp. The man persevered till he fell. Captain Lushington hurried up to help him, but he was already dead, having struggled on till his heart ceased to act.

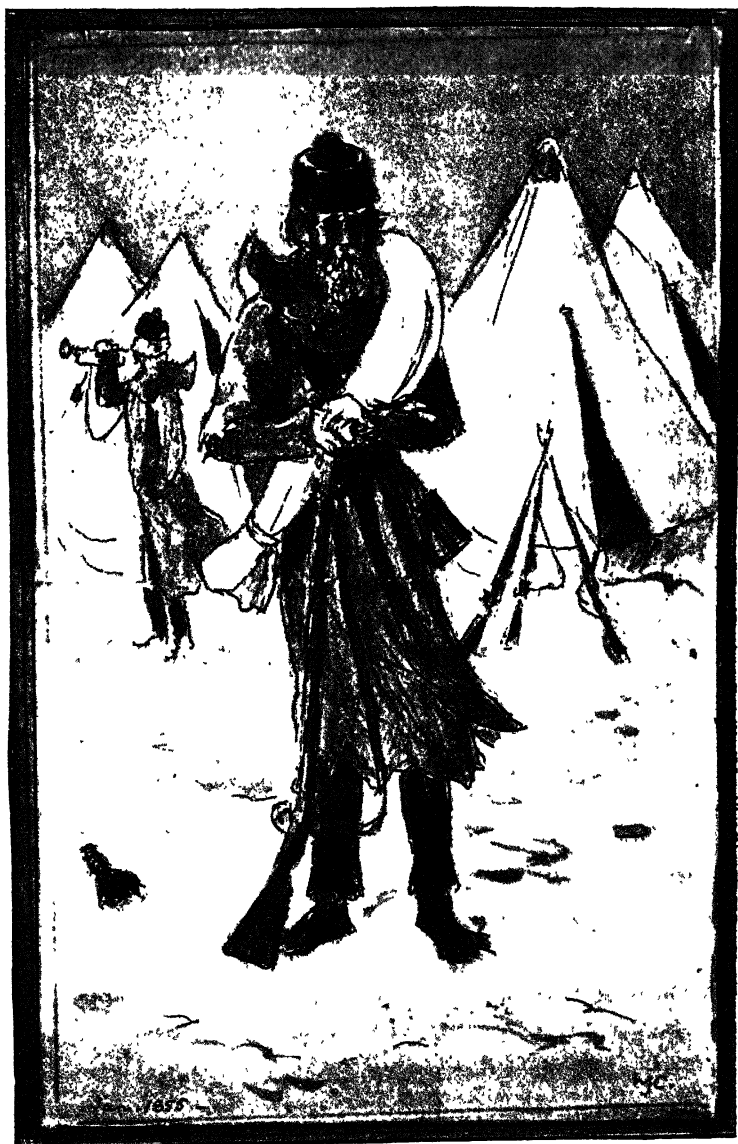
Few men till late in December had more than one shirt each, which in most cases had been worn incessantly day and night for weeks. During the last week of October, when the days were pleasantly warm, our soldiers tried to wash their only shirt; but water was scarce, and every afternoon in the trenches the covering parties might be seen sitting naked, picking vermin of all kinds from their garments. In the winter their hair and bodies swarmed with lice: they had but one pair of lace-boots, which when wet they were afraid to take off, lest they should fail to get them on again. When questioned by the doctor they would often deny that they felt numbness in the feet, lest they should be ordered to take off their boots, and go to hospital.

An Artillery officer who served in the batteries throughout the Siege, has recently written to me * that his men often marched to battery in socks, or with bare feet, when snow was lying on the ground, being unable to wear their boots. This is an interesting record, because many persons thought the *Times*

* January, 1895.

correspondent exaggerated when he wrote, "On the 8th of January, 1855, some of the Guards were walking about in the snow without any sole to their shoes." Mr. Kinglake says, "The London office willed that boots should be tight." This is unjust. The supplies of boots were then as now based on the demands of officers commanding "Units." Most men of all classes believe that women admire small feet, and therefore pinch their toes so, that when once a boot is wet it becomes useless until dried. Soldiers are like other men, and unless checked by efficient officers will always be under-fitted in boots at Home. We had not learnt this elementary lesson of efficiency up to ten years ago, for we carried a Reserve supply of boots up the Nile in sizes which no soldier could, or would, try to wear on Service.

In the early part of the winter the battalions in the Front were generally on duty two nights out of three, and later, every alternate night. The life of the Rank and File was thus spent:—The men were mustered, carrying greatcoat and blanket, just before dusk, and marched through a sea of mud into the trenches. These were cut up by deep holes from which boulders and stones had been taken, and into these holes, on dark nights, the men often fell. When the soldier reached his position, he had to sit with his back to the parapet, and his feet drawn up close under his body to allow others to pass along the four-foot-wide trench. If he was not detailed for a working party, nor for picquet in the trenches, or in advance of them, he might lie down, resting as best he could



"FALL IN" FOR THE TRENCHES.

in a wet ditch. Assuming the soldier was not on picquet, and that there was no alarm—and these were of frequent occurrence—he could, after the working parties and their reliefs had ceased to move about the trenches, repose till daylight, when he marched back to camp, and after a few hours' rest had to carry a load of some kind.

The comparative repose enjoyed by those men who were required only as a guard, or reserve in the trenches, was very different to the condition of those who were employed from 200 to 300 yards in advance of our works, often within conversational distance of the opposing sentries. The Reliefs of the sentries could snatch a dog's sleep for four hours out of six, hoping their comrades would, by remaining on the alert, give them time to jump up ere the enemy was on them; but for the two hours that each man was out near the enemy, the strain on the nervous system would have been great even to a robust, well-fed man. These sentries had necessarily to stand absolutely still, silent, and watchful, and as the severity of the weather became more and more marked, numbers of men whose frames were weakened by want of adequate nutritious food, were found in the morning frost-bitten, and unable to move. One battalion which landed nearly 900 strong early in November, was actually in the trenches six nights out of seven, and then became so reduced, not only in numbers,* but also in the men's bodily strength, that it was unable for some time to go there again.

* In February, to 290 all ranks.



A BRITISH SOLDIER ON PICKET IN FRONT OF THE CAMP.

When the soldier got back to camp, he used to lie, often in a puddle which chilled his bones, under a worn-out tent, through which the rain beat. The less robust would fall asleep, completely worn out, to awake shivering, and in many cases to be carried to a hospital tent scarcely more comfortable than the tent which they had left, and thence to a grave in two or three days. Those who were stronger went out to collect roots of brushwood, or of vines, and roasted the green coffee ration in the tin of the canteen, afterwards, as already described, pounding it in a fragment of shell with a stone, ere they boiled it for use. Others unequal to this laborious process, would drink their rum, and, eating a piece of biscuit, lie down again in the greatcoat and blanket which they had brought, often wet through, from the trenches.

In the afternoon the soldier was sent on "fatigue" duty from five to seven miles, according to the position of his camp, usually to Balaklava, to bring up rations. On his return he had again to gather fuel in order to boil the salt beef or salt pork in his mess-tin, which did not hold water enough to abstract the salt. A portion of the meat therefore only was consumed, and it was necessary from time to time to tell off men to bury the quantities thrown away. Salt pork, which was issued two days out of seven, was frequently eaten by the men in its raw state, from the difficulties of finding fuel to cook it.

Shortly before dusk the soldier either marched back to the trenches, or lay down to sleep, if he was not on picquet in front of the camp. Many men

disliking to report themselves sick, were carried back from the trenches in the morning, and died a few hours afterwards. Those who reported sick were taken to hospital, in many cases merely a bell tent ; here the men lay, often in mud on the ground, and in many instances their diet was only salt meat and biscuit. They were, moreover, so crowded together that the doctors could scarcely pass between the patients.

The Regimental Medical officers, unable to provide medical comforts, medicine, or proper housing, were eager to send down their patients, even in storm and rain, to Balaklava, as the best chance of saving their lives. As we had no ambulances, and the French could not always lend us mule litter-transport, many were necessarily carried on cavalry horses, which, slipping up on the hill outside Balaklava, often caused further injury, or the death of the patient. On more than one occasion as I was returning from Balaklava, I met a party of sick, mainly frost-bitten, riding cavalry horses, the troopers leading them, and holding the men on ; but the ground was often covered with snow and very slippery, and on the hill above Kadikoi I once saw every man dashed to the ground, from the horses slipping and falling on the hillside.

Later, the sick who were unable to hold on were fastened into the saddles, and some died on the journey.

Mr. W. H. Russell,* describing in his graphic style a ghastly scene of this nature, says, the only remark made by a working party as the mournful procession passed on was, " There's one poor fellow out of pain, anyhow! "

* Now Sir William Russell.



CAVALRY CONVEYING SICK SOLDIERS TO BALAKLAVA.

These terrible scenes affected the men of the Allied armies differently. The Briton made philosophical remarks such as quoted above. The Turk observed, with pious resignation, it was "the will of Allah." The French Generals, however, judged it expedient to bury their dead at night, that their soldiers might not see the numbers sacrificed to want of adequate previous arrangements.

A French officer in a private letter, dated February, 1855, writes—

"I have seen much misery and disease in Algeria, but nothing comparable to what I find here. I can compare it only to the retreat from Moscow. We are so broken down by sickness and privations that, so far from attempting an assault, I do not believe we can resist one." *

In the matter of burials another racial difference of feeling became manifest. The French buried their dead absolutely naked, utilizing the clothes for the survivors. When, however, an order was given not to bury the blankets with the deceased British soldier who had used it, so much resentment was shown by the Rank and File at this apparent disrespect for the dead, that the order was cancelled.

The small schoolhouse at Balaklava, which we used as a hospital, held only between 300 and 400 men, thus the great majority of the sick and wounded were necessarily laid on the beach, exposed to all weathers, while awaiting their turn for embarkation in the transports. On the steamer running between Balaklava and the Bosphorus—a voyage of from

* Senior's "Conversations," vol. ii.

thirty-six to forty-eight hours—the soldier seldom got anything but tea and biscuit, sometimes only water. During this short, but terribly trying passage, from 8 to 9 per centum succumbed, and were thrown overboard. Once on shore, there was often a further painful wait on the beach before they were carried up to the hospital. Yet no man in hospital was ever heard to complain, or even to allude to his sufferings, except as incidents inseparable from the chances of war.

I have given some instances of our ignorance of war, but surely there is nothing in history grander than the enduring courage and discipline of the British soldier as shown in the winter of 1854–5. There was practically no crime. It is true sentries fell asleep, but not till the men's strength was exhausted by starvation, exposure, and overwork. The Engineer officers often complained of the smallness of the task executed by working parties, but the majority of the workers were more fit for a convalescent home than for hard labour. When the men were so listless at night as to vex energetic Engineers who were anxious to push forward the covered ways towards the enemy's works, it needed only a sortie by the foe, and the inspiring shout of any officer whose voice they could recognize in the darkness, to send a few men headlong into a crowd of Russians. Though there was an absolute weakness of bodily strength, yet the spirit of these Old soldiers never quailed, and it was a common occurrence for men to deny feeling ill, lest they should throw more duty on their comrades.

The epoch of the Old soldier, as known in Long-

service Armies, has passed away. After twelve or fifteen years in the Ranks as a private, a man's field service value sensibly decreases. Moreover, in the present time, except in the small proportion of about one-twentieth of our forces, he declines to serve on. Therefore the "Old soldier" cannot be seen in numbers again, nor indeed would he be so effective for modern warfare as the more fully instructed private * of to-day, when the latter is stiffened by experienced Non-commissioned officers, a small proportion of Long-service, and Reserve men; but we who saw the "Old soldier" die without a murmur, may well be excused dilating on his virtues when we endeavour to describe what he suffered for our country, the Ministry of which, having given him a task far beyond his strength, failed to supply him with clothes and food. It is impossible to overpraise the disciplined silence of men under privations which in a few weeks reduced one battalion from nearly 1000 effectives to a strength of thirty Rank and File.

When the soldier reached Scutari in the early months of the war, his treatment was very different from what it became later. In peace time a man in hospital used his own under-linen, knife, fork, and spoon, and as at first there was no supply of these articles in the Field hospitals in the Front, and next to none at Scutari, the result was painful, for when dysenteric patients were admitted, their shirts, worn day and night for months, were necessarily, in many cases, cut from off the men's backs.

* When full-grown.

I mentioned in Chapter II. p. 26 that our Regimental Medical officers had no experience in administering general hospitals. It was, therefore, the more essential that the principal Medical officer of the Army in the East should have been early on the scene of his labours; unfortunately, however, the officer selected was serving in India, and thus did not arrive in the Bosphorus in time to initiate a *general hospital* system.

We had been so accustomed to stint our Medical officers, that it is probable they were not at first sufficiently pertinacious in demanding stores and medical comforts, and the Director-General of the Department thus explains his inability to utilize at first the newly accorded power of unrestricted expenditure: "The screw had been so tightly applied to me, that I could not believe myself when I knew that I could spend money without going through the regulated forms."

Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari on the 4th of November, and although, in the first instance, she acted as an adviser only of the Secretary of State for War, yet her local power increased daily; the doctors assisted her, and if our Departments were slow to move—a natural result of close inquiry into estimates—yet the irresponsible Public, when made aware, by the graphic correspondence of Mr. W. H. Russell, of the situation in the Crimea, was very sympathetic and quick to act, and the distribution of the *Times'* fund was begun at Scutari in December. A month later those in the Crimea were also benefited by it.

I have before me a sketch of Inkerman by Simpson, cut from an illustrated paper of February 10th, 1855. On the reverse side I read—

“English Funds heavy. . . . Proposed army increase of 35,000 men has a depressing effect. . . . The Army in the Crimea falls into the most ‘heartrending’ condition, but it is the Press which exposes the truth.”

Much had been done at Scutari by the single Engineer officer available before Miss Nightingale arrived, but more was needed. The buildings we occupied were magnificent in appearance, but underneath were sewers and cesspools choked with filth. The wind blew sewer gas into the corridors where many of the sick were lying. The wards had no ventilation, and the patients were greatly overcrowded. The closets in the upper floor were drained by earthen piping running down through the walls, and these being misused, as is the wont of uneducated folks, were constantly choked, causing an intolerable stench. Rags, bed-clothing, and bones were often removed from the pipes, and on one occasion the body of a newly born baby, for the building was occupied not only as a hospital, but also as a dépôt for troops. When the troops landed at Gallipoli in the early spring of 1854, the women and children accompanied some battalions, and although they were at once ordered back, a few managed to remain at Scutari.

From the end of 1854 there was continuous improvement in the drainage and administration at Scutari, and when, stricken by typhoid, I lay there

several months in 1856, until my mother's nursing and a strong constitution enabled me to travel by short stages to England, the hospital was as perfect as it could be made.* The death rate in the hospitals, both Front and Base, shows clearly when our miseries culminated—

						1854-5.
October	760
December	1900
January	3168
February...	2523
March	1409
April	582

But from February on it steadily diminished, and in the summer of 1855 was no greater than in hospitals at home.

* I gathered, in August, 1894, that the Turks had reverted to their system of drainage.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE IN THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

WHILE the soldiers were thus dying at a rate exceeding the percentage of deaths from the Great Plague of London in 1665, the Naval brigade enjoyed comparatively good health, losing $10\frac{1}{2}$ per centum only, of which 7 per centum were fatal wound cases, against an average of 15 per centum in the cavalry, and 24 per centum in those battalions around Balaklava, which carried stores. The infantry in the Front, from sickness alone, lost on an average 39 per centum, but in eight battalions which were most hardly worked the mortality amounted to 73 per centum.

There were many causes accounting for this remarkable difference in the sick lists of the military and naval forces, but their relative importance may be stated in sequence as follows:—

The sailors had—

Good cooking arrangements,	
More clothes,	} than their soldier comrades.
Less work,	

After the great gale, the Naval brigade lived in a sheltered valley. The men were in tents throughout

the winter, but these were thoroughly drained, and shelters for drying clothes were made by building up walls and covering them with hides and tarpaulins. So much importance was attached to this point that the first hut we got from England, erected about the middle of January, was converted into a drying room. The company cooks were not taken to the trenches ; * good soup cauldrons were made out of empty powder cases ; parties, commanded by an officer who himself, always carried a load, brought charcoal or coal from Balaklava daily ; our water supply was good, and close at hand, for we got some well-sinkers from the Army, and thus ensured our men drinking from an uncontaminated source. Great attention was paid to the sanitation of our camp, and to ensure its perfect cleanliness the latrines were dug on the opposite side of the ravine, over which we threw a suspension bridge.

Many of my soldier brother officers imagine that the comparative plenty in the sailors' camp was due to the supplies from the Fleet. This was not so, and we were often on the verge of want when snow lay thick on the ground. There was in the Navy no system of Store ships from which we could draw supplies, and many ships from which detachments had landed, were lying in the Bosphorus undergoing repairs. The ship to which I belonged lay, with others, for a long time off the Katcha river. I notice in a diary that when one ship's detachment quitted the brigade, it

* I believe, from December onward most battalions left some cooks in camp.

sold its store of rations to other detachments. But the military explanation of our ampler supplies, if it were accurate, would not account for the difference as fairly as the sequence of causes I have enumerated above, for the Army starved not from want of food at Balaklava, but from the inability to transport it over nine miles of roadless country. This transport work for the Naval brigade was done by the sailors themselves. The sailors got their first supply of warm clothing from their ships on the 30th of December, but we had, or took, a much freer hand in this matter than did our comrades in the Army. We received certain *Necessaries* from Army stores on application, irrespective of the time we had worn our garments since leaving our ships, while in the Army there arose delays and misunderstandings as to whether free issues of such articles were to be made, or a subsequent charge was to be exacted from the men.

In the morning, either coffee or cocoa, generally the latter, was prepared, as on board ship. On a slight increase of sickness—it being suspected that the men for the daylight Relief, in order to have a few minutes more in their blankets, did not give themselves time to drink their coffee or cocoa—they were paraded by companies ten minutes before we marched off, and were made to drink their ration in front of the officers. Quinine and lime-juice were also always swallowed on parade, and oranges were served out according to the custom of the Navy, as additional rations and not as medical comforts, which in the Army were issuable only on medical certificate.

When the men returned from the batteries in the evening, they had hot soup made from salt meat which had been for many hours in soak to extract the salt; and sometimes it was prepared from bullocks' heads, which were bought from the butchers at the adjoining Commissariat slaughter-places, when fresh meat was issued to the troops. This was in addition to our own rations, for which we drew fresh meat ten times in December. We had, moreover, another advantage over the soldiers in that our men, except those from one or two ships, spent only three or four months on shore, being recalled when their ships went home, and replaced by fresh, healthy drafts, were recently arrived from England.

The sailors had not only more clothing than the soldiers, but the officers saw that every man on returning from the trenches removed his wet garments before he was allowed to lie down, and they were dried in the shanties above described, heated with a stove for the purpose. Later in the Siege, when our men got their month's pay, there was at first some drunkenness at night. This, being detrimental to health, was at once checked by a tattoo muster parade taken by officers, who in those days did, and as I believe they still do in the Navy, much of the work performed by Non-commissioned officers in the Army.

It may seem strange that the sailors knew better how to manage to live on shore than did soldiers, but their daily duties, when at sea, quicken a man's resources of mind more than does peace service in a garrison; and, moreover, we numbered only 1200 of

all Ranks, and had many officers, so personal supervision was easy to carry out. Our work also was much lighter than that performed by the soldiers, for although I, personally, was in the trenches nearly every second night throughout the winter, most of the sailors had from three to four nights in bed.

I made the acquaintance of Lord Raglan at this time. Whenever I was not on trench, or transport duty I was sent to Balaklava, or to Kamiesh to buy food for our mess, and at the latter place I called in Kazatch Bay to see my friend Hewett,* H.M.S. *Beagle*, who had been ordered home. I stayed on board for the night, greatly appreciating not only the good food, but unlimited ablutions. When I was leaving next morning, Lieutenant Burgoyne,† H.M.S. *Swallow*, who had dined with Hewett in order to meet me, asked me to carry a letter for his father, General Sir John Burgoyne, up to Head-quarters, and I gladly assented, although to deliver it would take me some way round. Burgoyne and I had served together in H.M.S. *Queen* the previous year, when he was mate of the maintop, of which I was midshipman. While at sea in a half gale of wind, we were ordered to send down our topgallant-masts, and during the operation he showed a courage and power of bearing pain I have seldom seen equalled.

For the sake of my readers who are not acquainted with the mysteries of nautical terms, I may explain that

* Afterwards Admiral Sir W. N. W. Hewett, V.C.

† Lost, with all hands, when in command of H.M.S. *Captain*, in 1870.

to "send up" a topmast, it is placed alongside the lower mast, and is pulled up into its position by a rope passing over a pulley in the top of the lower mast, and similarly the topgallant-mast is hoisted up into position by a rope running over a pulley at the top of the topmast. In the lower end of the topgallant-mast is a hole corresponding with a hole in the top of the topmast; and when as the mast rises the two holes coincide, a wedge-shaped piece of iron called a fid, being slipped in, takes and supports the weight of the topgallant-mast.

The man at the topmast-head, whose duty it was to pull out the fid, was afraid to put both hands on to the grummet which ran through the edge of the iron wedge, for the ship was rolling so heavily in the trough of the seas as to render it difficult for any one to retain his position aloft without holding on; and Burgoyne, using strong language at the man for his want of nerve, ran nimbly aloft, and, pushing him out of the way, put both hands on to the fid and attempted to pull it out. The wood, however, after several hours' rain, had swollen, enclosing the fid so tightly that it required considerable effort to move it.

During the half-hearted efforts of the man, who only exerted the force of one arm, the Marines on deck had got tired of the strain of holding the weight, and just as Burgoyne, getting the fingers of both hands inside the hole, had succeeded in slightly moving the fid, the Marines "coming up" (*i.e.* slacking their hold), let down the topgallant-mast, weighing three-quarters of a ton, on to Burgoyne's hand, and it caught the tips of two fingers, which were crushed.

Burgoyne felt that his hand was jammed beyond any effort he could make to extricate it. If he had screamed or shouted, the fifty men on the topgallant fall * would have looked up, and he would have remained pinned by the tips of his fingers; but with extraordinary self-command, placing his disengaged hand to his mouth, he hailed the deck in a voice which rang clear amidst the howling wind, shouting, "On deck there?"—"Ay! ay!"—"Sway again." And the Marines, "falling back" (*i.e.* throwing all their weight on to the rope), lifted the mass from off my friend's fingers, who managed to withdraw his hand, though he fainted immediately, and we had to send him down on deck slung in the bight of a rope.

Rain fell as I left Kazatch, and by the time I had walked to Head-quarters, about eight miles, but which seemed to me double that distance, I was muddy to my knees, and wet through. I was anxious not to be seen, for, besides my dirty state, midshipmen in those days were taught to regard their superiors with awe. Thus we saluted carefully every senior: we stood touching our caps when addressing a post-captain, and remained bareheaded before an Admiral. Having delivered the letter, I was hurrying away when I was called back and taken in to see Lord Raglan, who was sitting at the luncheon-table with a French General, to whom I was presented, my host making me blush by relating some incidents of the bombardment, personal to myself, which he had heard from Captain Peel, and with which I need not trouble my readers. He then

* Hoisting rope.

desired one of his Staff to see after my comforts, and somewhat to my relief said nothing more till I was leaving the room. It existed in 1894 very much as then, for although the farm is occupied, the large room, as well as the small room next to it, in which Lord Raglan died, has not been disturbed in any way.

I spent Christmas Day in the battery, and while speaking to a sergeant who was in charge of a working party, what we thought was a shot lodged in the parapet close to us without interrupting our conversation at first, but a few seconds later it burst, and a fragment cut my cap off my head, but without hurting me.

I dined that night with Captain Peel, to whom I had been acting as Aide-de-camp for some time, his own Aide-de-camp, who was a shipmate, having been away sick on board H.M.S. *Diamond*. The other three guests were Captains Lushington, Burnett, and Moorsom, so I felt much honoured. Peel did everything well, from duty downwards; and the dinner was a triumph of art, considering the circumstances.

While officers fared tolerably that day, the state of the Rank and File was not far removed from starvation. It was well perhaps that the members of Captain Peel's party did not at the moment realize the intensity of the suffering of those lying near them. Individual effort would have been useless, and we certainly could not have enjoyed our dinner had we known what the proud silence of the old Long-service soldier generally concealed.

We know it now, however, from published letters, and I quote a graphic description of the situation, written by a senior Regimental officer :—

“In our happiest times, in dear old England, a brighter sun never looked down upon us than it did on Christmas Day, 1854. Standing that day on Green Hill, the yellow ruins of Sevastopol, and the white tents of the beleaguering Armies stretched on either side, caused many reflections—sad and solemn retrospection for the brave men who slept the sleep of death around us ; joyful and glorious perspective picturing to myself the ultimate fate of the formidable fortress. Perhaps I may have been too sanguine, but ‘Hope on, hope ever,’ is a good motto. Such was Christmas Day, 1854, 4 P.M. ; yet to that hour the Division to which I belong had not received an ounce of meat a man for dinner—in fact, dinner we had none.”

From the end of the year to the middle of January was perhaps the climax of our misery. Men died in great numbers still, and on the 1st of January there were only 11,367 at—and of them it cannot be truly said they were fit for—duty. I showed in the preceding Chapter how unwilling the soldiers were to report themselves as “unfit for duty,” but the following statistics * prove how grievously the men suffered. There were in November, 1854, 16,846 men sick ; December, 1854, 19,479 ; January, 1855, 23,076.

Now, however, matters improved, for nearly every man got two shirts, socks, and an extra blanket, and some greatcoats had been issued ; by the 20th of January over 6000 sheepskin *jumper*s had been given out, and towards the end of January

* Russell’s “Great War with Russia.”

liberal issues were made. Some of my readers may remember *Punch's* pathetic picture of two starved, wan, threadbare soldiers on sentry in a snowstorm. One is saying, "Jim, they say they'll give us a medal!" "Indeed! Maybe they'll give us a coat to put it on!" But the drawing, graphic as it is, scarcely conveys the intense previous suffering of our men, who died, as they lived, without making a complaint.

Though supplies of food, clothing, and comforts were now being landed, the men were too enfeebled to recover at once, and in January our Right Attack, over a mile in extent, was often at the mercy of the enemy, who, if they had known our weakness, might have easily destroyed our guns and magazines. The usual number we could afford to send down to the trenches was about 350 all ranks, and on one night it dropped to less than 300; yet the remnants of our battalions struggled on. One battalion paraded, exclusive of officers, with only one sergeant and seven privates, and in stronger corps many companies numbered only from seven to eight files.

During the whole of January our soldiers had as much as they could do in keeping the trenches free of mud and snow, and at that time the hair on the men's faces was often covered in icicles. The soil varied from an impenetrable frozen hardness, which defied the spade, to a soft and sticky mud, which clung to it but in the last week of January there was a slight improvement in the weather, and matters were then improving also at our Base.

We found Balaklava, a village of 500 inhabitants



ON SENTRY IN THE TRENCHES.

neither cleaner nor dirtier than most Tartar locations, but from want of system it went from bad to worse. Dead animals floated on the water; dead carcasses, human and animal, were buried all around, many so incompletely as to be washed up when a Westerly wind raised the water in the harbour. There were no slaughter-houses, no latrines, and most people did what suited them best without regard to the most ordinary feelings of decency, or to the health of others. The harbour was crowded with shipping, carrying mixed cargoes, loaded in England without due consideration for unloading at Balaklava, and thus both human and animal food, tents, warm clothing, heavy ordnance, and siege material were frequently stowed in one big vessel. In most ships bills of lading were sent out, but when alterations of cargo were made at intermediate ports in the Mediterranean, which often happened, the changes were not always noted.

With the arrival, at the end of January, of Admiral Boxer, who took charge of the port, landing stages were built, and things began to go straighter, if at first not so smoothly as at Kamiesh, where the French, utilizing their Algerian experiences, had everything well arranged from the outset.

During the month of February, though the tide of our misery had slackened, there was yet much suffering. About the third week there was a heavy fall of snow, accompanied by a biting Northerly wind. Our numbers were increased by drafts, and on the 1st of February our Strength was 44,000, but of these 18,000 only were present, and, unfortunately, the drafts

were not of the same stamp as the men they had replaced. In September, 1854, our Army averaged seven years' service,* but the lads coming out now were eighteen years of age or under, and many had never been taught how to shoot. A general officer writing on the 8th of December, mentions seeing these boys at squad drill, as he passed through the camps. Moreover, many of the officers were equally inexperienced, and in May, 1855, the Engineer officers complained that "the daily expenditure of ammunition by the guards of the trenches is enormous. The men, principally recruits, and the greater number of officers, young lads, are perfectly ignorant of their duties; the men are not under control, and empty their pouches as soon as they can." And again, the Engineers complained that "instead of waiting quietly the approach of the enemy, they (the recruits) cheer and fire wildly when expecting an attack, causing confusion, in which they frequently wound each other." We were learning, however, in many ways, and later, always had a general officer on duty in the trenches, who, by controlling all branches of the Service, made everything work more smoothly.

In the depth of the winter the magazines, which were kept well drained, were the only restful spots in the batteries. Although they could not hold, with any degree of comfort, more than one man, officers would often on various pretexts get inside. On one occasion the officer of a distinguished regiment, during a night of pitiless rain, offered the magazine man a ration of rum, which the sailor accepted, inviting

* This is from memory.

the officer inside, as indeed was expected. After an hour's conversation the Bluejacket, being anxious to get rid of his guest, and having tried in vain to induce him to move, set to scratching himself, and, with much bad language, protested he was being eaten alive. The officer immediately left, and the sailor was enabled to lie down at full length!

In the last week of February two Russian men-of-war were moored in the Upper harbour, under the Inkerman Ridge, and annoyed greatly our 2nd Division by throwing projectiles into its camp. In order to lift the shells over the intervening heights, the gun firing them was slung on deck, in something like the position of a mortar. Captain Peel worked out a scheme, on which he did me the honour of asking my opinion. His idea was to take six boats after dark down the face of the cliff almost opposite to the steamers. We were then to launch the boats, pull out about 300 yards, and "board" the ships, killing or driving below the only few men who, as we believed, would be on deck after the crews had retired to rest. In case of success, we were then to tow the ships ashore, or, if necessary, higher up the harbour, immediately under the hill, on the crest of which the battle of Inkerman was fought.

When pressed for an opinion as to the probable result of our undertaking, I expressed myself as doubtful of its success, but urged that any loss of men we might incur would be compensated for by the fright we should give the Russians, who would probably withdraw their steamers, and by the spirit of

adventure which would be imparted to our men. The Naval Commander-in-Chief, however, thought the operation was too hazardous, and declined to allow it.

Nevertheless, Captain Peel's scheme having become known, stimulated the thoughts of other seamen, and later in the siege, John Shepherd, boatswain's mate of H.M.S. *St. Jean d'Arc*, invented and constructed a very small boat, suitable for carrying one man and a powerful explosive. This duck-like structure floated only three inches above the water, and in it, after giving notice, he visited in succession several ships of our squadron anchored outside Sevastopol, without being discovered. He then conceived an idea of launching his boat in the harbour, and paddling it under one of the Russian men-of-war, to which he proposed to fix an explosive, and retire before the fuse acted. On the 15th of July, 1855, in the presence of the officers commanding the Naval brigade, Shepherd launched his little craft, under protection of the French sentries, in Careenage Bay, and paddled Westwards until his progress was stopped by a number of boats conveying troops from the Inner harbour to the North side. No one appears to have noticed him, but he could not venture through the constant stream of boats, and eventually retired in safety back to Careenage Bay shortly before daylight.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OPENING OF THE APRIL BOMBARDMENT.

DURING the gloom of the winter the monotony of the men's lives was never broken by the sound of music, except when the shrill bugles of the Zouaves heralded the approach of a battalion of that corps. The bands which the English had taken to the Crimea had been broken up, the bandsmen being detailed as orderlies in the field hospitals.

As the weather improved, the troops, comforted by an abundance of warm clothing and supplies of all sorts, became more cheerful, and while the number sent to hospital did not diminish, yet those remaining at duty became more efficient, regarding life with brighter eyes. This feeling is well exemplified by an amusing story, told in Mr. Kinglake's sixth volume. An officer of the Guards asked a sergeant, "Are not things beginning to look rather better?" and received for reply, "They are, sir; the men are beginning to swear again!"

There were many letters written by the Rank and File about this time to mothers and sisters, which were published in the newspapers, and eagerly perused,



THE BRITISH SOLDIER, WHEN THE WARM WEATHER AND THE WARM CLOTHING ARRIVED.

for the British public was deeply moved by the dismal accounts of the painful sufferings endured by the troops. Most of the letters might be tersely described as resembling that of the Ensign in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," written when embarking for Waterloo ; but now the comfort of the warm clothing had a great effect, and towards the end of January, letters from sergeants in the Light division mention that supplies had been received. This sort of evidence is more satisfactory to most civilians than that afforded by any official documents.

Though we had received clothes, they were of a varied nature. Those most appreciated were rough jackets lined with rabbits' skins. The officers had landed in full dress, and, perhaps from the conviction of its unsuitability for active service, there had grown up a feeling against all uniform ; but from whatever cause, there was certainly a strong aversion to smartness of dress, which must have vexed the older Generals.

This tendency to run into strange costumes gave rise to some ludicrous scenes, one of which happened to a friend of mine, a Major in the Light division, who was mistaken for a cabaret keeper. In the early spring he was standing in his shirt-sleeves at the door of a small shanty he had built, wearing a pair of French trousers, a red cummerbund,* and a Turkish fez on his head.

The Major, who, having been educated in France, spoke the language not only fluently, but with the accent and idiom of a Frenchman, was watching a

* Waist-sash.

party of Zouaves on their way to the trenches, and was admiring the light-hearted, chattering men as they passed along. One of the officers said to my friend—

“Hola! as tu de l'absinthe?” and received for reply—

“Mais oui certainement.”

The Frenchman said, “Servez donc et qu'on se dépêche!”

The Major brought out glasses and mixed the absinthe as the French like it. A number enjoyed a drink, and as they were moving off, one said—

“Combien?”

“Mais rien!”

“Pas de blague! on ne donne pas de l'absinthe pour rien!”

My friend repeated, “Messieurs, rien!” adding, “Je suis le commandant du—— Regiment de la ligne Anglaise, et je suis charmé d'avoir en l'occasion d'être utile a nos camarades Français.”

The Frenchmen were immensely astonished, and with many expressions of apology marched on. A few days afterwards the remaining officers of the battalion came to apologize, with the result that the Major's stock of absinthe was finished.

The contrast between the wan soldiers in threadbare garments and the battalions landed as re-inforcements, was very striking for the first few days; but our uniform of those days being made for show and not for work, the new-comers after a few days hastened to get rid of their tight clothes.

Those who were landed as late as the second week in February had some experience of what the survivors of mid-winter had undergone, for in the third week of



AN OLD HAND WATCHING NEW BOYS DISEMBARKING AT BALAKLAVA, 1855.

February there was a very heavy fall of snow, which continued for forty-eight hours. During the storm Captain Wolseley, 90th Light Infantry, who was lent

to the Engineers for duty, had a curious adventure. He had left the Middle Ravine to walk up to the 21-gun battery Right Attack, and although he knew the ground perfectly, yet, blinded by the thick and driving snow, he brought up his left shoulder, and thus, instead of going due West, walked in a North-Westerly direction. Stumbling along, he noticed in front a large boulder of stone, on which he thought to rest for a minute, but as he was sitting down he saw three Russians sheltering under the far side of it. They all had rifles in their hands, but were either too startled or too cold to use them; for Wolseley, who was unarmed, by using his legs quickly, got back to our trenches before the Russians fired at him.

On the 14th of March we lost a friend, Captain Craigie, Royal Engineers, who had never missed a day's work since the 7th of October, when he laid out the first battery. He had just been relieved by Captain Wolseley, and had reached the Middle Ravine, where, in the act of lighting his pipe, he was struck down by a mortar shell, greatly regretted by all of us. Lord Wolseley had no difficulty in showing me the place (August, 1894), for the covered way from the 21-gun battery into the Middle Ravine still exists. A little further South, *i.e.* higher up the ravine, there is a cluster of trees, marking the French burying-place, opened after they relieved our 2nd Division on the extreme Right Attack. The French are a practical people in war, and they added a length to the grave pit every morning, so that it was always

ready for the corpses, which were stripped and buried as soon as the soldiers were dead.

On the 22nd of March the Russians attacked the French near the Mamelon early in the evening, with several columns of battalions of soldiers and sailors, led by General Khrouleff. They were driven back, but not without loss of some valuable lives. The night was very dark, which added to the difficulty of distinguishing friends from foes, and although there was a constant roll of musketry, most of the fighting was hand-to-hand. We learnt from a Russian officer that Captain Létors de Crécy single handed fought several Russians until, exhausted by bayonet wounds in the chest, and a sword cut on the head, he fell to the ground. One of his limbs was amputated, but he survived six days, tenderly nursed by some Greek Sisters of Charity.

The Russians broke through the French parallel which was being pushed on towards the Mamelon, and passed thence along the rear of the trench connecting the English and French Attacks. They first came on detachments of the 77th and the 97th Regiments, but were eventually repulsed at the point of the bayonet, Captain Hedley Vicars, of the 97th Regiment, being killed in the charge. He was well known not only for his great and unaffected piety, but also for a courage which was as remarkable in action as it was in the most painful scenes of a cholera-stricken camp.

After this attack had failed, the Russians sent on another strong column, which was led by a

handsome Circassian Chief, who was attended by a small bugler about sixteen years of age. The lad stood on the parapet of No. 8, a mortar battery, sounding the advance, until he fell pierced by seven bullets. The Russians were met by parties of the 7th Fusiliers, and 34th Regiments. As the Circassian came over the parapet he was engaged by Captain the Honourable Cavendish Browne, who, breaking through his guard, cut the Circassian over the head. He, though mortally wounded, nevertheless managed to draw his pistol, and not only killed Captain Browne, but endeavoured to explode the magazine. He was again wounded by a pistol-shot fired by the magazine man, who having been asleep when the Russians entered the battery could not get away. Some accounts say that the Russians were in the battery for a quarter of an hour, but this is doubtful, for besides the strenuous resistance of the 7th and 34th men, there was a working party of 250 of the 90th Light Infantry not far off. These men were brought up in silence by Captain Vaughan, and, surprising the Russians, poured a volley into them at a close range. Some confusion now ensued, it being supposed that the 90th had fired into French troops, until the 7th and 90th received a volley from the Russians. Then Captain Vaughan, four non-commissioned officers, and fourteen men of the 90th, and some of the 7th Fusiliers, rushed into the midst of the enemy and, after a severe struggle, drove them back.* It is

* In Nolan's History the names of the non-commissioned officers are given.

remarkable that in Lord Raglan's despatch of the 24th of March there is no mention of the charge of the 90th Light Infantry. This doubtless occurred from the fact of the officer in immediate command of the troops being taken prisoner by the Russians, and his successor not knowing of the 90th having joined in the fight.

Next day a flag of truce was arranged in order to bury the dead, and I was sent to the battery with a large piece of calico, which I handed over to the Senior officer, with the order to hoist it at 12.30 P.M., and then hurried on to our most advanced trench to try and reach the Mamelon before sentries were posted. While waiting, I amused myself by shouting and throwing stones at five of our soldiers, who, not having been relieved at daylight, had remained out in front, and had made themselves as small as possible in the grass. They were so sound asleep that they never awoke until, on seeing the flag hoisted, I ran out and shook them. I then "doubled" on to the front, and after picking up a wounded Russian from the Northern side of the ravine, and sending him back by soldiers who were following me, I got on to the ridge connecting the Mamelon and Malakoff, where I was stopped by a Russian officer; not, however, before I had time to look at the fall of the ground to the North of the ridge, which was my main object, since it was there that the Russians would inevitably form up their reserves to retake the Mamelon after the French had carried it by assault, which was then in contemplation. Sentries were now placed on either side, and for two

hours the combatants chatted, some few Russian officers speaking English, and several being conversant with French.

On my way back from the front I went to have a look at the Circassian Chief who had fallen in leading so gallantly the Russian attack. He was a fine, well-formed man, about fifty years of age. Besides the cut over his head, there were three deep bayonet wounds in the chest and the scars of two wounds received in previous fights. Alongside of him lay about a dozen Russians, and outside the battery some five score more bodies.

During this cessation of hostilities, some Russian officers remarked on the excellent practice made by a 68-pounder gun in the 21-gun battery, and informed us that they had one of equally heavy calibre, with which they meant the following morning to silence our gun which had done them much damage. The challenge was eagerly accepted. Soon after daylight next morning the Russian gun opened fire, and was answered, shot by shot, from our right 68-pounder, no other guns taking part in this duel. Our practice was superior to that of the foe, and after we had answered with seventeen shots, the Russians "ceased firing," and dropped a mantlet over the embrasure, thus admitting that their gun was silenced.

Captain Peel, who had gone on board when the *Diamond's* detachment re-embarked, came back on the 2nd of April with 200 Bluejackets from his new command, H.M.S. *Leander*, and took me as his Aide-de-camp, but on the 6th I nearly lost the appointment.

On coming into the battery from the Woronzow Ravine several men shouted, "Look up, sir!" and I saw a mortar shell in the air over my head, but though it fell close to me it failed to burst. I valued the appointment not only for its connecting me more closely with one I admired so much, but because it gave me forage for my pony. Feeding it in the depth of winter had been a serious difficulty, and some of my methods were not such as I can now commend, although my pony had done Public service throughout the siege. Elsworthy * and I, in one of our earliest visits to Balaklava, had observed the stacks of barley on the wharves laid out for the ration parties, and later we took the pony down, I carrying somewhat ostentatiously a bottle of rum, the accumulation of my ration. The sentry, perceiving the rum, pony, and two men with lashings, walked to the end of his "beat" and looked towards the mouth of the harbour till we had balanced and lashed a sack on the saddle, when, as we departed, he returned and picked up the bottle I had placed between two sacks. For a week or ten days only this source failed us, and during this time the pony was fed on biscuits, and bread bought in the French camp, costing 2s. 6d. for a 2 lbs. loaf. I built a shanty for it, gave it one of my blankets, and it was never sick or sorry.

On one occasion I profited by the animal's sagacity and memory of localities. I had been sent with a message, and as night closed in, losing my way, I rode close up to the Russian lines near where the

* Vide Chapter VI., p. 99.

Allies joined hands. I perceived my mistake, but could not identify my position, so threw the reins on the pony's neck. It wheeled sharply round and carried me straight back to our camp. At 2 A.M. on the 18th of June, 1855, when I was going out with the storming party, in which I was severely wounded, I tied the pony up to a gun in the 21-gun battery, and never saw it again till late in July, when we met under the following extraordinary circumstances:—I had been ten days on board H.M.S. *Queen*, off Sevastopol, and in Therapia hospital for nearly a month, when, as my wound showed no inclination to heal, I was sent to Constantinople, and there embarked for Portsmouth. The steamer sprung a leak next day, and we were transferred to another ship, which was actually under weigh, when to our great disgust we were ordered by signal to anchor, and wait for two officers and two horses. These were Major Forster, 4th Dragoon Guards,* with his charger, and Major Radcliffe,† 20th Regiment, and my pony, which neighed with delight on seeing me. Neither officer knew anything about the pony. I learnt later that a captain of a merchant vessel owned by my uncle, Mr. Western Wood, had visited the camp after I had been wounded, and, at the request of my mess-mates, had got the pony taken to Constantinople by a friend. It lived at my mother's and sister's home, in Essex, till 1883.

* Now Master of the Horse to the Viceroy of Ireland, a post the Colonel has filled in the household of many Lords-Lieutenant.

† Now General Radcliffe, C.B.

Early in April Lord Raglan, accompanied by Sir Harry Jones, walked round the Right Attack, and on reaching the guns under my charge, he complained of fatigue and asked where he could sit down. Sir Harry desired us to place some shell boxes near the 68-pounder as a seat for the Commander-in-Chief. Possibly he was not aware that this gun was drawing most of the desultory fire then being carried on. The Engineer-in-Chief went away to another part of the battery, and had scarcely left us when a shot cut through the parapet six inches above Lord Raglan's head, smothering him with stones and earth. As he stood up to shake the earth off his head, calm and unmoved as usual, he said, "Quite close enough."

It rained all night of the 8th-9th of April, and when we went to our guns in the morning the water was up to the level of the platforms, which were raised about a foot above the ground in the trench, in which the battery was formed. The Russians apparently did not anticipate our renewing the bombardment that morning, and must have had very few gun detachments in their batteries, as neither the Malakoff nor the Redan answered our fire for some time. Soon after we had "opened," an Aide-de-camp came down from Head-quarters and ordered us to cease firing immediately, and block up the embrasures, as it was considered that the weather was too inclement for making good practice. We had scarcely complied with the order when another messenger arrived desiring us to re-open immediately. I had charge of three guns, one an 8-inch 65 cwt. gun, and two

32-pounders 56 cwt. guns. With the 8-inch, which was manned by men who had served in the first bombardment, we soon got the range and made good practice, but the shooting of the 32-pounder guns' crews, furnished by H.M.S. *Leander*, was very wild, and eventually, by verifying the "laying" of the two Numbers 1, I found both were short-sighted. While I was getting the range with the centre gun, the Captain of the right-hand gun sent such erratic shots that I ordered him to "cease firing," when No. 3, the Loader, by name Michael Hardy, asked if the gun's crew might "change rounds," and that he might take the duties of No. 1. This I sanctioned, and after two trials "getting on" the target—a gun in the Malakoff battery—he made excellent practice. The Russians answered our fire slowly,* but carefully.

During the first hour's work the embrasure of the 8-inch gun, which drew the greatest portion of the fire, was cut down and rebuilt three times. After firing between two and three hours, the 8-inch gun, which stood in the angle of the battery, the right half of which fired at the Malakoff, while the left half fired at the Redan, became so hot that we were obliged to "cease firing," and the men released from their work crowded up on the raised platform so as to stand out of the water, which in the dug-out trench was half-way up to their knees. The other two guns remained in action.

* There was a scarcity of ammunition for a time, and Colonel Todleben was obliged on one occasion to empty infantry cartridges to provide powder for a battery.

It was important to observe exactly the first impact of each shot, which, with a steady platform for the telescope, I was able to effect, calling out "Good! ten yards to the right," or "Twenty yards short," as the projectiles struck the parapet, or ground. I was resting my left hand with the telescope on the 8-inch gun, and was steadying my right hand on the shoulder of Charles —, 1st class boy, while I checked the practice of the centre and right-hand gun, when a man handed round the grog for the guns' crew then out of action. The boy asked me to move my elbow while he drank his grog, so that he might not shake me, and on receiving the pannikin he stood up, and was in the act of drinking, when a shot from the Redan, coming obliquely across us, took off his head, the body falling on my feet. At this moment Michael Hardy, having just fired his gun, was "serving the vent." This consists of stopping all current of air from the gun which, if allowed to pass up the vent, would cause any sparks remaining after the explosion to ignite the fresh cartridge. Hardy, like the rest of the gun's crew, had turned up his sleeves and trousers as high as he could get them; his sailor's shirt was open low on the neck and chest. His face, neck, and clothes were covered with the contents of the boy's head; to lift the thumb from the vent might occasion the death of Nos. 3 and 4, the Loader and Sponger, who were then "ramming home;" but he never flinched. Without moving his right thumb from the vent, with the left hand he wiped the boy's brains from his face and eyes as he looked round on us. Those sitting near

me were speechless, startled, as indeed was I, for the boy was a shipmate, and I had felt the wind of the shot, which passed within six inches of my face, when we were awakened to a sense of the situation by Hardy's somewhat contemptuous exhortation as he thus addressed the men: "You — fools, what the hell are you looking at? Is the man dead, take his carcase away; isn't he dead, take him to the doctor. Jim, are you home?"—this was said to No. 3, the Loader, who was in the act of giving the final tap on ramming home the fresh charge, and on getting the answer, "Yes," without bestowing another look at us, or possibly even seeing me, Hardy gave the order to his gun's crew, "Run out, Ready."

I saw a great deal of Hardy after this episode, for always going to battery together, he carried down my blanket and tea-bottle, receiving my allowance of rum for his services. He was in many ways a remarkable man, for, having been previously stationed on shore for a little time in Eupatoria, he collected, doubtless by questionable means, some ponies, which he used to let out on hire to the officers of the fleet for a ride. Brave beyond description, he was an excellent sailor in all respects when kept away from drink, but any excess rendered him unmanageable. I shall relate his heroic end in Chapter XIX.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END OF THE APRIL BOMBARDMENT.

In the previous chapter I narrated the courageous self-possession of Michael Hardy, Able-seaman of H.M.S. *Leander*, in a trying moment; but a few days later our soldier fellow-workers in the batteries gave us proofs of sustained determination never perhaps surpassed in even the grand history of the Royal Artillery Regiment. Hitherto, as regards the Siege operations, I have written almost entirely of the sailors' work as carried on in the batteries of the Right Attack. And this is natural, for, except while carrying messages, I spent most of my daily life therein, and to all of us "things seen are mightier than things heard;"* moreover, all those serving in the Right Attack realized that from the nature of the ground, it was on their front that the ultimate struggle must be decided. The reason for this can be seen from a glance at the map on page 85. The original batteries on Green Hill in the Left Attack were of great use in beating down the fire of the Redan and Barrack batteries; but the ridge on which our Left Attack batteries stood, descends

* Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."

gradually till it terminates at the head of the Inner Harbour, the end of the spur available for breaching batteries being from sixty to forty feet below the Redan, and the other opposing Russian works erected further to the Westward. Thus an advance towards the Karabelnaia suburb on this line, practically brought us merely to the foot of the steep, and in places almost wall-like, cliff, bounding the Northern side of the Woronzow-road Ravine.

Immediately after the arrival of General Niel, who came out to the Crimea to explain the French Emperor's views on the Siege, he pointed out the impossibility of effecting anything decisive by advancing from our Left Attack. Nevertheless the parallels of that Attack had been carried forward, and in the Third Parallel, opposite to, and 700 yards from, the Crow's Nest, two batteries had been constructed, styled Nos. 7 and 8, but up to the April bombardment they had not been armed. To get the guns down over the open space from the First Parallel was impossible during the day-time, and when the nights were dark the roughness of the ground at any time, and especially just then when continuous rain had made the soil very heavy wherever the rock was not near the surface, rendered the work extremely difficult. The task was completed, however, during the night 11th-12th, and about two hours before sunset on the 12th of April the battery opened fire without attracting much notice, or suffering serious damage.

Captain Oldershaw, Royal Artillery, who had received orders to fight his guns at all risks, marched

next day into the battery with two officers and sixty-five of all other ranks, and so thoroughly executed his orders that he silenced the guns in the "Crow's Nest," of the Garden batteries, after two hours' work. He was, however, overwhelmed later by the fire of thirty guns, many of heavy calibre, which, having been concentrated on his four 32-pounders, struck down half the company, dismounted three of the guns, and, in the words of the officer in command, "literally swept away the battery." Eventually the fourth gun was disabled, but neither Captain Oldershaw, nor the men still untouched, offered to leave the position, in which they remained until, after having sustained this unequal conflict for nearly five hours, an order was received to withdraw the men. Three of the dismounted guns were lying upset, but with their muzzles in the air, and as the survivors marched out, a salvo was fired from these disabled pieces. Of the sixty-five non-commissioned officers and men who marched into battery before daylight, eighteen had been sent away with wounded men, leaving forty-seven in action. Their casualties were forty-four killed and wounded.

Next morning an order was given (in error) for Captain Oldershaw to fight the battery again, but with fresh detachments. He was on parade when the eighteen men employed as stretcher bearers, and the three survivors of the previous day's fighting, sent a message through the senior surviving effective non-commissioned officer, a corporal, begging to be allowed to accompany him. Another officer had, however, already been detailed, but although he and his men

behaved remarkably well, and their efforts in the rebuilt battery were supported by six guns in No. 8 battery, which had been armed during the night, yet by sunset on the 14th Nos. 7 and 8 batteries were crushed, the gun detachments were withdrawn, and were not replaced.

The British soldier does not often require speeches to raise his courage on going into action, but every one of us is the better for the contemplation of heroic deeds; and were I a Royal Artilleryman, I should try to so record this achievement that young gunners might learn the names of those three survivors of the five-hours' artillery duel on the 13th of April, who, having seen 93 per centum of their comrades fall, begged for permission to recommence, with their captain, the same deadly work the following day.

Before nightfall on the 9th of April the batteries on one face of the Redan had been silenced, and when darkness closed in, and we could no longer see to lay our guns, a shower of mortar-shells * was directed on the Russians, who nevertheless worked so unremittingly throughout the night, that early next morning they reopened fire on us without any perceptible loss of power. The French had, however, breached the Central bastion, and inflicted terrible loss on the Flagstaff battery, and by the evening of the 10th had practically destroyed the so-called "White Works," which had

* When once the requisite charge of powder has been ascertained, accurate observation of the objective is not absolutely essential for mortar practice.

been erected by the Russians at the end of February on the lower spur of the Inkerman ridge.

Early on the 11th of April I was sent by Captain Peel from the 21-gun battery with a note for Captain Lushington, the Commander of the Naval brigade, and by him was ordered to take it on to Lord Raglan. Scribbled on a scrap of paper were these words: "If the Allies intend to assault, a better opportunity than this will not offer. The fire of the Russian batteries of the Malakoff is completely crushed." When galloping to Head-quarters my pony put his foot into a hole, and turning right over, rolled on me, covering my face and clothes with mud. I thus appeared before Lord Raglan, who was in the farmyard at Head-quarters, casting troop horses, apparently belonging to his escort. He astonished his Staff by warmly shaking hands with the very dirty midshipman as he offered me breakfast. He then read the note, but merely remarked, "Impossible, I fear."

As I was re-entering the battery I met four men carrying away the body of my friend and messmate, Lieutenant Douglas, the top of whose head had been knocked off by a round shot. He could not have suffered, as on the handsome face there was a smile such as I had often seen. He was a great favourite with all, but I, living in the same tent for six months, had become especially attached to him. Singularly unselfish, he had by his undaunted courage attracted the notice of Captain Peel, who admired his demeanour, calm under the hottest fire, and he was one of the four officers whom Captain Peel invited in the first

bombardment to affect, even if they could not feel, a perfect disregard of fire. This Douglas never failed to do, but not in a spirit of bravado, and I cite his case to contradict some false impressions given in Mr. Kinglake's volumes. He describes the sailors as performing monkey-like tricks under fire, and attributes to this cause the severe loss incurred by the Naval brigade. I never saw any such behaviour in the Right Attack, and am confident it was not permitted in any of our batteries. We had very few amateur visitors. Neither Mr. Kinglake, nor any other civilians came often into the Right Attack batteries during the bombardments. They would have been foolish to have done so, for the higher ground, a mile farther back, was not only safer, but afforded a better view. This they enjoyed, but had to accept their information of our work at second-hand, and it was often very inaccurate.

Captain Peel endeavoured to induce his officers to assume that "heads up and shoulders back" deportment under fire, which I saw carry the [42nd] 1st Royal Highlanders into Coomassie twenty years later. My Chief was years in advance of the age. He was not only a practical seaman, but an acute observer of human nature. He realized long before his contemporaries, that an undue, excessive regard for men's lives does not conduce to victory over a brave enemy. I am glad to have lived to see the principles of Peel's teaching accepted. Our Drill Book of 1893, reversing the instruction for the serpent-like method of approaching an enemy, as formerly taught, lays down for our recruits that "moves from cover to cover, unless

specially ordered to the contrary, must be made in an upright position." The Germans have gone further in this direction, and practise their men to march to the assault of a position with serried ranks, and in step regulated by beat of drum. Peel recognized the enormous moral force exerted by a courageous leader, and Douglas gave us the best example of conduct when under fire.

When I got back to camp on the evening of the 10th, Douglas observed to me while at dinner, "You lost a good many men to-day ; perhaps it will be my turn to-morrow !" I replied laughingly, "Oh yes, and mine next day." He recurred several times to the subject, meeting my argument that we had often been under fire without being hurt by quoting, "The pitcher goes often to the well, but gets broken at last." After dinner he strolled out, and on his return said, "I've been over to the *London's* tent, and they are in trouble, for poor Twyford, their mess caterer, has been killed, so I shall close my accounts now, and you shall all pay up to-night." This we did, and in spite of my earnest remonstrances, he insisted on giving back some money he was keeping for me. Captain Peel told me he saw the shot pass close over the parapet, and hearing the dull thud emitted by a solid projectile striking the human body, said to an officer at his side, "I feel sure that has told on some one."

During the ten days of this bombardment the Russians were, as we heard later, short of powder, but their practice was much better than in October. One

shell dropping into the magazine of the 8-gun battery in our front, killed one man and wounded nine others, and although the guns were uninjured, some of them were buried so deeply in rubbish as to be unworkable until they were cleared next day. I saw a shell burst on striking the parapet, which, killing two men, literally buried three others. We went for shovels, which took time, and the men were insensible when we dug them out; but they all recovered.

Close to a magazine which supplied the gun I was working, we had some tools for fitting fuses. A man was sawing a fuse clamped in a vice, when a shell bursting on the parapet scattered bits all around. One fragment struck the fuse and exploded it, but the man escaped with merely a scorched wrist, burnt by the composition in the fuse. On the other hand, a shell bursting over one of our 68-pounder guns killed, or wounded thirteen men.

Lieutenant Graves, Royal Engineers, who was killed close to me at the Abatis of the Redan on the 18th of June, had a remarkable escape on the 10th of April. He was standing in an embrasure which required repairs, when a round shot struck the sole (*i.e.* ground surface) immediately under his feet, but although he was much bruised yet he was soon again at duty. The Engineer officers set a fine example to the men, which was now growing daily more necessary, as the recruits were very different in fighting value from those we had lost in the winter, and these boy-soldiers are not spared in the Engineer journal. On the 14th of April the officer on duty writes eulogizing

the behaviour of Privates Samuel Evans and James Callaghan, 9th (Norfolk) Regiment, for gallant conduct, adding, "In the midst of much conduct quite the reverse, perhaps it might be useful, and certainly it would be just, not to let the conduct of those men remain unnoticed."

Two days previously there is a complaint noted in the Engineer journal that "our sharpshooters fire when it is not necessary, and do not fire when it is essential." The writer adds, "Very few Regimental officers on duty in the trenches exert themselves, or take any interest in the duty they are employed upon, leaving the men to extend themselves along the trenches in any manner they like, and to fire as much or as little as they please." It must, however, be borne in mind that there is no record available of the replies made by the Regimental officers. No doubt in a long Siege officers and men get slack, but I believe the apparent want of interest arose from ignorance of what was required, and that if the Engineer officers had pointed out daily the principal objects on which fire was to be directed, there would have been very few such complaints. It was not till late in the siege that the senior officers on duty learnt they were responsible that every one under them did his duty, and on the 17th of April a memorandum was issued for the instruction of the General on duty in the trenches.

In adverse reports by the Royal Engineers about this time there is a quaint indication of our still regarding men as machines: "There is a good deal of irregularity in regard to the men sent down to the

trenches, many complaining they had been two consecutive nights on the working party." A month later, in another Engineer report, we got an interesting clue to some causes of the Line soldier's slackness: "The working parties appear to have exerted themselves and performed their tasks to the satisfaction of the Engineers. This favourable change may be attributed to fine weather, *and the better condition of the men to undergo fatigue.*"

During this, the second bombardment, it was computed that the Allies threw 130,000 projectiles into Sevastopol, the Russians answering with about three to our four shots. The losses were, however, out of all proportion, and the reason for this difference will be understood from a glance at the map on page 85. The Russian shells, unless actually impinging on our parapets, guns, or bodies, exploded harmlessly behind the batteries. Many of their works on the other hand were to some extent enfiladed by our guns, and thus a shot or shell missing its object often slew some one further back. The Malakoff presented to our 21-gun battery a frontage of 200 yards, but it was 400 yards deep from South to North, and thus few of our shells failed to burst somewhere inside the work.

Moreover, it never occurred to our enemy any more than it did to us, who were ignorant of the messages passing on the telegraph wires between Paris and the French Head-quarters, that all our labour and losses were to be incurred for no immediate result, and thus besides the nightly losses incurred in repairing the daily damage, troops were necessarily

kept close at hand to repel the expected assault, and in spite of strenuous efforts to shelter them by bomb-proof cover, the Russian losses were terrible. The French had about 1500, and the English under 300 casualties, but our foes lost over 6000 men in these ten days of fire. Those Russians who were killed outright were buried near where they fell, and these burials, by the end of the war, amounted to over 50,000.

The scenes inside the city were ghastly beyond adequate description. Sir Edward Hamley, quoting the words of an eye-witness, writes—

“During these days and nights the great ballroom of the assembly-rooms in Sevastopol was crowded with the wounded incessantly arriving on stretchers. The floor was half an inch deep in coagulated blood. In an adjoining room, set apart for operations, the blood ran from three tables where the wounded were laid, and the severed limbs lay heaped in tubs. Outside, fresh arrivals thronged the square, on their blood-steeped stretchers, their cries and lamentations mingling with the roar of shells bursting close by. Many more were borne to the cellars of the sea-forts; and those capable of removal to the North side were conveyed thither to permanent hospitals. In a church near the harbour the mournful chaunt of the office for the dead resounded continually through the open doors of the building. It was there that the funeral service was celebrated of officers dead on the field of honour.”

I have shown in Chapters VII. and IX. that neither at Balaklava nor at Inkerman was the courage of the Russian soldiers sufficiently aggressive to reap victories within their grasp, but their enduring patience

under fire has never been surpassed, if indeed ever equalled.

By the 18th of April the Allies had beaten down the fire of the opposing batteries, and Todleben has recorded that he momentarily expected that the bastions opposite to the French would be successfully assaulted. Then it was we were told the French had run out of ammunition, and on the 19th of April we practically ceased to bombard the works, for reasons now known to be connected with the proposed visit of the French Emperor to the Crimea.

The arrangements for the service of the Naval guns were far better matured than in the previous bombardment. The supply of powder was adequate, and was brought into battery through the "covered ways." All this, however, necessitated expenditure of vital energy, and although our transport establishment had been materially augmented, yet the Naval brigade was still employed in carrying up powder, shot, and shell from Balaklava, to provide for the bombardment. Each man carried a 32-pound shell, two men being told off for each 68-pound shot; and it was about this time that a sailor gave a quick though good-humoured reply to an officer of the Staff who reproached him for grumbling, saying, "I thought you Bluejackets were always cheery and contented?" "Oh, that's where you are wrong. I ain't a Bluejacket now—nothing but a broken-down *blessed* commissariat mule." Nevertheless, in spite of the increased efficiency of the batteries, our losses were heavy. The father of War Correspondents, Mr. W. H. Russell, wrote the following

brilliant tribute to the work of the Bluejackets:—"The Sailors' brigade suffered very severely; although they only worked about thirty-five guns in the various batteries, they lost more men than all our siege-train, working and covering parties put together."

The story I narrated * of the heroism shown by Royal Artillery gunners shows clearly that their slighter loss of life was not in any sense due to want of determination. The greater losses in the Naval brigade were due (1) to the gun detachments being larger; (2) to the Naval gun-carriages not being so easily "run up," and thus the detachments were a much longer time standing back from the protection of the parapet, than were the detachments of the Royal Artillery.

The Naval guns were on ships trucks, *i.e.* wooden wheels eighteen inches in diameter, and after each shot the gun, having recoiled, had to be hauled back to the parapet by tackles, which were fastened to hold-fasts sunk deep into the ground. While the guns' crews were pulling the gun up to the parapet they were much exposed to the enemy's fire. The Artillery, having their guns mounted on very large wheels, were able to "run them up" in less than half the time we used to occupy. After the April bombardment the number of casualties in the two Services was reversed, for the gunners "manned" nearly all the advanced batteries, and suffered accordingly.

CHAPTER XVII.

INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE.

ON the 20th of April we agreed to forget our work for a time, and organized a large picnic, all the officers off duty riding out to spend the day at St. George's Monastery, which is beautifully situated on the sea cliffs near Balaklava, with gardens going down to the beach. There, with a cricket match and other games, we enjoyed our peaceful amusements, and all the more so from the contrast between them and the scenes of the previous ten days.

The monastery and its inhabitants remained undisturbed to the end of the war, a guard for its protection having been posted immediately the Armies arrived at Balaklava, and it was the one quiet spot accessible to fighting men where they could momentarily forget the painful scenes of their daily lives.

On the 25th of April our battery had a fortunate escape, for the Russians managed to drop a 13-inch mortar-shell right through the roof of a magazine. It broke the magazine man's neck, but did not explode. Although the regular bombardment had ceased, there was at this time always sufficient fire of some sort to

remind us of the uncertainty of life, and the following day Captain Peel had a narrow escape. I was following close behind him through the covered way to the advance trenches, when a bullet passed between his legs, and afterwards cut a groove in my left gaiter ; but such incidents were common and I should not have recorded it had I not been so anxious for his safety.

Towards the end of the month there was renewed activity in advance of the Right Attack trenches, in which many officers won distinction, but there were also many unrecorded acts of heroism, one of which is remarkable also for the hero's contempt of praise. During a struggle for a rifle pit an Irishman collared two Russians, and having slung his rifle over the shoulder, led them back into our advanced trench, holding one in each hand. Said he, "Sit down with ye," and having relit his short pipe, he was enjoying a smoke while contemplating his prisoners, when several soldiers of all ranks came round and warmly congratulated him on his prizes. He was sitting on the banquette,* resting against the parapet with his back to the enemy, and listened for some time in silence, till, without removing the dhudeen from his mouth, but pointing significantly over his shoulder, he observed, "'Deed, but there's many more for the bringing."

During this week I saw one evening, an hour before sunset, a curious scene. A Zouave, so drunk that he could not walk straight, left the French advanced trenches under the Mamelon, and passing near the Russian rifle pits, reeled along till he reached the place

* Step of earth.

where the French lines joined our advanced works. With his rifle on his shoulder he staggered about, singing at the top of his voice "The Marseillaise." No one fired, and we watched him till, re-entering the French trenches, he was made a prisoner by soldiers of his own nation.

Next month the Russians showed a like generous consideration. A man was lying wounded on the right of the 2nd parallel, Left Attack, and a comrade who went out to carry him in was at once knocked down. The Russians were shooting well, and the two men might have bled to death, but that the enemy holding the Quarries hoisted a white flag, to show that the men might be removed, and this was done without further loss.

Although our hopes of an immediate assault had been checked on the 16th of April, yet they were revived a week later. There was a growing feeling that with a parallel opened by the French within 100 yards of the Flagstaff Battery, and the greatly reduced effect of the fire from the Russian batteries, we ought to put an end to the struggle. On the 23rd General Canrobert proposed to Lord Raglan an assault for the 28th or 29th, to which he agreed, although our storming parties, in order to reach the Redan, would have to cross over half a mile of open ground from the advanced trench. On the 25th, however, Canrobert informed Lord Raglan that he and his generals had come to the conclusion it was "desirable to postpone the offensive operations against Sevastopol," the assigned reason being that the Reserve French army then forming

at Constantinople would not be ready till the 10th of May. No indication was given for what purpose it was being got ready. Those who may wish to understand the causes of the vacillating orders issued at this time should read Kinglake's seventh volume, discounting something from his statements on account of his strong personal prejudices. I merely record that both Armies were certainly, if not discontented, amazed, when an expedition which started on the 3rd of May to Kertch to destroy Russian magazines and stores, was recalled three days later on the receipt of a telegram from Paris.

Lord Raglan on this occasion gave another proof of that generous readiness to accept responsibility for subordinates for which he was remarkable. In writing to Admiral Lord Lyons relative to the recall of the soldiers, he surmises that with the withdrawal of the French troops, which formed three-fourths of the expedition, there could not be a fair prospect of success for the English alone, but, he adds, "if you and General Brown think it advisable to go on, and reconnoitre with the view to take advantage of any opening which may present itself, I am perfectly ready to support any such determination on Brown's part, and be responsible for the undertaking."

During the second week in May the Sardinian contingent of 15,000 men, under General Della Marmora, landed at Balaklava, to act under Lord Raglan's directions, and a week later occupied the left bank of the Tchernaya from the aqueduct opposite to Tchorgoum to the Tractir Bridge, which the French had

held for some weeks. The little Army of Sardinia, in its bright uniforms, perfect equipment, and generally well-organized system, formed a strange contrast to our men. The best feeling towards the British troops was evident in all Ranks from their first arrival, and this increased as our acquaintance ripened.

We were often puzzled when after a night sortie, in which our officers and men asserted that they had killed many Russians, we sometimes found scarcely any bodies on the ground. Thus, during the night of the 9th-10th of May, a determined assault was made on the extreme right advanced trench of our Right Attack. The Russians got to within fifty yards, but were there stopped by the guard of the trenches, who, in the words of the commanding Royal Engineer, "behaved nobly." Nevertheless, there were few or no dead Russians lying about at daylight. This is explained by what we learnt later, and is told by Mr. W. H. Russell in his book on the war. A British soldier, taken prisoner in one of these night attacks, was being hurried away into the Karabelnaia suburb, and passed through a large number of unarmed stretcher-bearers. The Russians had ample forces of non-combatants, dockyard and arsenal labourers, and these were sent forward behind the fighting men in all night attacks to carry off not only the wounded, but also the dead.

On the 16th of May General Canrobert resigned the command, resuming the charge of a Division, and recommending General Pélissier as his successor. The change was approved and carried out on the

19th of May. His successor inspired great confidence amongst the British troops. Canrobert was very pleasant, and invariably complimentary to our Army, but the Rank and File, following the opinion of their officers, believed we should get more effective aid from the short, stout Norman, who, in manner and bearing, greatly resembled one of our rough North-countrymen, though, in fact, he had a cultivated intellect. He had none of his predecessor's personal advantages, who was a handsome, well-preserved man, and who looked well on horseback; while, either because he was a poor rider, or that his corpulent body made riding beyond a foot's pace inconvenient, General Péliissier often went about in a carriage, in spite of the absence of roads. Notwithstanding an unwieldy body, and his threescore years, his active mind and iron resolution put fresh vigour into the Siege operations, and the successful though costly attacks on the Cemetery near the Quarantine harbour, which was taken on the night of the 23rd of May, with a loss of 2300 men, showed the French army it had now a Chief who would shrink from no sacrifice in order to attain the mastery over the enemy. It would, however, be a great mistake to believe that this man of hasty speech, and rough seventeenth-century sort of humour, which occasionally reminded one of stories in Sterne and Smollett, was wanting in kindness of heart, or incapable of the warmest affection. The "Staff officer," in his "Letters from Head-quarters," in describing the visits of the French Generals, on the day following Lord Raglan's death, to the room in which the body was laid out,

observes, that they were all overcome by grief; but of this man, who, as we all believed, had an adamant heart, the officer wrote, "Pélissier stood by the bedside for upwards of an hour, crying like a child."

On the 18th of May Lord Raglan showed General Della Marmora round the siege works of our Right Attack. One of Lord Raglan's Staff, pointing me out to the Sardinian leader, endeavoured to convey in French that I was Captain Peel's Aide-de-camp, but left him under the impression I was Captain Peel. Della Marmora looked me over closely, observing, "He seems to be very young for a Post Captain, and so distinguished an officer!" Captain Peel was just behind the speaker, and overheard with great amusement the conversation.

On the 20th there was a tragedy in the Middle Ravine on our Right. A French non-commissioned officer having some grievance against an officer waited for him until, on being relieved, he was returning at the head of his company from the trenches. Then the soldier rushed at his captain, and with a knife killed him. We were all impressed with the promptitude of our Allies' justice, for the man was seized, and shot almost immediately.

During the second week in May cholera reappeared in the Army, and the Naval brigade moved its camp from the sheltered ravine in which we had lived since November, to the top of the hill near the 3rd Division. We did not, however, escape the scourge entirely, and the soldiers lost many more even in proportion to their numbers, for in passing a Divisional

Hospital on the 21st of May I counted twenty-one bodies sewn up in their blankets ready for the burial parties.

It is not easy to picture the delight we felt, after having been kept strictly within the limits of the Upland for seven months, in being able to extend our rides over the ground taken up by the French and Sardinians in the Upper Tchernaya, and Baidar valleys. Lieutenant Dalyell, H.M.S. *Leander*—who, after Douglas' death, was my usual companion—and I, left our camp at 4 A.M. on the 26th of May, and rode down the Southern (Balaklava) Valley. The ground over which our Light brigade charged on the 25th of October was covered by luxuriant grass, reaching in some places over a man's head. The French outposts on Tractir Bridge stopped us, but going on up the left bank we were allowed by the Sardinians to cross the aqueduct, who, mistaking the gold lace band on our caps for the dress of Staff officers, raised no objection to our advancing towards Tchorgoum on the opposite bank, telling us, however, it was occupied by a Russian picquet. We saw no one at first, except two vedettes on the hill overlooking the village. One of them dismounted from his horse, and, fixing his lance in the ground as a rest for his gun, had several shots at me while I was holding the pony of my comrade, who was searching a house to see what he could find. Some of the bullets fell near me, and three mounted men, hearing the firing, came into the road of the village 300 yards off. I called to Dalyell to mount. As he emerged, six more Cossacks joined the three

men, and they formed up in two ranks facing us. Dalyell had in his hands a cat, which, wanting a pet, I put into my haversack, while he carried an article of domestic crockery much prized in camp. After a hasty consultation we decided that the Cossacks would overtake us if we attempted to regain the aqueduct, and so firing one barrel from my revolver at the most troublesome vedette, who was, however, a long way out of shot, we cantered at the group. They must have imagined we had reinforcements behind us, for they instantly turned and galloped off. As we rode back we met a company of Sardinians advancing to our assistance. We returned to the village some days later, when the Cossacks again left it in a hurry.

I have stated that concurrent with the appointment of a General to command in the trenches there was more harmonious work, but we had still something to learn, for on the 23rd of May a working party employed in throwing up an advanced battery on the Left Attack, having finished the task early, was withdrawn by the Field officer, who left no one to guard the work, and the Russians entering it carried off unmolested a number of gabions.*

It is curious to note how unprepared we were for Siege operations even at the end of eight months' experience. During the night of the 20th of May the Engineer officers wished to light up the glacis of the Redan, on which they could hear a number of the enemy at work, and they applied to the General officer

* Hollow cylinders of basket-work used for building parapets.

in command of the trenches to give the necessary orders. It transpired, however, that the Royal Artillery had but two "light balls" in the batteries, and the General decided they must be kept for use in the event of the Russians making a sortie.

A fortnight later (3rd of June) we find in the official record, "Left Attack.—The Artillery fired 'carcasses' at the town in the early part of the night, but the greater part of them burst almost immediately after leaving the piece, and I did not observe any effect from them." The Left Attack was more fortunate than the Right Attack, for its official report on the same subject runs, "Almost every one burst at the muzzle, causing great consternation, and injury to the troops in the advanced trenches." I see by my journal that I looked at some of these missiles next day, and observed they had been made in the last century!! This was unsatisfactory after eight months of a siege which, during the active operations, cost England over half a million sterling a week.

During the forenoon of the 3rd of June several men of the Relief for the gun detachments were passing into the battery from the Woronzow Road. There was but little firing at the time, and the men, disregarding the orders which prescribed that they should enter by the covered way, came up straight across the open. Just as the last of the party approached the 21-gun battery, there was a shout of "Look out—Whistling Dick!" This induced all the men to hurry, for the appalling size of Whistling Dick

struck terror even in the boldest heart. Although a bullet no thicker than a French bean is as capable of killing a man as is the largest shell in the world, yet most of us are so constituted as to fear the heavier missile to a degree entirely out of proportion to its relative destructive power.

For the sake of my civilian readers I may mention that a mortar-shell is projected at an angle of 45° , and having attained its greatest altitude over the spot where it is intended it should fall, descends vertically to the ground, its range being regulated (and this can be done with great accuracy) by the charge of powder which projects the shell into the air. The wooden fuse used by the Russians to explode the bursting charge was of rough construction, and protruded a couple of inches outside the sphere of iron, and thus when the shell, having attained its greatest height, began to descend, as it revolved, the fuse, caught by the wind, produced the peculiar sound which gave rise to the name. Now, it is obvious that, if a mortar-shell does not burst until it reaches the ground, as is usually the case, the whole force of concussion, from the resistance of the surface of the earth, will be upwards, and thus men may be close to the shell, and yet incur but little risk from its lateral spread, if they are below it, when the only danger indeed is from falling fragments.

All the men except John Blewitt, Ordinary seaman of H.M.S. *Queen*, safely reached the trench, and were crouching in it awaiting the explosion. Blewitt, as he bent forward to start running, was

struck immediately at the back of the knees by the enormous mass of iron, thirteen inches in diameter, and fell to the ground, crushed under its weight, in sight of his horror-stricken messmates. He called out to his chum, Stephen Welch, "Oh, Stephen, don't leave me to die!" The fuse was hissing, but Welch, jumping up from under the cover of the bank, which must, humanly speaking, have ensured his safety, called out, "Come on, lads, let's try," and, running out, had got his arms around Blewitt, and was trying to roll the shell from off his crushed legs, when it exploded, and not a particle even of the bodies or clothes of John Blewitt or the heroic Welch could be found.* I did not witness Welch's Divine-like act of self-sacrifice, but, passing by soon afterwards, searched for his remains, and I recognized the spot in August, 1894, when visiting the 21-gun battery.

On the 4th of June three of us had been up the valley of the Tchernaya to Kamara, and as we returned by Tchorgoum we were riding in Indian file on the left bank of the river. Lieutenant Campbell, H.M.S. *Leander*, who was in front, saw a Sardinian, who had been bathing, sink almost opposite to him. The bank was several feet above the water, but Campbell, without hesitation, turned his pony, and applying the spurs, made it leap in, horse and rider disappearing under the water. Campbell's cousin, a Civil Engineer employed on the railroad, who was riding next, dismounted, and jumping in, pulled out the Sardinian, for Lieutenant

* Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Frederick Michell, K.C.B., assisted Welch's mother, I believe, till her death.

Campbell had some difficulty in extricating himself from underneath the pony. As Mr. Campbell jumped his spectacles fell into the water, and I, knowing their value to him, dived for them, but without success. Thus we were all three in the water at one moment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAPTURE OF THE MAMELON, AND THE QUARRIES.

ON the 6th of June I accompanied Captain Peel as he went round the Sailors' batteries of the Right Attack to ensure that everything was in readiness for what we hoped might be the beginning of the end of the siege. About 3 P.M. we fired our first gun at the Malakoff, and immediately afterwards from the Inkerman Ridge, overlooking the Sevastopol harbour to Kamiesh Bay, there burst forth from some 550 guns, on a frontage of five miles, a volume of sound grand beyond description. The Russians had still about double that number of pieces in position, half being of heavy calibre, but they were slow in answering from the Malakoff and Redan our missiles. We fired incessantly till dark, when the bombardment was taken up by the pieces throwing projectiles vertically, which scarcely left the Russian works in darkness for a minute all night, so constantly were they lit up by the bursting of mortar-shells. Up to 10.30 P.M., when I returned to camp, our casualties had been very light, not more than a dozen sailors being injured. The

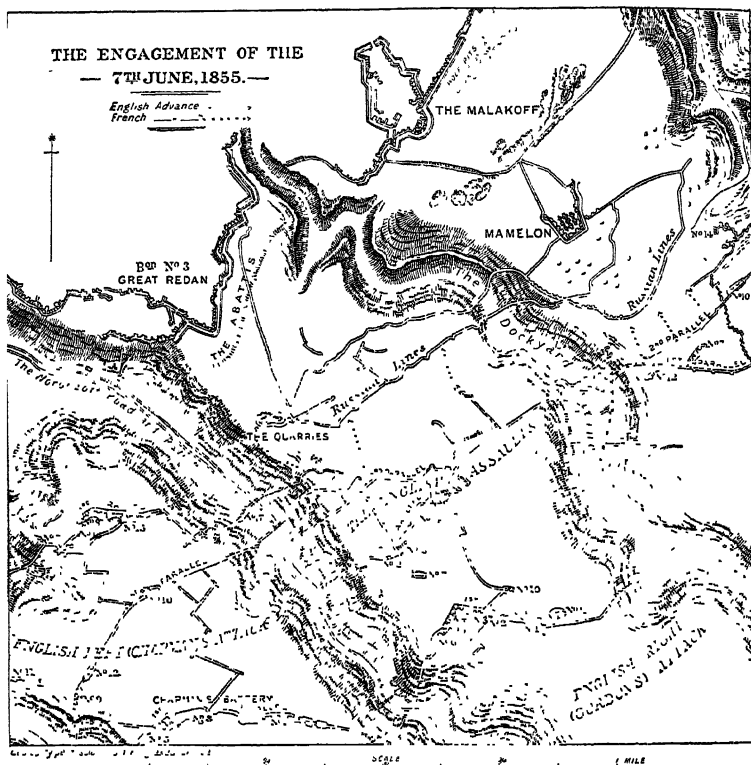
“White Works” batteries* fired slowly till sunset, but those in the Malakoff and Redan were silenced some time before the sun went down. Todleben describes the fire of the English as “murderous, entailing havoc and ruin.”

General Péliissier, when riding back that evening to his Head-quarters from the Victoria Ridge, passed near the Light division, and received a singular ovation. Our men understood that he was acting in close concert with Lord Raglan; they knew that after persistent and desperate night fighting, involving a loss of over 2000 men, he had driven the Russians from the Cemetery Works on the Western face of the city; they felt a fresh struggle was imminent, and they realized that their comrades of the French Army had in Péliissier a General who was determined to conquer the foe. Thus it happened that as he passed along towards Cathcart’s Hill there rose spontaneously a shout of welcome from the Light division, which was re-echoed by the 4th and 3rd Divisions with an enthusiasm which brought tears to the eyes of this reputedly Ironhearted man.

At 1 A.M. on the 7th of June, after snatching an hour’s sleep, I returned to the trenches with fresh gun detachments, and at daylight we re-opened horizontal fire, which silenced the Mamelon and Malakoff batteries in the course of the morning, and during the afternoon the guns in the “White Works” also ceased to reply. It does not follow that all had been

* These were part of the counter approaches built by the Russians on the lower slopes of the Inkerman Ridge.

dismounted, but in the Mamelon, as I observed next day, and in the Malakoff, as Todleben states, the guns and their carriages were buried under the ruined parapets. During the afternoon we saw the troops,



which were to assault the Southern and Eastern faces of the Mamelon, filing gradually into the trenches, and small detachments from the Light and 2nd Divisions passed through our battery towards the front, exchanging with us good-humoured chaff as they went

by, the men's faces radiant with the expectation of the approaching fight.

The Lunette* which crowned the Mamelon hill dominated the French trenches, and was nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the nearest of them, a Russian trench interposing about half-way. The ground in front of the Redan sloped down gradually for 500 yards to some disused quarries which the Russians had converted into rifle trenches. Here the ground fell abruptly, enabling the enemy to overlook our advanced works, which were on a lower level. The Russian position in the Quarries, which our troops were about to assault, was well protected in rear by fire from the Redan, the defenders of it being able to shoot down the gradual slope.

The sailors kept up a slow but accurate fire on the now silent Malakoff, and Mamelon. Captain Peel had given me charge of two 8-inch 65 cwt. guns, with orders to fire during the assault as rapidly as possible consistent with running no risk to our Allies.

At 6 P.M. we were anxiously waiting for the signal for attack. The setting sun cast a broad red light over the sky, and a soft mist rising from the ground obscured now and then for a minute or two the troops assembling for the assault. It has been alleged that the Russians had seen these preparations, but the small numbers present in the threatened works clearly negatives this assertion. For my account of the

* A Lunette is a work with four sides, two principal faces meeting in an angle of not less than about 120° , and two shorter sides affording fire to the flanks.

attacks on the White Works, and Quarries, I am dependent on others, but I had a perfect view both of the troops assailing the Mamelon, and of those defending it. This fight I shall endeavour to describe first of all.

Soon after six o'clock the expected signal—a group of rockets—was sent up from the Victoria Ridge, and the French advanced. Three columns had been formed under the Mamelon: Algerian troops were on the right; the 50th Regiment, led by Colonel de Brancion, was in the centre; and the 3rd Zouaves on the left. At the moment there was only one Russian battalion in the Mamelon, nine, however, being held in reserve under cover. By chance Admiral Nakimoff was visiting the work at the time, and having left his horse at the gorge,* was looking round the battery, when the cessation of fire from the Allied guns, and the shouts of the Stormers, made him look over the parapet.

When the signal went up I saw twenty-five men jump out abreast from the French trenches, and run rapidly up the slope of the hill on the summit of which was the redoubt called the Mamelon. Only one cannon-shot was fired from the Lunette, but some Russian sharpshooters lying in the pit half-way between the Mamelon and the French trenches, fired, killing three or four men, and then ran, they and the leading Frenchmen jumping the ditch almost at the same moment. The centre column, led by Colonel de Brancion, who was throughout well ahead of all,

* Opening at the rear of the redoubt.

streamed into the Lunette, and at the same moment the Algerian column captured the (proper) left flank of the work. A Frenchman, jumping on the parapet, waved a Tricolour, and in three or four minutes the Russians were driven from the work. My two guns were ready with fuses accurately set, and I sent several rounds into the crowds of retreating Russians before I was obliged to cease firing for fear of hitting the French, who rushed out in pursuit. The leading group of Zouaves was led by one man, who, sixty yards in front of his comrades, pushed the Russians as they ran. I kept my field-glass on this Zouave until he had crossed the abatis of the Malakoff, where he fired his rifle and disappeared into the ditch. He did not accompany his comrades when they fell back a few minutes later, so must have been killed or taken prisoner.

While this was occurring two heavy columns of Russians were assembling to the East of the Korniloff bastion of the Malakoff, on the Northern slope of the Mamelon-Malakoff ridge. I had looked carefully over this ground during the truce in March, and, knowing the lie of it, could, when standing on our parapet, see over the slope to the Northward, as low down as the Russians' waistbelts. I was thus enabled to pour on them a terrible fire from the 8-inch guns, the shells of which bursting just short enough for effect* literally cut lanes through the columns; but the survivors closed up as fast as their comrades

* Shells thrown from these pieces should burst about fifty yards short of a human target to obtain the maximum effect.

were knocked down, and in a few minutes the Russian columns advanced, and, entering the Mamelon, drove the French out. The latter rallied momentarily outside, but the Russians were not only in great force, but were well in hand, and the French being disorganized, were driven back. Through my field-glass I saw the man with the Tricolour struck down and replaced four times by another, and then the flag went up and down several times in rapid succession ; eventually it disappeared, and the Russians came on like a rolling wave from the Mamelon down to the French trenches, out of which our Allies were pushed. All the batteries supporting the attack now re-opened fire on the Mamelon, which continued to receive a shower of projectiles till the French advanced for their final assault. During the above struggle a heavy French column was descending the Victoria Ridge, with drums and bugles playing, though under a long-range fire from the Russian ships in the harbour. These never ceased to send up shot and shell, which, however, though adding to the pictorial effect, did but little execution on the moving target. To the inspiring



As tu vu la cas - quetta, la cas - quetta,



As tu vu la cas - quette du Père Bu - geaud.

march of "Père Bugeaud" the column came on at a steady double, with an appearance of overwhelming

power, which recalled Jomini's statement that troops previously shaken often gave way during the Napoleonic wars before such masses reached the defenders' position. The column disappeared into the ravine, where it was halted for a few minutes to reform its ranks. Just as the day closed in, the darkness coming on more quickly from the clouds of smoke in the air, we saw the French Left and Centre column again advance from their trenches on our Right front, while a heavy column of Algerian infantry moved also on the Mamelon, but further to the Eastward, and in a few moments the sound of the fire, and the flash of the muskets in the falling darkness, showed us that the Russians were once more retreating.

Simultaneously with the advance on the Mamelon, General Bosquet sent two brigades at the "White Works," in each of which there was only half a Russian battalion. These could not stand against the overpowering numbers of the French, and a Russian battalion which came up in support was also easily swept away. The Russians now pushed two battalions forward across the Careenage Ravine, but Bosquet, foreseeing this move, had sent two battalions down it, and these ascending its right bank behind the Russians, took them in the rear, and captured a great number.

When Lord Raglan saw the French drive the Russians out of the Mamelon he gave the signal to assault. Our guns ceased to fire on the Quarries, and 700 men ran forward to the flanks of the work, from which the Russians were easily driven, and with

a loss of 100 men. Our casualties were but few at the moment, as the men, having been ordered to advance on the flanks of the work, generally avoided treading on a number of fougasses which had been laid down in front of the Salient. These were boxes holding from 30 to 40 lbs. of powder each, sunk flush with the surface of the ground, and so fitted with detonators as to explode when touched. They were not always fatal, for I saw a soldier who had stamped on one returning from the attack absolutely naked, every part of his clothing having been burnt from off his body.

Although the Quarries were easily taken, to hold and reverse the work was a task of great labour and danger. The enemy's batteries looked right into the intrenchment, and after firing heavily at it, the Russians made repeated attacks on the working parties striving to obtain cover before the day broke. Our soldiers, who were digging or guarding the working parties, welcomed the sorties, as they brought relief from the showers of shells which were poured on the Quarries, except when Russians were approaching. The Russian officers did not spare themselves. The battalion commander of one column was killed, and the leader of another was wounded and taken prisoner, being recaptured, however, in a renewed struggle.

The first attack made by the Russians was carried out in the most determined manner until the leaders were shot down, the British working parties being driven temporarily from the work, which was, however, almost immediately re-occupied.

Major Herbert, with a party of the Welsh Fusiliers, was holding the advanced trench near the Dockyard ravine, when he was informed by an officer who had just returned from visiting the advanced sentries, that he thought he had seen a column forming up facing towards the Quarries. Herbert, taking out all his men, made them lie down in a slight dip of the ground, and, as the column passed within easy range, ordered his men to commence "independent firing," at the flank of the column, which was unable to answer it effectually. This out-flanking movement helped to secure the defeat of the enemy in the first attack, but later the darkness was too great to allow of much use being made of firearms. During the ten hours of fighting and digging many of our men became so exhausted that they could not stand up, even when a Russian column was close on them.

The bodily strength of the Rank and File gave out at last, and Kinglake describes graphically how in the last attack, delivered just before daylight, when a Russian column, coming from the Dockyard Ravine, got to within 200 yards of the Quarries, Colonel Campbell and Captain Wolseley with difficulty aroused their men, who were stretched on the ground so exhausted by ten hours' incessant fighting and digging as to be nearly incapable of movement; our soldiers even when lifted on to their feet could scarcely stand up, and the prize for which the combatants had striven since 7 P.M. lay absolutely open to the Russians. But they now suddenly became panic-stricken from, to our people, an unknown

cause, and absolutely declined to advance in spite of the orders, entreaties, and even blows of their officers. Just as day dawned the column forming the last attack fell back, scared by some freak of imagination. One more effort would have been sufficient, for Colonel Campbell, of the 90th Light Infantry, who was in command of the parties employed, did not recover from over-fatigue for some weeks, and at daybreak, soon after the last attack had been repulsed, Captain Wolseley, acting as Assistant-Engineer, collapsing from exhaustion, fell helpless to the ground: having come on duty at daylight on the 7th, for nine long hours he had never ceased to labour, or to fight.

On the 6th-7th of June the French took 73 guns, suffering a loss of 5500 casualties. The English had 700 casualties, 47 being officers. The Russians lost nearly 5000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Next morning I went down to battery at 4 A.M., as the fire was to be continued. Soon after 8 A.M. I missed Captain Peel, and hearing he had been seen going towards the Mamelon, into which the Russians were pouring a heavy fire from mortars, I hurried after him, but he was coming out as I got up to the ditch. He ordered me back, but I begged hard to be allowed to go inside, so he said I might look round and follow him. The ditch where I saw the men jump overnight was not more than four or five feet wide. Following, apparently, our Royal Engineer's Report, Mr. Kinglake states "the ditch was broad and deep." This is an error, as I stepped over it with but a slight effort.

I sat down in an embrasure alongside a Zouave,

who talked English well. He declared, and probably with accuracy, that he was the only survivor out of his squad of twelve men. The effect of the heavy fire on the demeanour of all was plainly noticeable. Every face was grave. Men spoke in whispers even when transmitting orders, and during the short time I was there I saw upwards of a dozen men wounded, and carried away; while the dead of both nations were lying thick over the slopes of the hill. These had all been killed the previous evening, for the Russian mortar-shells fell with remarkable accuracy, and thus while no one could stand inside with any certainty of living long, the Southern and Eastern slopes just outside the ditch were quite safe. Inside the scene was indescribable in its horrors. Dead men were lying heaped in every attitude imaginable, some half-buried in craters formed by shells; the bodies of others were literally cut into two parts; and one I noticed had been blown twenty yards from the spot where the man was killed by the explosion of a mortar-shell. Some corpses were lying crushed under overturned cannon, while others hung limply over fractured guns, which were still on their carriages.

There was a truce in the afternoon, during which, freed from all sense of danger, I had a better opportunity of examining the construction of the Lunette. The amount of labour expended in obtaining cover from fire was extraordinary. The bomb-proof galleries and magazine consisted of earth on top, then a row of gabions, then baulks of timber 2 ft. 3 ins. in diameter. The thickness overhead was nearly 10 ft.

Our Engineers argued, and apparently with reason, that all this cover, though good for its purpose, impaired the power of defence of the place, which was so crowded by the huge earth traverses that the defenders could not use their rifles.

When I next stood on the Mamelon, in August, 1894, the circumstances were very different in some respects, though singularly alike in other aspects. The hill remains to-day a chaos of holes, excavated by shells in the Siege, and later by men searching for old iron, and projectiles; but it is easy for one who knew it forty years ago to trace the original work. In June, 1855, when I stood there, we had a temporary truce for two hours. In August, 1894, the Russian fleet, carrying out its annual manœuvres, was bombarding the forts North of the harbour, and was first answered by what we knew forty years ago as the Wasp Fort, and then by a long line of batteries erected since 1879. The scene reminded me greatly of October, 1854, when our ships were doing in earnest what the Russians were in 1894 doing in peace manœuvres for practice. A visitor new to the place might be puzzled by the French additions, and by a deep, well-cut trench, which the Russians have recently excavated. This, the outer ditch of proposed new fortifications, encircles all the English Left Attack, and, crossing the Woronzow Road close to the covered way made by and named after "The Sailors," runs to the Southward of the 21-gun battery, and thence by the Middle ravine outside the Mamelon down to the harbour.

When Captain Peel and I had examined the Mamelon, we strolled up to the Russian sentries, who were about two hundred yards outside the Malakoff. I recognized a Circassian to whom I had spoken at the truce in March, and we exchanged mutual compliments on our being still alive. Captain Peel's starched shirt-collars excited the admiration of the Russian officers, to one of whom he replied, in answer to a question how he managed it, that "we had our laundry-women with us." The Russian soldiers and sailors—for their duties in garrisons are interchangeable—showed up grandly in stature amongst our immature recruits, for most of those soldiers who landed in Kalamita Bay were no longer with the Light and 2nd divisions.

As I showed in Chapter XIII., nearly all our losses during the winter were directly due to preventable causes, but we were now suffering from the effects of the enemy's fire. Besides the losses incurred in capturing the Mamelon and the Quarries, the Allies lost from the cannonade between the 6th and the 10th of June, 750 men, while the Russian casualties amounted to 3500 men. When we read these figures of such terrible import, it is easy to understand the bitter feelings expressed in the reply a Russian officer made to one of our own people who, during the flag of truce, observed that our losses had been heavy. "You talk of your losses! Why, you don't know what loss is, in comparison with what we are suffering!" *

On the 10th of June Captain Peel, Lieutenant

* "Letters from Head-quarters," by an Officer on the Staff.

Dalyell, of H.M.S. *Leander*, and I were discussing the chances of an assault for which the whole Army was anxious, when Peel asked us if we had to lose a limb, which we could best spare? I replied without hesitation "Left arm," and Dalyell agreed with me, but our Chief argued that arms are more necessary than are legs to sailors. Eventually on my suggesting that a one-legged man would probably become very fat, he came round to our view. Within a week all three of us were engaged together in the assault on the Redan, and it is remarkable that we were all wounded in the left arm. How this happened is told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL ASSAULTS ON THE MALAKOFF, AND REDAN.

ON the 10th of June there was a conference at the British Head-quarters, of the senior Artillery and Engineer officers of the Allied Armies, who unanimously agreed that, after forty-eight hours' bombardment, a general assault should be delivered between five and six o'clock in the morning. This hour was chosen to enable the Artillery to destroy any repairs made good by the enemy during the night, and it was believed that the assaulting columns could be assembled after nightfall, and remain concealed until they went forward. Three columns were to start from the French Left Attack, and storm the Bastion du Mât, and adjoining batteries. The British troops were to assault the Redan, and further Northwards the French were to assail the Malakoff, and the works between it and the harbour. The date was eventually postponed to Monday, the 18th of June, which was partly chosen with the hope that a brilliant success in common might obliterate any bitterness of feeling remaining

in the minds of our Allies from the recollection of the events of June, 1815.

During the week 10th–17th June I, with several of my comrades of the Naval brigade, suffered from low fever and intestinal complaints, and although I managed to evade being put on the sick list, I was much reduced in strength, and did not shake off the fever until I got back on board ship, where I was sent after being severely wounded. We went down to battery at 2.30 A.M. on the 13th of June, and reopened fire mainly on the Malakoff works, as soon as we could see to lay our guns. Those Russian batteries were now however, deprived of the support they had previously received from the Mamelon, from which moreover they were now bombarded by the French gunners, and our especial target—the groups of guns under the ruined Malakoff Tower—soon ceased to reply to the sailors' fire. The ammunition of the foe again began to run short, and the infantry soldiers who had replaced the trained seamen gunners, most of whom had been killed, were of course far less efficient than those whom they succeeded. It was, moreover, necessary for the enemy to keep gun detachments in the sea front forts, for during the night 16th–17th the steamers of the Allied fleets stood in, and bombarded them. Nevertheless, in spite of all difficulties, the Russians fired some 19,000 projectiles during the course of the twenty-four hours. At the time, we were ignorant of their being short of ammunition, and imagined that the lessened rate of reply from their guns was entirely due to the effect of our fire.

During the forenoon of the 17th of June General Pélissier called on Lord Raglan, and it was arranged that the Allies should open fire at daylight on the 18th, and that after any repairs which might have been effected by the Russians during the night had been destroyed, the French should assault the Malakoff between 5 and 5.30 A.M., the English assailing the Redan at such time as Lord Raglan might think advisable. On that Sunday afternoon there was perhaps scarcely any one in either of the Allied Armies who was not confident of our taking Sevastopol next day, and doubtless this feeling reacted on the minds of the Generals commanding in chief.

General Pélissier sent his senior Engineer officer over to Sir Harry Jones in the evening, to say that he had changed his mind, and in conformity with the advice of his General officers, had determined to assault at daylight, and it seemed to Lord Raglan that the terms of the message precluded the possibility of effecting any change in this decision. He was at the time riding round the camps, visiting the General officers who were to command the attacking columns next morning, and only received the unwelcome intimation on his return, about 8 P.M. He fully realized the dangers incurred by this most unfortunate change, but considering it better to assent rather than create any ill-feeling in the minds of our Allies by refusing to co-operate with them, gave, though reluctantly, fresh orders, and his troops, parading at midnight, reached their assigned positions before break of day on the 18th June.

On the 17th I was still suffering from fever, and towards the middle of the day, awaking after a sleep, missed Captain Peel, and on making inquiries was told that he had gone back to camp. I again missed him there, so returned to the battery. I was cantering my pony up the covered approach, when, on arriving, within fifty yards of the Lancaster gun, the pony swerved to the right, out of the trench, and stood still, trembling violently. There were many shells bursting near the battery, but none that I noticed very near, and the pony was generally steady under fire. I applied both spurs, but the pony planted his fore feet on the ground and refused to move, and just as I was shortening my reins to force him on, I heard the peculiar whirr of an irregular mass falling through the air, and almost immediately a large piece of a mortar shell, which had burst above us, fell down under the pony's fore-hand. The animal evidently heard it long before I did.

My Chief had gone to see Lord Raglan, so I again missed him. Captain Peel's opinion was valued more and more, and he gained influence daily. I do not think it is generally known that he proposed a scheme for breaking the floating boom which closed the entrance to the harbour. His suggestion was to lash on either side of his own ship a laden collier, and then, sending every one else below, to himself steer the ship at full speed against the obstacle. It was calculated that the weight of the combined vessels would break the boom, and once inside, casting off the colliers, Peel intended to engage the forts, being supported by the

whole of the fleet, which he proposed should follow him. Though his plan was not adopted, the scheme no doubt gained for him increased consideration at Head-quarters.

I found my Chief in camp in the evening with one of the Senior officers, and from some words I caught when entering his tent, gathered that he was arranging for the assault. He turned to me and said—

“Oh, Wood, you’re not well to-day.”

I replied, “Not well, sir, but not very ill!”

To which he said, “You had better go to bed; I shan’t want you to-morrow morning.”

“I suppose, sir, by that we are going to assault?”

“Yes; and as you are not well enough to go up with us, you will please stop in camp.”

“Are you going to take your other Aide-de-camp?” I asked.

“Yes; I promised him a long time ago,” was the answer.

I left the tent feeling very sulky, but Captain Peel called me back, and, to soothe my vexation, said—

“Well, you may go on with me as far as the battery, but no further.”

I immediately asked, “Is the other Aide-de-camp to go on with you?” to which he answered in the affirmative.

That evening in our mess-tent I had to submit to a great deal of chaff, for it was known in the camp that Captain Peel did not intend to take me out with him; and on going into one of the messes of which I was an honorary member, the conversation turned on the

impending assault. One of the officers laughed at me in a friendly way for having been forbidden to go beyond the battery. To him I replied—

“Barring accidents, I’ll bet you I go as far as my Chief;” when another officer observed,

“I’ll lay 5 to 1 in sovereigns, young Wood’s killed to-morrow.”

Lieutenant Dalyell replied, “Done; bet’s off if I am killed.” My friend was more irritated than I was by the remark, and accepted the wager as a rebuke to the man, who, however, had no intention of being unkind.

I tell this story, although it will shock people who fail to realize the difference between men’s feelings in peaceful scenes at home and those induced by the hardening effects of nine months’ constant warfare, with the daily contemplation of losses in our batteries. The question of Life and Death was discussed in those days with the utmost freedom; and on the afternoon of the 16th of June, when returning from a ride to Balaklava, we stopped at a store kept by an old black woman, whom we used to call Mother Seacole, and bought some bottled fruit, which we laughingly agreed should be kept for the survivors of the assault. At this time, of the fifty selected officers who landed in the Crimea on the 2nd of October, 1854, Mr. Barnett, mate of H.M.S. *Albion*, and I myself were, to the best of my recollection, the only two *duty* officers who had served in the trenches throughout the Siege. Though he never missed a turn, yet happily, as an Admiral, he still survives. I was appointed an Aide-de-camp in

April, but remained on the duty Rolster of the Right Attack. A few of our comrades had been killed, more wounded, and the remainder sent to England invalided, or for other reasons.

About 10 P.M., after having charged the sentry near my tent to arouse me, I fell asleep. The sentry did not call me, in consequence, as I afterwards learnt, of orders given personally by Captain Peel that I was not to be awakened. The noise made by the men falling in, however, awoke me at midnight, and my brother Aide-de-camp kindly came in to see if I was up. We had fully made up our minds that our Chief would probably be killed in the assault, and had agreed to stand by him, or bring in his body. I had been taking large doses of laudanum and other sedative medicines during the two preceding days, and on Mr. Daniels leaving me, feeling thoroughly worn out, I turned over, and slept again till Able-seaman Michael Hardy, of H.M.S. *Leander*, came into the tent, and shook me.

Since the episode of the 9th of April,* when I had been much impressed by Hardy's Stoical conduct in the scene which had unnerved some of us, and had certainly *startled* me, he had been working daily under my command. One night, during the month of May, we were employed in replacing 32-pounder guns which had been disabled by the enemy's projectiles. The Royal Artillery were in the habit of mounting their 18-pounder guns by means of a triangle gyn,† by which

* See Chapter XV., p. 246.

† This was a wooden tripod fitted with a windlass between two of its legs, and a tackle from the apex.

the gun was hoisted, the carriage (garrison) then run underneath, and the gun lowered on to it. The guns used by the Naval brigade being on ship carriages, a rougher method of replacing those which had been injured was employed. The gun to be remounted on a fresh carriage was put vent downwards, on the ground. The carriage was then placed on the gun, but upside down, being fastened to it by the capsquares; * the quoins (or wedges) were placed in position, the breech of the gun being secured to the carriage by a drag-rope passed through the cascabel loop. The gun and carriage were thus fixed properly together, but upside down. A long parbuckle rope was then hooked to the carriage and a turn taken round a handspike placed in the bore of the gun. Fifty men were placed on the rope, and with a sharp pull they "righted" the gun into its proper position for service. It was necessary to keep the men, when hauling on the rope, in an absolutely straight line, no easy task at night on broken ground, for, if they swayed to either hand, the gun-carriage, instead of coming up properly, would fall on its side. This mishap had occurred several times, chiefly owing to the obstinacy of an officer who had recently joined us. He was new to the work, and had, moreover, an irritating manner, which made the men sulky. This feeling was increased when, owing to the noise made during our abortive attempts to mount the gun, the Russians heard us at work, and put several shells close over our heads.

* The semicircular iron bands which hold the gun down in the trunnion holes.

Presently a voice from the end of the drag-rope was heard saying, "Will somebody send that —— fool away, and put a man there as knows how to do it." The Lieutenant immediately ran off to report to the Senior officer of the battery that the men were in an insubordinate state. I waited until he was out of earshot, and then called out, "Michael Hardy" (for I had recognized his voice), "drop that, or you will be a prisoner." Not a word more was said, though a couple of shells pitched close to us as I replaced the men on the rope, and then with a "One, two, three—haul!" the gun came up, "righted" on the carriage. When the Lieutenant returned with the Senior officer a few minutes later, they found the men standing respectfully at attention, and the gun in position.

I am not concerned to defend here my action on that occasion. There may be some officers of my own standing who hold that I should have made Michael Hardy a prisoner on the spot; there are possibly others who, like myself, have seen the patience of men sorely tried by incompetent officers, and judge it best to ignore, in such cases, when possible, hasty expressions, however insolently expressed. Moreover, it was extremely improbable that a court-martial would have convicted a prisoner under such circumstances. The night was dark, and the only evidence of identity was my knowledge of Hardy's voice. This was, I thought, insufficient to make it worth while bringing the man to trial, apart from my sympathy with the men, and warm personal regard for the offender. The incident

is, I think, sufficiently interesting to merit mention as indicative of the relations existing at the time between midshipmen and those before the mast. We messed with ward-room officers when in camp, and yet acted as a channel of communication between them and the men, a kind of barometer showing the state of feeling amongst the Bluejackets.

Hardy, on arousing me, said the Ladder party had moved off; to which I replied that I was too ill to go out. He answered, "Shure, you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this morning's fun;" and, somewhat against my will, proceeded to dress me. Having accomplished this, he propped me up against the tent-pole while he got my pony, on which he put me, being obliged at first to hold me on to the saddle, for I was too weak to grip with my legs. We hurried after the party, which was now some way ahead, as fast as the darkness permitted, overtaking it soon after 1 A.M., as it reached the 21-gun battery, where I tied up my pony to a gun.

When I reported myself to Captain Peel, who was seeing the men told off into parties, six men to each ladder, and a petty officer to every pair of ladders, I asked my Chief if he had thought of bringing down a Union Jack, that we might have it up in the Redan before the Regimental Colours, which, however, as I found later, were not taken out. He regretted that it had been forgotten, but agreed that it was then impossible to remedy the mistake.

Captain Peel now sent me with a message to the other end of the battery, and having delivered it, I was

obliged to sit down on a gabion and rest for a quarter of an hour, for I was feeling so weak as to be almost incapable of exertion. The 21-gun battery was a curious scene of confusion. The night was still dark, and what with excited commanding officers looking for the Engineers who were to guide the columns, and the number of men passing into the battery at the same time, meeting and crossing each other on their way, together with the attempts to enforce silence, which were not altogether successful, it appeared at first as if we should never get into our places.

When, after resting, I returned to the right of the battery, where I had left Captain Peel, the Ladder parties had moved off to pick up their loads, which had been placed by the Royal Engineers in a slight hollow to the North of the 3rd parallel. I went a short distance towards this spot, and then realizing that the parties must come back again towards the Quarries, I walked straight in that direction, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing my Chief, who was then engaged in having the sections renumbered to ensure that every man was in his proper place on either side of the ladders. This being done, a tot of rum all round was issued, and we lay down under a breastwork about three feet high, to the North of the Quarries and a little further to the rear, waiting for the signal, which was to be a flag hoisted in the 8-gun battery. In the interval before the signal was made, Captain Peel sent me on five different messages, none of which were of any importance, so eager was he that I should be spared from the fire we were about to meet. This

I only knew later from a letter written to his brother on the following day, and at the time I was greatly irritated, so much so, that on the last occasion, just at the false dawn, in spite of occasional bullets fired from the Redan, I walked straight across the open towards the rear, instead of going round by the zigzag. Peel then called me back, giving up the attempt to get rid of me.

Mr. Kinglake, in his history, says, "The night of the 17th-18th was a beauteous midsummer night, and the stars in the heavens disclosed the marches of troops to a vigilant garrison;" while the Staff officer, writing from Head-quarters, says, "At 2 A.M., when Lord Raglan left his house, it was so dark that the Staff could only ride at a foot's pace." The latter statement is the more accurate, for between two and three o'clock no one could see more than a hundred yards. Possibly from being unwell I was specially susceptible to chills, for I noted in my diary "there was a cold mist." I am sure, however, we should not accept Mr. Kinglake's statement of the garrison having observed these marches of our troops, and being "thus able to divine in some measure the special plan of attack." The Russians, of course, knew that an assault was impending, and, fortunately for them, and unfortunately for the French, Todleben began, at dusk on the 17th, mounting field guns *en barbette* * on the

* Guns are said to be "*en barbette*" when they are raised up high enough to fire over the parapet. They thus gain in lateral range, but lose the protection afforded to guns fired through embrasures.

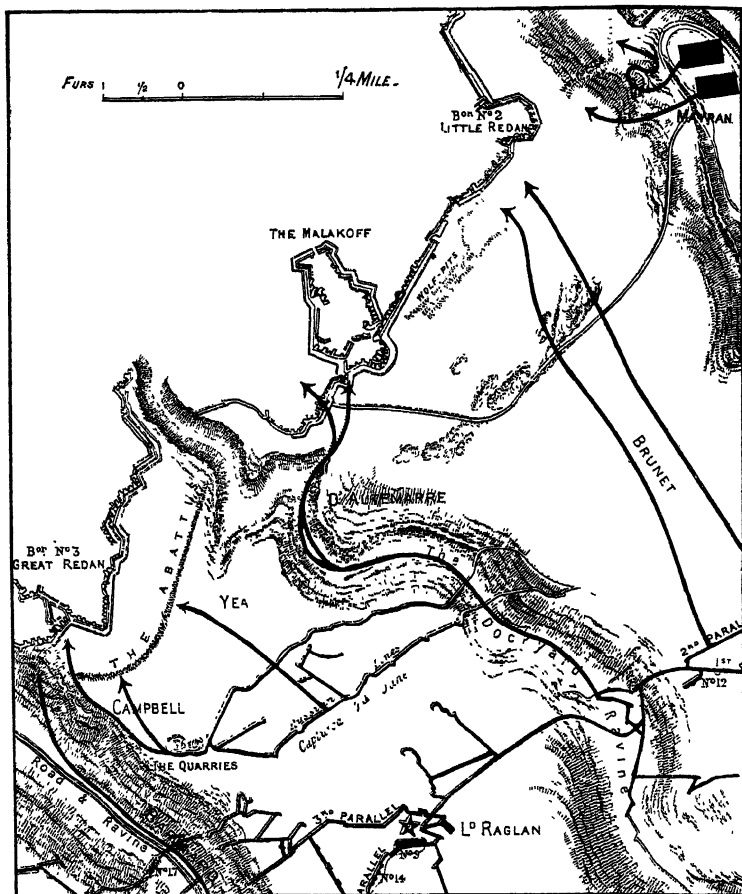
Malakoff, and making every preparation to receive the attack.

We learn from Todleben's narrative that, at 2 A.M. on the 18th, Second-Lieutenant Khroustchow, Briansk Regiment, who was lying concealed close to the French advanced trenches, reported that masses of the enemy were collecting in the Careenage Ravine. We know from the French Engineer journal that they had begun to concentrate there at 10 P.M. on the 17th. Soon after 2 A.M. the Russian bugles sounded the assembly, and their long-suffering troops manned the parapets, and a field battery came into action at the North end of the Malakoff enclosure. The Allies were getting into position about the same time.

The French, who had abandoned the idea of assaulting the works at and about the Bastion du Mât, put 25,000 men under arms; their assaulting Divisions, consisting of about 6000 men each, being led by General Mayran on the extreme right, by General Brunet in the centre, and by General d'Autemarre on the left. These columns were intended to carry all the Russian fortifications, extending from the harbour on the North to the Gervais battery on the South. This last-named work stood between the Malakoff and the Redan. The Imperial Guard was placed as a reserve behind the Victoria fort.

General Péliissier had arranged to give the signal for the assault from the site of the Lancaster battery, but he was late in leaving Head-quarters, not mounting his horse till 2 o'clock. His unwieldy figure did not permit of his riding ordinarily much beyond a foot's

pace, and the darkness of the night would have prevented any one but a bold horseman from travelling



ATTACKS ON THE KARABELNAIA ENCEINTE, 18TH OF JUNE, 1855.

faster. He was still some distance from the position he had determined to take up, when the assaulting

column on the extreme North went forward. General Mayran mistook the blazing fuse of an ordinary mortar shell fired from the Mamelon for the signal rocket, and at 3.50 A.M. led forward his Division, marching himself in front of the leading brigade, against the batteries standing immediately over Careenage Bay. He had nearly 800 yards to cross in order to reach the objective, and although his men were at first sheltered by the nature of the ground, they were soon met by a heavy fire, not only from land batteries, but from six steamers anchored off the mouth of Careenage Bay, and only comparatively few men reached the obstacles in front of the batteries. Mayran was severely wounded almost immediately after going out, and shortly afterwards mortally wounded. His troops fell into confusion, but were rallied by the Brigadier-general Failly, and, taking cover, they fired into the embrasures.

General Pélissier had intended that the advance of all three Divisions should be simultaneous, but this was not carried out. General d'Autémarre's division had furnished the guard for the trenches the previous day, and the cooking places had been placed to the South of the Mamelon, on the ground where Brunet's division was to assemble prior to the assault. When this Division arrived, the company cooks of d'Autémarre's Division were preparing the morning soup, and Brunet's troops were halted to avoid upsetting the cooking-pots. Thus the Division was late in getting into its position of "Concentration."

When General Mayran went out prematurely, the fact of the Centre division not being ready, gave the

Russians time to concentrate all their fire on Mayran's troops, and when Brunet emerged, marching in two columns on the Little Redan, which lay between the most Northern battery and the Malakoff, the Russians, relieved from the pressure of Mayran's column, mounted their parapets and assailed Brunet's two brigades with grape, case, and bullets. The heads of the columns were shattered by the terrible shower of missiles poured on to them. The General himself was killed, and the leading part of the right column moved too far to its right, halting and taking cover when within 100 yards of a battery. Several officers tried again and again to lead the men forward, but were struck down, and no substantial advantage was there gained. The other brigade moved about 300 yards further South, and some few of the boldest men approached the ditch of the entrenchment which joined the Malakoff and Little Redan, but those who actually reached the ditch were too few in numbers to penetrate the work, the greater number of their comrades lying strewn, dead and dying, behind them.

When Brunet's column went forward, General d'Autemarre moved down the Dockyard Ravine, and one of his leading battalions pushed on into the suburb, while a party of Engineers got into the Gervais battery without serious resistance. Here they remained for about forty minutes, but not being supported, eventually fell back.

Before I attempt to describe what happened to the Stormers sent forward against the Redan, I may state briefly the proceedings of General Eyre's column.

On the extreme British left, a brigade under General Eyre was detailed to move down the ravine which separated the right of the French on their Western Attack, from the left of our Left Attack. Eyre was directed to seize the works in the cemetery at the head of the Dockyard Creek. He moved off from his point of "Concentration" about 2 A.M., and was approaching some Russian rifle-pits which lay between him and the cemetery, when he was anticipated in his advance by the 10th battalion of Chasseurs, which carried the rifle-pits by a flank attack.

Eyre, himself a man of great courage, of which he had given many proofs when in command of the 73rd Perthshire Regiment during the Kaffir Wars, had, before marching off from parade, stimulated the ardour of his men by a short burning speech, addressing himself particularly to the premier Irish battalion.* This possibly was, in part, the cause of a mistake which cost us dear, for the brigade carried not only the Russian works in the cemetery, but pushed on to some houses at the foot of the enemy's main line of works in the Garden batteries; these were seized, and held till sunset. This was our sole success during the day, and was achieved at the cost of 560 casualties, of whom 30 were officers, out of a total strength of 2000.

The Redan, as its technical name implies, was formed of two faces, each about 70 yards in length meeting in a salient, the line of parapet being continued to the works on either side. The parapet at the Salient itself was 17 feet high, and on the left

* 18th Royal Irish.

face stood 15 feet above the surface of the ground. The ditch, 11 feet deep, varied in width from 20 feet at the Salient, to 15 feet on the faces. As the work was open in the rear, we could not have held it, even if we had got in, so long as the enemy was still in the Bastion du Mât, Barrack, and Malakoff batteries.

The glacis of the Redan was the natural surface of the ground, which met in a ridge on the line of the Capital;* every part of this ridge was seen, to some degree, from the adjoining flanks, but they were on a much lower level than the Salient. Nevertheless the ridge itself was exposed to fire from the Barrack and Garden batteries, and from the Gervais, and other Malakoff batteries. The slope up which the Stormers were to pass was covered by long rank grass, and seamed with holes made by the explosion of mortar shells, by innumerable rifle trenches, and by some disused gravel-pits.

The brigade orders issued by the Commanding Royal Engineer laid down that the Redan was to be assaulted by three columns.

Each column was composed, and was to move as follows :—

Advanced party :—

Sappers	10
Skirmishers	100
Ladder party	120 (60 being Blue-jackets)
Men carrying bags of hay or wool					50

* An imaginary straight line bisecting the Salient angle.

Storming party :—

Bayonets	400
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Reserve :—

Bayonets	800
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Workmen	400
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The Left column (No. 1), under command of Major-General Sir John Campbell, was to march on the re-entering angle formed by the (proper) right face of the work and its flank, about 60 yards West of the Salient. The Right column (No. 3), under Acting Brigadier-General Colonel Yea, was to enter the Redan at the opposite point to No. 1 column.

The orders for the Centre column (No. 2) were ambiguous. They were—

“To advance upon the Salient of the Redan, and force its way into the work.

“If the columns 1 and 3 have been successful, No. 2 will remain as a Reserve to the columns in its front.

* * * * * *

“No. 2, after entering the Redan, is to consider itself as a Reserve, and not to advance beyond the lodgement, which the workmen will have commenced.”

From the above it was understood that the Centre column (No. 2) was not to go forward until those on the flanks had tried to carry the work, but the order is open to the construction that this column was to deliver the assault simultaneously with the others, and was to become the Reserve after the lodgement had been effected. It is, however, clear, from Lord Raglan's despatch dated the 19th of June, 1855, that the Centre column was to start after those moving on the

flanks of the Redan. This was the more unfortunate because the Salient was the safest line of advance, and the least swept by close fire on the 18th of June.

These arrangements apparently contemplated that, covered by the fire of 200 skirmishers, 800 men were to advance for a distance of between 400 and 500 yards over open ground, and accompanied by men carrying heavy ladders, 18 feet in length ; but they were modified as regards No. 3, the Right column.

By orders issued on the afternoon of the 17th of June, the storming party to be furnished by the Light division was to consist of detachments of the 7th Fusiliers, the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, and 33rd Regiment ; but during the night of the 17th-18th, the 34th Regiment was detailed to act as the storming party, and detachments of the above-named three Regiments were placed under the command of Colonel D. Lysons, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, to act as a support to the Stormers. Colonel Lysons' detachments were formed before daylight in the demi-parallel immediately outside the 8-gun battery, about 300 yards in rear of the Stormers, being placed in seniority from the left, which arrangement brought the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers on the slopes leading down to the Dockyard Ravine. All these detachments had orders to move out when the flag was seen in the 8-gun battery.

There has been no account written, either clear or satisfactory to my mind, of the proceedings of the Left column, detailed to attack the right face (proper) of the Redan. Mr. Kinglake, who shows generally a most generous appreciation of the Rank and File, has,

in an apparent endeavour to smooth over the defeat, done but scant justice to some of our comrades. His descriptions were doubtless based on what he had been told by officers engaged in the struggle, and I, therefore, quote (but not verbatim) sufficient extracts to show generally what he intended to convey :—

“The head of the Left assaulting column crossed the parapet on the signal being given, but the 100 skirmishers, or covering party, hung back under the slope close to the Western face of the Quarries, and caused others to halt. . . . The foot soldier seemed averse to carrying burdens over a vast space under torrents of fire, without having his rifle in his hand. . . . The guiding Engineer was immediately mortally wounded. . . . Colonel Tylden impatiently cheered on the men, asking what they were stopping for? . . . At this moment Lieutenant Graham, who had charge of the ladder party, seeing the impossibility of getting up on the face of the work, asked if he might lead it on the Salient, and the Colonel replied, ‘Anywhere as long as you get on,’ but almost at the same moment the Colonel fell mortally wounded. Graham carried his Chief a few paces back to a more sheltered spot, and then turned back to the ladder party. The sailors were awaiting orders, but the Soldier ladder party had disappeared, and eventually Graham, after showing the most distinguished courage himself, moved the Naval ladder party back into the trench, although the men protested that they were willing to go forward with him without any others.”

Mr. Kinglake goes on to say, that when the Storming party wanted to cross the parapet, the men were stopped and even turned from their course by soldiers who, having absented themselves from their Divisions without leave, had crowded into the trenches

to take part in the attack; therefore the Storming party filed off to the left, moving towards the Woronzow Ravine, and on coming to the end of an unfinished parapet, got thence up to the Artakoff battery, *i.e.* that on the proper right flank of the Redan. It is obvious that if all the Stormers had followed the General, as some did, they would have immediately disengaged themselves from any intruding soldiery. Moreover, Mr. Kinglake weakens this explanation later in his narrative, when he makes Colonel Lord West, who succeeded to the command on Sir John Campbell being killed, lament the fact of there being a parapet to cover the men, for he thought if there had been no shelter he might have induced them to advance.

Mr. Kinglake says also that when some of the Stormers went forward in the wrong direction—that is, to the Artakoff battery—they were brought back with a loss of only three or four men, but he omits to mention that our burying parties found many dead bodies grouped around Sir John Campbell, and that out of 400 Rank and File composing the Left storming party, it lost in the twenty minutes' work, 113 killed and wounded, of whom nine were officers.

From what I have learnt from friends who served in the column, I believe the following account to be substantially accurate.

I do not know if the skirmishers had definite orders, but the Ladder party was told to follow them. On the signal being made, the Skirmishers, Ladder parties, Wool-bag men, and a portion of the Stormers crossed the parapet, but the Skirmishers did not go

on more than about fifty yards, where, under the shelter of a fold of ground, they opened fire. One of our officers, pointing to a prominent Russian officer on the Redan crest, asked bitterly, "Since you are so fond of shooting, why don't you shoot him?" The Colonel of the battalion forming the Stormers was killed as he was crossing the parapet, and several of his men did move Westwards, as Mr. Kinglake states.

When Colonel Tylden, "the commanding Royal Engineer," who had preceded all others, was hit immediately after answering Lieutenant Graham, that officer, putting down his sword, with the help of a sapper, carried the Colonel back to a slight hollow fifty yards in rear, and when Graham looked round the sailors were back inside the trench in good order, but the soldier carriers had scattered.* General Sir John Campbell walked up between the Salient, and the flank of the Redan, where the following day a friend of mine saw his body surrounded by dead soldiers, about twenty yards from the Salient of the abatis. When Colonel Lord West heard that he had become Senior officer, he instructed Lieutenant Graham to take out the Ladder party again. Lord West intended to form a fresh covering party of skirmishers, and advance on the Redan with the Reserve, which was lying in disorder, taking cover along the line of parapet, but he did not succeed in getting any formed body of men to

* Graham's cool courage in these trying moments was evident from his being able to walk straight back to where he had thrown down his sword.

leave the sheltered position. Graham took out the Sailor ladder party, the men of which were keen to go forward, but seeing Lord West could not get men to follow him, Graham eventually brought the sailors back. Lord West now sent to Sir George Brown to ask for fresh troops, but received an answer that he was to reform his attacking columns. This was found to be impossible.

It was not a practical arrangement to send out only a hundred skirmishers to cover the advance of a Ladder party, but if sent out they should have been clearly ordered neither to halt, nor fire until they reached the abatis. I believe they would have obeyed this order or have died in the attempt, as so many of those of the Right column did ; but the whole arrangements showed our want of experience in framing orders for such operations. I should state, in justice to the men of the Left column, that while the storming party of the Right column was better handled, I imagine the fire, terrible as it was on our side, was less so than that which met the small detachments following Sir John Campbell, for they were pelted not only from the (proper) right flank of the Redan, but also from the Barrack batteries, while the attention of the Russians in the Malakoff was drawn off our Right column, and devoted to the French, who were, moreover, in the Gervais battery before we advanced.

This is a sad story, but it contains valuable lessons for students of war, and more is often learnt from a truthful narrative of a failure than from expurgated accounts of a brilliant victory, in which the lights only

are painted in for the Victors, the shadows being assigned to the Vanquished.

Some unfavourable comments appeared in "Letters from Head-quarters," by a Staff Officer, and also in a work recently published,* on the leading and conduct of Major-General Sir John Campbell. No adequate reasons are given for these statements, and all the evidence we have of his death goes to prove that he behaved very much like all the best Generals of the epoch. He had commanded the 4th Division since the battle of Inkerman, and like his predecessor in that command, was killed at the head of half a battalion. His body was found but a few yards from the point he was ordered to attack, and it is clear that while he showed the most dauntless courage, he fully realized the serious task assigned to him. Immediately before he left our trenches he sent in different directions his aides-de-camp, whose lives he wished might be spared. Nevertheless the last words he said to a subaltern,† who for his conduct that morning was awarded the Victoria Cross, indicates clearly his indomitable courage under circumstances which appalled some of those who should have followed him. He observed cheerfully, in the language of London society, to the subaltern, "I shall, at all events, be found amongst the *earliest arrivals* at the Redan."

When we recall the conduct of the two generals in immediate command of troops at Inkerman, we find

* "Letters from the Crimea," by Captain Colin Campbell, of the 46th Regiment.

† Now a distinguished General.

that one who survived, and the other who was killed, were always in front with the fighting line. The two Cavalry brigadiers, when they closed on the enemy on the 25th of October at Balaklava, were from thirty to fifty yards in front of the leading squadrons. The Commander-in-Chief himself, by the testimony of his warm admirer, Mr. Kinglake, rode across the Alma river not only in front of our skirmishers, but also through those of the enemy, on to a knoll within the Russian position. This, as Sir Edward Hamley wrote, "was indeed a singular position for a Commander to take up, and without even the knowledge of his army."

This personal leading had come down as a legacy from the battles of the earlier part of the century. The Commander of seven Cavalry brigades charged at Waterloo in front of the leading squadron of a single regiment. The General commanding the 5th Division was killed by a bullet when in his firing line early in that battle, and our Crimea generals only followed precedents which, when successful, are generally applauded. It, therefore, appears to me somewhat unreasonable to blame the determined courage of a man who merely acted up to our traditions.

The habit of Generals leading their soldiers into the thickest crowd of a fight was common not only in the Allied armies, but also in that of our foe. The two Generals of division who led the French Right and Left columns were struck down in front of their leading brigades, and we learn an interesting episode of the fight in the Karabelnaia, from Todleben's "Defence of

Sevastopol." On the 18th of June, when a part of the leading battalion of d'Autemarre's Division (6th Chasseurs) got into the suburb, it took possession of the ruined houses behind the Gervais battery. While the struggle for these hovels was going on, General Khrouleff* came up with the 5th company, Sewsk Regiment, 135 of all ranks, which was returning to barracks after being employed as a working party. The General, having formed up the company, himself led it to the attack, the men going on after him with fixed bayonets and without firing a shot. Two other battalions joined in, and though the French fought desperately, the men in each hovel standing a separate assault, the Russians, by pulling off the roofs, succeeded eventually in repulsing our Allies. General Khrouleff survived, but the Captain of the company and 105 men, out of a total of 135, fell before the 6th Chasseurs were driven out of the suburbs.

When the French went out from their trenches, we (seven officers, sixty petty officers and men of the Naval brigade Ladder party of the Right column) were all crouching huddled close together, keeping as much under cover as we could. I was lying next to Mr. Parsons, a mate, when suddenly he knocked against me violently, and, as I thought, in rough play. I was asking him angrily to leave off skylarking, when I noticed that he had been thrown over me by earth driven in by a round shot, and was insensible. This shot killed another man, and covered me with dust.

* He commanded the sortie on the 22nd of March, 1855.

Near the Naval brigade detachment was a Ladder party of similar strength, and in addition fifty men carrying wool-bags furnished by the Rifle Brigade. These were either volunteers or picked men, and in the words of their gallant leader, who happily still survives,* were amongst the "best in the battalion."

The French were under a very heavy fire, which lessened the light of the coming dawn, but we realized from the noise that they were not going to seize the Malakoff as quickly as they had got into the Mamelon on the 7th of June. While we were waiting for our signal a mortar shell fell amongst the storming party close to us, and blew a soldier with his rifle and accoutrements several feet into the air. I had scarcely taken my eyes off him when I saw the signal-flag being run up, and before it broke† on reaching the top, I called out, "Flag's up," and Captain Peel, jumping on to the parapet, was followed by the Naval officers, and in doing so drew from the enemy a shower of grape and musketry, which knocked down several men behind us. The Russian Infantry mounted their parapets, and thence directed on us a succession of steadily aimed volleys. When Captain Wolseley,‡ Assistant Engineer, who was in the mortar battery with Lord Raglan, saw the masses of Russians awaiting our little strings of men, he said, "Ah! there is no chance for them."

The fire which was poured on us is described by

* Now Major-General Sir William Blackett, Bart.

† *I.e.* was unfurled by a jerk of the other rope.

‡ Now Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

Lord Raglan, who had himself seen that which met the storming parties of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz (so vividly recounted in Napier's "History of the Peninsular War"). His Lordship wrote, in his despatch of the 19th of June, "I never before witnessed such a continued and heavy fire of grape and musketry;" and in a private letter, "I never had a conception before of such a shower of grape." It is difficult to picture its intensity. Various kinds of projectiles cut up the ground all round us, but yet not continuously in their fullest force; and while there was no cessation of the shower of missiles, which pattered on the stony ground like tropical rain, yet every thirty seconds or so, gusts of increased violence came sweeping down the hillside, reminding me of the recurring blasts of a storm as simulated behind the scenes of a theatre.

Peel, standing on the parapet, and waving his sword in the dim light, cheered on our men, shouting, "Come on, sailors, don't let the soldiers beat you." On this appeal the whole of our Ladder party ran forward at a steady double, simultaneously with the Skirmishers and Wool-bag men. The Skirmishers started about fifty yards in front of us, in open order, and some, as I saw, went on up to the abatis, where I was speaking to an officer of the Rifle Brigade, when he was mortally wounded. Although I had previously determined to remain with my Chief, from the moment we started I lost sight of him. When I was riding down to the battery, so weak and ill as to feel incapable of doing any hand-to-hand

fighting—for a week's diet on tinned milk and rice had left little strength in my body—I realized the value of Hardy as a fighting man. Thinking I would secure, at all events, one physically strong man at my side, I observed to Hardy, who was holding me in the saddle, "When we go out I shall stick to Captain Peel; mind you stick to me." Hardy replied somewhat evasively, "Yes, I'll stick to him if he goes well to the front," and this indomitable Bluejacket fully carried out his somewhat insubordinately expressed intention, of not permitting any one to surpass him in the assault.

As the sailors went forward, the storming party detailed from the 34th Regiment was coming out from the trenches, and forming quarter-column by the movement then termed "Reverse flank—left form." As I passed on I noticed the men near me did not flinch, but that those coming up on the outer flank were swept down in succession, while the left or pivot men remained untouched. Before our party had advanced 100 yards several sailors had been killed, and I was struck by a bullet inside the thumb, my sword being knocked five yards away from me. I thought my arm, which was paralyzed by the jar, was off, and I instinctively dropped on one knee, but, looking down, I saw that it was merely a flesh wound, and jumped up hurriedly, fearing that any one seeing me might say I was skulking. On going to pick up my sword, I found it was bent up something in the shape of a corkscrew; so that I left it on the ground, throwing away also the scabbard. Having no pistol, I was

now without any weapon, but this did not occur to my mind at the moment.

In the mean time my comrades had suffered considerably. The senior Lieutenant had been slightly wounded, and my friend Dalyell had lost his left arm, shattered by a grape-shot. Captain Peel was also struck, when about half-way up the glacis, by a bullet which passed through his left arm, and became so faint, that he reluctantly came back, attended by Mr. Daniells, who was the only unwounded Naval officer out with our column. He escaped injury, although his pistol-case was shot through in two places, and his clothes were cut several times. Thus, before our party got half-way, I was the sole officer remaining effective. In my anxiety to overtake my comrades, I had outstripped the leading Ladder-men, and retraced my steps somewhat unwillingly, for I had an intense desire to reach the Redan, if it was only to escape from the shower of case-shot and bullets which fell all around us.

When I rejoined the Ladder party, there were only four ladders being carried to the Front by sailors, and I could see none of those entrusted to the soldiers, though some Wool-bag men were still struggling forward. As we now know, all the carriers of the first ladder, Captain Blackett, succeeded in getting over the breastwork, were shot down in a few seconds, and the remaining ladders were not taken far before all three officers fell, the Captain dangerously, the two subalterns severely wounded. Blackett lay on the ground until a sergeant carried him back into our

trenches, and the other two officers were so badly injured that they were unable to lead their men. This loss of officers accounts, I think, for the Soldier-ladder party not advancing so far up the glacis as did that furnished by the Naval brigade. Had I to undertake such a task now, I would put an officer, if available, with every ladder.

We had started with six men to a ladder, and a petty officer to every pair. All the petty officers were carrying, having replaced men who had been knocked down. As we went forward we instinctively inclined to our right hand to avoid a blast of missiles which was poured on us from two guns on the (proper) left face of the Redan, but after going another fifty or sixty yards, we came under fire of guns on the Curtain connecting the left of the Redan with the Dockyard Ravine, and this caused the column to swerve back again to our left. When I approached the abatis, which I did about fifty yards on the Malakoff side of the Salient, there were only two ladders still being carried forward, borne by four and three men respectively. As I joined the leading ladder its carriers were reduced to three, and then the right-hand rear man falling, I took his place. The second ladder now fell to the ground, all the men being killed or wounded, and when we were about thirty yards from the abatis my fellow-carriers were reduced to two.

There was a young man (ordinary seaman) in front and one man alongside me. The latter presently was killed, and the young man in front, no doubt realizing a greater drag on his shoulder, for I found

the load too heavy for my strength, turned his face round towards me, whom he imagined to be his comrade, shouting, "Come along, Bill ; let's get ours up first," and before he had recognized me, he was killed, and with him fell the ladder. I must admit that a sense of relief came over me ; I felt that my responsibility was gone, as even the most enthusiastic Commander could scarcely expect me to carry a ladder, 18 feet in length, by myself. It was now lying within 30 yards of the Abatis, under the slight shelter of which scattered soldiers were crouching ; some were firing, and a great many shouting, while above us on the parapet stood Russians four and, in places, six deep, firing at us and calling sarcastically to us to come in. There appeared very little chance of our being able to take advantage of this invitation ; the Abatis was about 100 yards from the ditch at the Salient, and where I was then standing, some 30 yards nearer to it. The obstacle was in itself about four feet thick and from four to five feet high, the stoutest portions of the wood being from six to eight inches in diameter. There were one or two places where we could have pushed through one man at a time, but even then, after crossing the open space intervening between the Abatis and the ditch, there was a still more serious obstacle. The ditch, 11 feet deep and about 15 feet broad, was in itself a difficulty to overcome ; but 26 feet above its bottom, there was the huge earthen rampart, on which the Russians were standing ready for us. I realized immediately that any attempt to enter the work was hopeless unless large reinforcements

came on, for our storming party of 400 had dwindled down to something between 100 and 200. Lieutenant Graves, Royal Engineers, coming up to me, asked if I had seen Captain Peel. I said, "Not since we crossed the parapet," and he passed on, being killed almost immediately. He was as calm and collected in manner during these trying moments as he had showed himself on the 10th of April, when, as I described in Chapter XVI., a round shot scooped the ground from under his feet.

Just then an officer seizing a bough from the Abatis, waved it over his head, and cheerily called on the men to follow, but he was at the same moment pierced by several bullets, and fell lifeless. While looking round, I was struck by the burning courage of a young sergeant who was trying to induce men to accompany him over the Abatis. After calling in vain on those immediately round him to follow, waxing wrath, he said, "I'll tell my right-hand man to follow, and if he fails I'll shoot him." Bringing his rifle to the "ready," he said, "Private ——, will you follow me?" I saw by the sergeant's eye that he was in earnest, and stood for a few seconds as if spell-bound. The man looked deliberately up at the hundreds of Russians above us, then at his comrades, as if reckoning the numbers (those near at hand were certainly under 100), and replied quietly, "No, I won't." The sergeant threw his rifle into his shoulder with the apparent intention of shooting the man, but in the act of taking aim, struck by a grapeshot, he fell dead.

I now knelt on one knee alongside an officer, and

was speaking to him as to our chances of succeeding, when he was pierced just above the waist-belt by a bullet. As he tossed about in pain, calling on the Almighty, I was somewhat perturbed, but I had seen too much bloodshed to be seriously affected, until he called on his mother. This allusion distressed me so much, that I got up and walked away along the Abatis Northward, looking to see if there were any weaker spot in the obstacle. While doing so, I saw four Russians above me, apparently "following" me with their rifles. Instinctively throwing up my left arm to shield my face, I was strolling along when a gun was fired with case-shot close to me. The shots came crashing through the Abatis, and one, weighing $5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, struck my arm just below the "funny-bone." This felled me to the ground, and sent me rolling some yards down the slope of the hill, where I lay insensible.

On page 308 I mentioned that the "Supports," which in the original orders for the assault were called "the Reserve," had been placed about 300 yards in rear of the Stormers.

Immediately the signal flag was hoisted, Colonel Lysons,* jumping up, gave the order 'By companies, left shoulders forward, quick march!' and the detachments of the left and centre regiments went forward in open column. Colonel Lysons kept a little to one side of the line of advance of the 34th Regiment to prevent his men becoming mixed up with the Stormers, whom, however, he determined to support closely.

* Now General Sir Daniel Lysons, G.C.B.

As his leading company, the 7th Fusiliers, passed the old Russian rifle-pit somewhat to the North of the Quarries, the heavy fire it encountered struck down a number of the men. Just at this time Colonel Lysons saw that the second Regiment's detachment, by bringing up its right shoulder, was getting too far to the left, and by signs and shouts he endeavoured, but ineffectually, to bring it into the direct line : many men of both detachments now fell, but the Colonel was himself untouched till later. Going straight up, he reached the Abatis immediately after the Rifles, about twenty yards North of the Salient, close to where the body of an officer of the Rifle Brigade was lying on the abatis. When Colonel Lysons looked round, he found that a few of the 7th Fusiliers only had got up. Presently he saw Colonel Yea, who had advanced somewhat to the Northward of the 7th Fusiliers, walking up towards the Salient, and Lysons was approaching him to ask for orders, when a blast of grapeshot knocked down several men, and Colonel Yea amongst them.

Lieutenant a'Court Fisher, the Royal Engineer officer who had been detailed to guide the Right column, was actually asking Colonel Yea for orders at the moment he was killed. Lieutenant Fisher did not see Colonel Lysons, and was asking a brother officer, Captain Jesse, "What's to be done?" when the latter fell dead. Later, Lieutenant Fisher, who was reported to have shown "great coolness, judgment, and decision," told all the men near him to retire, and a bugler repeated the command, which was heard,

however, by those only who were close at hand. But, in truth, the Rank and File had already realized we had failed, and those lying under the Abatis were only kept there by the resolution of officers and sergeants. Colonel Lysons, noticed a sergeant of the Rifle Brigade, who had observed some men about to run back, level his rifle, declaring he would shoot the first man who offered to retire without orders.

Eventually Colonel Lysons, seeing that, with the few men then at the Abatis, it was impossible to effect an entrance, told the men near him to retire, walking back himself by the Quarries, and though wounded, he was among the last of the effectives to retire in that direction. When he reported his return in the 8-gun battery, he learnt for the first time that the detachment of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers had been stopped when about to leave the demi-parallel, by order of the General Officer commanding the Light Division, who, thinking the assault must fail, decided to spare one battalion the loss the others suffered.

How long I remained unconscious near the Abatis I cannot tell, but I was aroused by an Irish sergeant shaking my wounded arm, which was uppermost, and saying, "Matey, if you are going in, you had better go at once, or you'll get bageneted." * My strongly worded reply showed him that I was an officer, which he might well be excused having failed to perceive, for I had little or nothing about me to indicate the rank. My gold-band cap was lying under my body ; a blue monkey jacket, much worn and dirty, a red

* Bayoneted.

shirt, and pair of blue trousers, with red silk waist scarf, were all that I had on, for as described above, I had thrown away my sword-scabbard when I lost my sword, almost immediately after leaving our trenches. The sergeant informed me that the "Retire," had sounded some minutes previously, and that all our people had gone back. In spite of a gust of bullets fired at less than 100 yards' distance, he helped me up tenderly, taking great care this time not to hurt my arm. Then, having put me on my feet, the sergeant, bending down his head, ran as fast as he could back towards our trenches. I followed him, but very slowly, heading for the 8-gun battery, for, although I had not previously felt any weakness since the moment we left the trench on the flag going up, I had now become faint, and could walk only with difficulty and very slowly, although grape, case, and bullets crashed about me. When I had got about half-way down, I saw several men running, with bodies bent, along a ditch, into which I stepped. This trench had been advanced about 100 yards towards the Redan in the past week. It was but a foot or so deep, but with the rank grass three feet high, gave some slight shelter. I had gone only a few yards down it when the screams of wounded men who had crawled into the shelter, and who were further injured by the soldiers running over them, caused me to get out of the trench and walk away from it. I had scarcely left it before it was literally swept by case-shot from three guns in succession, and many of the men who had just been running

over their wounded comrades fell, killed or wounded, on top of them. As I approached our third parallel, the last men of a party, which had remained out to cover the retreat when the Retire was sounded, were going back into the work.

I was making for a place where the parapet had been worn down by men running over it, in order to avoid the exertion of mounting up even four feet, when a young soldier passed me on my left side, and, doubtless, not noticing I was wounded, knocked my arm heavily, saying, "Move on, sir, please." As he passed over the parapet with his rifle at the trail, I caught it by the small of the butt to pull myself up. He turned round angrily, asking, "What are you doing?" and while his face was bent on mine, a round shot, passing my ear, struck him full between the shoulders, and I stepped over his body, so exhausted as to be strangely indifferent to the preservation of my own life, saved by the soldier having jostled me out of my turn at the gap.

On the far side of this parapet there sat a sailor, who had been severely wounded in his right hand, having lost two of his fingers. Feeling how very helpless I had become, I could not but admire the man's coolness and self-possession. He was unable to use his right hand, but with the left he had pulled out of his trousers the tail of his shirt, and holding it in his teeth, had already torn off two or three strips when I passed him. With these he was bandaging up his hand in a manner which would have done credit to any of our ambulance

classes of the present day, and he answered me quite cheerily as to the nature of the wound, on which I addressed him.

I had come to the end of my strength, and could scarcely mount the parapet of the 8-gun battery, falling to the ground in the first attempt. When I got up on top of it I hesitated to drop down to the banquette, fearing to jar my arm, and paused so long that a sergeant, ignorant of my rank, and possibly not wanting to see more fire drawn on to the spot, called out, "Jump, jump, you little devil, or you'll be killed." My reply was more emphatic than polite, but just then two officers, seeing I was wounded, came out and carried me in, offering me brandy and water. A friendly doctor, whom I had known for some time, greeted me warmly with "Sit down, me dear boy, an' I'll have your arm off before ye know where ye are." I had some difficulty in evading his kind attentions, but eventually being put into a stretcher, I was carried away by four Bluejackets, a shipmate midshipman, Mr. Peard, who had recently joined the brigade, walking alongside. We met the Commander of the Naval brigade, Commodore Lushington, when I was being carried away, and, to my great relief, he informed me that Captain Peel, though wounded, was alive.

Before we left the battery the four men carrying me had a narrow escape, for a shell bursting just short of us, ploughed up the ground between the front and rear carriers. This was the last of my escapes from the enemy, but as we passed through the camp of the 4th Division, the men, in changing

arms, managed to drop me out of the stretcher. It was one of those made to roll up, and was kept apart, when in use, by an iron stay; this came unshipped as the men changed shoulders, and I fell heavily on the wounded arm!

While awaiting in the operating tent, with painful anxiety, my turn for the table, I was interested by the extraordinary fortitude of a Bluejacket, who discussed the morning's work without a break in his voice while the doctors were removing two of his fingers at the third joints. I had a prolonged argument with the surgeons ere I was allowed to retain my arm, for a Naval officer was then dangerously ill from a wound received a few days before, in which amputation had been delayed too long. The Senior doctor present eventually decided on my being allowed the chance, after I had by doubling the arm disproved the statement of his colleagues that the joint was shattered. The moment I recovered consciousness after inhaling the anæsthetic, Captain Peel came to see me, and saying that he had got but half-way up the Glacis, asked me to tell him exactly how far the remainder of the party had advanced. Having done so, I inquired anxiously for my friend Michael Hardy, of whom I could learn nothing then, but at the flag of truce next day his body was found under an embrasure of the Redan, the only man, so far as I know, who crossed the Abatis and ditch that day.

There were fifty-three sailors killed and wounded, and, according to my journal, written at the time,*

* I do not vouch for its strict accuracy.

forty-eight of these casualties occurred in the Right column, as the Left ladder party did not go more than fifty yards beyond our advanced trench.

I slept till 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when I was awakened by Colonel Steele * bringing into my tent a letter from Lord Raglan, condoling with me on my wound, and placing his carriage at my disposition to take me down to Kazatch, whenever I could be moved. This journey, which was made two days later, was very painful, for although my friend, Mr. Hunter, of H.M.S. *Queen*, supported my wounded arm as long as he could, yet being himself very ill with fever, he was not able to hold it for the whole of the journey, and the jolting of the carriage caused excruciating pain in the wounded limb which rested on my ribs.†

When the last of our effective men had withdrawn, the Siege batteries opened fire, and within an hour the fire of the Redan was crushed. This shows the grievous error we made in assaulting it before we had silenced our opponent's guns. Lord Raglan, having ridden to the Lancaster Battery, conferred with Pélissier, with whom he arranged to renew the attack, but later on Pélissier heard from General d'Autemarre, who was in the front, that the troops were not in a

* General Sir Thomas Steele, who afterwards commanded at Aldershot, and in Ireland.

† My narrative from this date is based on the published accounts of English, French, Sardinian, and Russian writers, and on the accounts given to me by friends who took part in the succeeding fights, and whose generous help I gratefully acknowledge.

condition to undertake further efforts, and the idea was abandoned, the columns being withdrawn to camp soon after 7 A.M.

The British casualties were 100 officers and 1444 of other ranks. The French and Russian statistics are given together for the 17th and 18th. Including prisoners, the French lost 3551, and the Russians 5400.

In summing up the causes which led to our failure on the 18th of June, the first and all important one was doubtless the sending forward of any storming parties until the guns in the Redan had been silenced. Lord Raglan himself recorded that, owing to the smoke from musketry and heavy guns, he was unable to ascertain the progress of the French columns. Nevertheless, it was apparent to him that they were not succeeding, and he therefore determined to launch his troops at the Redan.

It is clear now that it would have assisted the French to a greater extent had we opened fire on the Redan, instead of sending forward infantry ; but it is not at all certain that the French would have seen the matter in that light. Whether, however, the assault was to be delivered at daybreak, or after the fire had been subdued, most soldiers will agree with the opinion of Todleben, who, while he praises the courage of the English troops, states that the numbers employed for the assault were entirely inadequate for the task. It may be said generally that we did not know how to undertake so serious an operation as the advance across an open glaxis of 500 yards. Personally, I do not think that even the men who conquered at Alma

and Inkerman could have accomplished the task, and those to whom it was allotted were not all of the same calibre.

It is obvious that the General in command of each column should not have gone forward with the storming party, which only numbered one-third of his command; but then he ought not to have been in the advanced trench, for, once there, he was as likely to be killed when standing up as he was when moving forward, and he could not command while lying down. He should have been back with the "Support" or "Reserve," and both these he should have brought forward immediately the Stormers started, as was done in the Right column. Admitting, however, this primary error of the Brigadier-generals being in the wrong place, their action appears to have been the best under the very difficult circumstances. They were neither responsible for the formation ordered, nor for the totally inadequate number of troops detailed.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN, AND THE BATTLE OF
THE TCHERNAYA.

THE DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN.

THE silence in the camp on the evening of the 18th of June was oppressive. At first I thought it was the effect of imagination on my part, or of the anæsthetic which I had taken for the operation I had undergone, but my comrades told me that every one was very depressed, and this feeling was evident throughout the Army for some days.

A Staff officer at Head-quarters, writing on the 23rd of June, records—

- “We are beginning to recover a little, but still, every one is more or less out of spirits. Lord Raglan is perhaps the most cheerful of any one, considering how much he has had lately to worry and annoy him, but at the same time I fear that it [the unsuccessful assault] has affected his health. He has grown very much aged latterly.”

Nearly all our Generals, although capable of showing admirable courage under hot fire, were too

advanced in years to withstand the strain of great exertions and anxiety, which is, perhaps, even more exhausting than bodily fatigue. General Estcourt was dying from cholera, and, as we saw, after Inkerman several of the older Generals had to go on board ship, so after the 18th of June four were sent away invalided, at least temporarily, and Generals Jones and Eyre had both been wounded. All this was disheartening to our troops, but the state of the Russians must have been even more depressing, for deserters reported that the losses in the Redan when our batteries re-opened were terrible, as the work was crowded with the Reserves which had successfully repulsed our attack.

On the 26th of June Lord Raglan, after working all the forenoon, complained in the afternoon of feeling unwell, and on the evening of the 28th he died, or, as it would be more correct to say, he faded away, so calm and painless was his end.

There can be no doubt that the failure of our troops, and the heavy loss they suffered on the 18th of June, had a depressing effect on Lord Raglan's health. For months he had been bearing alone responsibility heavier, perhaps, than that ever borne by any Commander for so long a period, when unassisted by the support of the Ministry at home. People who did not know him allege that he was hard, unsympathetic, and incapable of fully realizing the sufferings of his troops. Perhaps no greater mistake was ever made in the reading of the mind of a Public Servant. If there was a fault in his character on this point, it

was of precisely the opposite nature, and he must often have felt during the winter months, amidst the ghastly scenes which surrounded our life in the Crimea, that the privations undergone by the troops were caused in some measure by his attempt, in loyal obedience to the orders of the Government, to carry out an impossible task. He wrote to a friend—

“Other officers in situations of responsibility have been blamed by the Public, but there never was, I believe, an instance before where a General was blamed by his employers for endeavouring to carry out their instructions, and made answerable for the duty which, in conformity therewith, I was obliged to impose on the troops.”*

Lord Raglan died from care and overwhelming anxiety, the victim of England's unreadiness for war. Much that was written about him must have been penned in ignorance of his character, and probably few then remembered what the Duke of Wellington replied when asked “What sort of a man is Raglan?” “I'll tell you in a word. He is a man who would not tell a lie to save his life!”

He had served throughout the Peninsular War, not missing any single battle in which his Chief, the Duke, was present. There is a characteristic story of him in the Waterloo campaign, when, having had his elbow shattered by one of the last shots fired on the 18th of June, 1815, near La Haie Sainte, he was taken into a house in the village of Mont St. Jean. The room was crowded with wounded and dying officers.

* From Essays in the *Quarterly Review*, by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin.

Fitzroy Somerset's arm—for that was then his name—was amputated, and the Prince of Orange, who was lying wounded close at hand, used to declare that Somerset never uttered a word till after the operation, when he called out to the orderly, "Hallo! don't carry away that arm till I have taken off my ring!" It was the gift of his wife.

Excessively sensitive to the sufferings of others, he yet never allowed his feelings to distract his attention in the slightest degree from the duty of the moment. When, during the first unsuccessful assault on the Redan on the 18th of June, 1855, Sir Harry Jones was struck down, wounded by a grapeshot in the head, and the sight of the grey hairs of the old man, saturated with blood, distressed officers who were standing near, Lord Raglan, after one glance, never again moved his eyes from the soldiers who were then returning, beaten back from the Redan.

When the Army went to the East in February, 1854, the provisioning of the troops was supposed to be carried out by an agent of the Treasury, termed a Commissary General. It occurred to some members of the Government that a system, under which the General in command of an army in the field had no direct responsibility in providing food for it, was incompatible with efficiency, and during the summer a change was contemplated. This was not, however, carried out till Christmas, 1854. Modern soldiers, when perusing Lord Raglan's letters, must be astonished to see the many expressions indicating that he had no direct power in arranging for the food supply

of his troops. The following and such like sentences are of constant occurrence in his correspondence:—"Mr. Filder is apprehensive as regards supplies." . . . "The Commissary General is most anxious that more hay should be sent."

It is of course obvious that his advanced age, and the sedentary habits of office life in the forty years between Waterloo and the Crimea, were against him in re-establishing in the time of war every Department which had been reduced to a state of inefficiency in a prolonged peace. But he never spared himself, and such was his power of enforcing respect, that although at the conclusion of the war the British army numbered 70,000 men, yet we never again possessed the influence with the French Commanders which was wielded by Lord Raglan in the time of our sorest needs, when our material power was represented by only 11,000 bayonets.

The order issued by General Pélissier, the French Commander-in-Chief, on the 28th of June, is not only eloquent, but it expresses truthfully the opinion current at the moment: "Those who knew Lord Raglan, who know the history of his life—so noble, so pure, so replete with service rendered to his country; those who witnessed his fearless demeanour at Alma and Inkerman, who recall the calm and stoic greatness of his character throughout this rude and memorable campaign;—every generous heart indeed will deplore the loss of such a man."

Lieutenant-General Simpson succeeded to the

command of the English army, but for some little time the Siege works progressed slowly.

The Russians lost one of their most notable chiefs on the 10th of July—Admiral Nakimoff, who commanded the Russian squadron which destroyed the Turkish ships at Sinope. Mr. Kinglake says that he was so diffident of his own powers, that when Prince Menschikoff first placed him in command of the sailors sent on shore after the Russian fleet was sunk to the bottom of the harbour, Nakimoff protested he was not capable of acting as a general, and offered to serve under any junior military officer. This view does not accord with the Russian accounts of the Admiral. He enjoyed the most remarkable popularity in the garrison, for the men, seeing he had escaped five bombardments during the nine months, believed him to be invulnerable. Throughout the Siege he never slept without his clothes, not removing even his epaulettes, which he always wore, even under the hottest fire, when going round the batteries. When the French got close up, as was the case in July, these, and his great height, rendered him a noticeable object. A bachelor without any family, he devoted all his pay—and he held some lucrative appointments—to the amelioration of the condition of sailors and soldiers. A doctor writing of him, said that, constantly seeing dainty dishes near the beds of the wounded, on his asking how they got there, the answer was invariably “Sent by Nakimoff.” He never failed when Todleben was wounded, to keep his room supplied with fresh flowers. During the last weeks of his life he suffered

greatly from bad health, and he said to the doctor, "The moment this fighting is over I shall go down."

On the 18th of June, when we failed to carry the Redan, our men had to cross over from 470 to 500 yards of open ground lying between the Russian work and our advanced trench. A month later we had gained 250 yards to the front, but had only mounted two additional guns and six mortars.

I mentioned in Chapter XIV. that owing to the appointment of a General officer for duty in the trenches, the work was carried out with much greater efficiency, but down to the end of the Siege there were, nevertheless, many complaints, arising from the incapacity of Regimental officers to realize the importance of strictly carrying out orders. Thus we find, in the Engineer reports at the end of June, complaints that the Adjutant of the day did not meet the Engineer officer according to General Orders, and search had to be made for him throughout the trenches, causing great delay to the work. It is curious to notice that the Highland brigade, which now furnished working parties for the trenches, had received strict orders not on any account to take off any of their accoutrements while working. This continued until the Engineers pointed out the impossibility of getting tasks done under such conditions.

The indefatigable Russians on the 6th of August commenced a floating structure to bridge over the harbour, a distance of 1000 yards, between Fort Nicholas and Fort Michel. Begun simultaneously at

both ends, the work was carried on so unremittingly, that in spite of the difficulties caused by the swell of the ocean, and by the projectiles of the Allied Artillery, a roadway sixteen feet in width was completed in three weeks, and was opened for traffic on the 27th.

No amount of loss of life deterred these long-suffering people, but in spite of their active resistance, in August the approaches opposite the Bastion Central were but a few yards from it, while on the extreme Right the French had pushed well forward. Their losses were at this time severe, amounting to upwards of 100 men daily in the Mamelon alone, and their casualties throughout their works were very heavy.

Early in August we learnt from a deserter that some of the Imperial Guard had arrived, and that we might certainly expect an attack on the Tchernaya on the 13th. The man's information was incorrect by only three days, the attack being made on the 16th.

BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

Camille Rousset, whose account of the battle is the clearest in my opinion, though he exaggerates the Russian numbers, shows that the views of the Chiefs in Sevastopol and those held in the highest circles at St. Petersburg, as to the best method of defending the sorely pressed city, differed, and widely. Prince Gortschakoff, writing to the Minister of War on the 17th of July, enunciated explicitly the opinion that if he attacked the Allies, although he would probably achieve some success at first, yet he must infallibly be

beaten eventually, and with a probable loss of 10,000 men. This, he argued, was certain, from the overwhelming numbers of the enemy he would have to meet. The Emperor, however, was not convinced by these arguments, and he sent an Aide-de-camp, General Vrevsky, to Sevastopol, with orders that a Council of War should consider the matter. This was done on the 9th of August, and although nearly all the Generals voted for an offensive movement, there was a wide divergence of opinion as to the direction in which it should be carried out.

General Khrouleff* favoured an advance up the Victoria Ridge. General Todleben was still in a country house on the Belbeck, where he had been taken when it was found that his wound, received on the 20th of June, would not heal while he remained in the city. Gortschakoff went to see him, taking Generals Kotsebue and Vrevsky with him. Todleben advised decidedly against any offensive movement, which opinion evoked a warm remonstrance from Vrevsky, and on the return ride to the city Vrevsky persuaded the Prince, much against his will, to attack the Allies on the Tchernaya. Gortschakoff, after giving the preliminary orders, wrote on the 15th in the most desponding tone to the Minister of War, and virtually predicted the defeat he was to meet with next day.

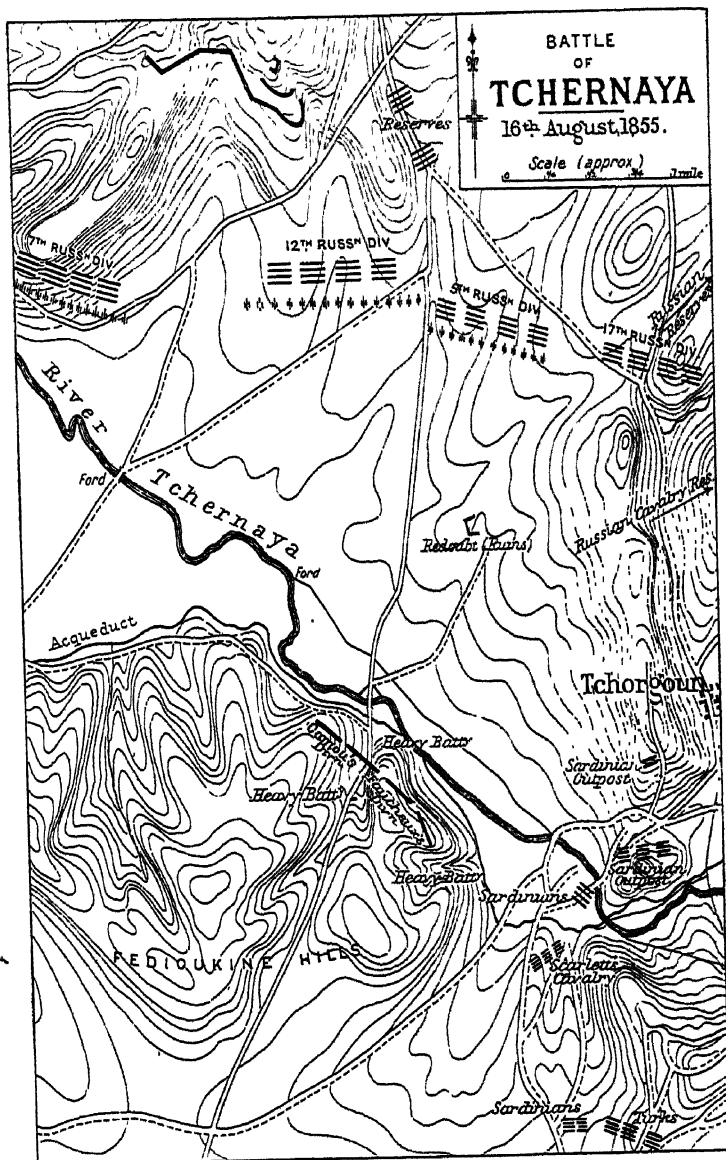
From the early part of August, General d'Allonville, with a "Mixed force" of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, had encamped on the upper waters of the

* See pp. 238, 315.

Tchernaya, and his patrols reported daily the movements of the smallest bodies of the enemy. In consequence of an alarming report, the French and Sardinians stood to arms before daylight on the 13th, and as nothing occurred, it is possible that the French were lulled into a false sense of security, for on the 16th they did not "stand to arms" till after the Russians attacked.

Gortschakoff, bringing up from the Belbeck during the afternoon of the 15th the troops encamped on that river, concentrated on the Mackenzie heights. Elaborate arrangements were made to mitigate the difficulties inherent on assembling large bodies of troops on those barren and nearly waterless highlands. The suffering from want of water was so great that, to stimulate the ardour of the Russian soldiers, they were told that success would give them an unlimited supply from the Tchernaya. The men's kits were placed on waggons formed in laagers, and each soldier carried four days' food. D'Allonville duly reported this concentration not only to General Herbillon, who commanded the French troops encamped on the Tchernaya, but also to the Commander-in-Chief, Pélissier, but no special orders were issued to meet the impending attack.

The Tchouliou river, breaking out of the defile of Tchorgoum, joins the Tchernaya, and the combined waters flow at first through a narrow valley, which broadens out lower down, as it approaches the Upland, towards Inkerman. Elevated, undulating plains overlook the Tchouliou valley, and a spur, which drops



somewhat suddenly from the heights above, juts out to a point where the valley of the Tchernaya is narrowed in between the Northern and Southern hills, and at this spot water from the Tchouliou, which is tapped higher up the stream, is carried by an aqueduct across the Tchernaya, and thence into Sevastopol. This canal played an important part in the battle. It is from eight to ten feet broad, and about four feet in depth, with nearly perpendicular sides.

On the spur above mentioned, on the Russian side of the aqueduct, were placed three companies of Sardinian troops, the supports of which were on the heights on the Southern side of the valley. Immediately West of Mount Hasfort, and extending almost to the foot of the Upland, there are a series of hills, which are bounded on the North by the aqueduct, and on the South by the valley down which our Light Brigade charged on the 25th of October, 1854. These hills, the "Fedioukine," are traversed by the road leading from Balaklava to Mackenzie's farm, which crosses the canal and river on two well-constructed stone bridges, 100 yards apart, at Tractir (*i.e.* The Inn). On the Northern side of the bridge an earthwork had been constructed for two companies, and in it were picquets. The river was low at the time, and fordable in most places. Thus the front of the Allies was covered by two wet ditches, one of which, the Aqueduct, was impassable for mounted troops except at the stone bridges. The Russians brought down portable bridges, but many of them were thrown away

when the infantry came under close fire. Both the river and aqueduct were passable for infantry, yet they were, nevertheless, obstacles sufficiently formidable to break up the formation of troops, especially when marching in column.

There were three Divisions of French infantry, commanded by General Herbillon, encamped on the left bank of the Tchernaya, on the Fedioukine hills. Camou's Division, which was on the left or West flank, had suffered very severely in the capture of the Mamelon on the 7th of June. Faucheux, whose troops stood next to Camou's, had succeeded to the command of General Mayran's Division, which had suffered even greater losses on the 18th of June, when Mayran was killed in the unsuccessful assault on the Malakoff. These two Divisions were therefore weak in effectives. Behind them was Herbillon's own Division. They numbered 18,000 men, with 48 guns.

On the right of the French stood 10,000 Sardinians, with 36 guns, their left being on Mount Hasfort, and the right opposite to Tchorgoum. Further to the East again stood some Turks, part of Omar Pasha's force, but they were, however, not engaged in the battle.

Gortschakoff's Army was divided as follows:—The Right wing, consisting of 2000 cavalry and 13,000 infantry, and 62 guns, was commanded by General Read, who was ordered to march on the road leading from Mackenzie's farm to Balaklava; the Left wing, consisting of 16,000 infantry and 70 guns, was commanded by General Liprandi.

Liprandi's force moved in two columns, the right portion following General Read, and the left, under General Bellegarde, moving further Eastward, was ordered, after descending the heights, to halt on the Tchorgoum Road. The cavalry, 8000 sabres, with 28 guns, was to follow General Bellegarde; the Reserve, consisting of 19,000 infantry and 36 guns, was to move on the two roads, concentrating behind General Read's force. The Reserve of artillery, 76 guns, was to form behind the infantry Reserve.

If we except a detachment sent forward to the extreme East to threaten D'Allonville's right, and which effected nothing, the principal body of the Russians moved practically in one immense column on the Mackenzie road towards Tractir bridge. The distance to be covered was not more than about four miles, but the difficulties of moving large bodies at night with constant halts, rendered the march very fatiguing, and all the troops had not got into position at daylight.

Gortschakoff intended that eventually General Read, with the 7th and 12th Divisions, should attack the left of the French, on the West of the Balaklava-Mackenzie Farm road, while Liprandi, with the 6th and 17th Divisions, attacked Mount Hasfort. It was proposed that the 4th and 5th Divisions, the cavalry, and a part of the artillery, should halt in the middle of the plain and remain in Reserve, in order that Gortschakoff might hold in his own hands the decision as to where he should make his principal effort. This idea was not clearly expressed, however, in the orders he

issued, for while the intention of ultimately seizing Mount Hasfort was not indicated, it was made clear that Read was eventually to occupy the Fedioukine heights.

Before daylight on the 16th a patrol of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, while less than a mile out from the Tchernaya river, was cut off by the Russians, but two men escaping reported the advance of the enemy. This was at the same moment when rapid firing was heard near Tchorgoum, where, under cover of a thick fog about 4 o'clock, Liprandi tried to surprise the Sardinian outpost. General de La Marmora had, however, not only kept his outposts on the alert, but his Corps had stood to arms throughout the night. The outposts, assisted by a detachment of Bersaglieri, fell back fighting until they reached the last height immediately overlooking the Tchernaya, which they continued to hold throughout the action.

Liprandi, as soon as his gunners could see, opened fire on the troops on Mount Hasfort, while his skirmishers and the 6th Division endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to pass the river about the gardens of the village of Karlovka.

When about 5 o'clock the sun burst through the fog, the French troops were all under arms. Gortschakoff, who was on the heights above Tchorgoum, now made up his mind that his principal effort should be against Mount Hasfort, but at this moment General Read attacked the French at Tractir bridge. It seems that somewhat earlier, while it was yet dark, Gortschakoff had sent an Aide-de-camp to Read

with orders "to begin." The General, somewhat astonished, asked if he was "to attack," to which the aide-de-camp answered, "The Commander-in-Chief simply orders the action to be commenced." The General replied, "Yes, I will open fire with my guns;" but after the messenger had departed, considering that his instructions required him to eventually occupy the Fedioukine heights, he imagined that Gortschakoff must have meant him to assault the position at once, and he pushed on. He sent rapidly forward a thick line of skirmishers, followed by battalions of the 12th Division formed in company columns, towards the Tchernaya. These companies charged the breast-work which covered the bridge, while other companies forded the river, thus threatening the flanks of the enemy, and drove out the 150 men on picquet before the Supports arrived; then the French retired, covered by a company of Zouaves, forming up on the Southern side of the aqueduct.

While the 12th Division was thus seizing the Tractir bridge, the 7th forded the river lower down. It had then to "change position to the left" in order to advance on the aqueduct, because, where the Division crossed, the river trends away to the right. As this change of position had to be carried out under close and enfilading fire, it suffered considerably. The onward movement became slower, and presently the column hesitated, and then the men, breaking up into clusters, rushed back in confusion across the river. The officers were unable to rally the battalions, and the men sought precipitately the concealment of the

brushwood under the heights from whence they had descended.

The 12th Division, throwing some of their portable bridges, which had been carried by hand, across the aqueduct, began to ascend both sides of the road to the heights on which stood the camp of General Faucheux. This was firmly defended, but with difficulty, the French being greatly outnumbered until General Camou, seeing he had nothing more to fear from the 7th Russian Division, sent three battalions to assist Faucheux. Camou's men charging vigorously, pushed the enemy back not only across the canal, but to the far side of the river, and thus enabled General Failly's brigade to reoccupy the breastwork at the Tractir bridge.

It was now 6 A.M., and notwithstanding the heavy losses the Russians had sustained, Gortschakoff determined on a fresh attack. Drawing back the 12th Division, he called up the 5th from the Reserve, and moved his cavalry down into the plain. He abandoned his idea of seriously attacking the Sardinians, and ordered Liprandi to send down the 17th Division from the height overlooking Tchorgoum, towards where the aqueduct turns in its course at nearly a right angle. This movement was at once perceived, and General Herbillon sent forward a brigade from his Reserve to support Faucheux.

The three Infantry Divisions had altogether only three Field batteries, since the others were employed in the Front before Sevastopol, but coming into action when the 12th Russian Division retired, they had done

good work. They were now reinforced by five Horse batteries, which Colonel Forgeot brought up at a critical moment. Ignoring the artillery fire directed on his guns, Forgeot came into action against the 5th Russian Division, which, supported by the 12th in Reserve, was then advancing on the Tractir bridge. For ten minutes there was a determined and bloody struggle. The Russians drove back in the first instance Failly's men from the bridge, and again passed the river and the aqueduct, coming up on the same ground over which the 12th Division had fought an hour previously. They were, however, fired on heavily not only by Forgeot's guns with case, but by the batteries of the Sardinian army, which caught them in flank, and their losses were enormous. The Russians, driven into heaps, fell into the river, which, though generally shallow, had holes in it so deep that in them many men were drowned. Thus the 5th Division was eventually pushed back, three of its Generals being wounded.

The fate of the 17th Division was somewhat similar. Opposed by the 1st brigade of Faucheux's Division and by one of Herbillon's, to which was joined a part of Cler's brigade, the 17th Division was also forced back in confusion across to the right bank of the river. The General in command was dangerously wounded, and both General Read and his chief Staff officer had been killed when the 12th Division was repulsed. At 8 o'clock, shortly after the 17th Division was driven back, General Vrevsky, standing alongside Gortschakoff, had his head taken

Marshal Pehsiera - on the field
of the Schomaya.



C'était rempli de cadavres, comme un pré de
marguerites -

Aug 31 1855

off by a cannon-ball. His horse had been previously killed under him.

General Péliissier now came on the ground. Coming up behind the three French divisions, the columns of the Guard and Levaillant's divisions were seen, and as six battalions of Turks were also approaching, it was clear that all danger to the Allies was past. The artillery duel was continued till 9 o'clock, the Russian cavalry coming forward to cover the retreat of the infantry, which was necessarily difficult, and was but slowly carried out. Six hours indeed passed before the last squadron of the cavalry fell back. By an unfortunate misunderstanding, the Russians opened fire on the French who were picking up the Russian wounded, and this delayed succour being afforded to them.

During an armistice next day the French handed over 2000 corpses to the Russians, who buried 3. Generals, 60 officers, and 2300 men. There were 160 officers and 4000 of other Ranks wounded, a large number being received into the French hospital, and it was computed that the total loss amounted to 8000.

The French had 1500 casualties and the Sardinians 250.

Cavalry and Infantry officers will be struck by the fact, that so far as our information goes neither the French nor the Sardinian outposts sent out any infantry patrols before daylight, and also that the patrol of the Chasseurs d'Afrique was cut off when in the plain—that is to say, within three-quarters of a mile of the river. The patrol being captured was no

doubt owing to the density of the fog, but it is not easy to understand why it was not two or three miles out to the Front before daylight.

The handling of the Russian troops was in some respects similar to what we saw at Inkerman; but whereas that battle was, on the defensive side at least, essentially an infantry fight, the defence of the Fedioukine hills on the 16th of August was mainly carried out by artillery fire. Gortschakoff's plan was defective. He attempted, by a night march, to put his troops in position ready to assault, and then proposed after a cannonade to make up his mind on which part of the position he would launch his main attack. It is probable that had the 12th Division marched boldly forward when it arrived opposite to Tractir bridge, the French position would have been captured; for later a great number of Russians, having crossed both river and aqueduct, pushed well up the Mackenzie Farm-Balaklava Road, where numbers of their wounded were seen by a friend of mine being again struck by Russian projectiles. Gortschakoff halted, however, to allow his artillery to open fire before making a decided effort, and it was only after the 12th Division had been rendered incapable of further exertion that he sent on his left wing. The greatest loss of the enemy was caused by oblique artillery fire from the Sardinian guns and one English battery, the French batteries in the centre being stopped from opening fire on account of the infantry in front.

It is very remarkable, that although Gortschakoff

when in Council hesitated to decide to attack the Allied position, yet when once his troops were engaged, he shrunk from no sacrifice in his endeavour to win a victory. Possessed of great personal courage, his determination apparently increased with danger. We saw how his clothes were riddled with bullets at the Alma, and we shall see presently that all the scenes of suffering within the city of Sevastopol failed to shake his indomitable resolution.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CAPTURE OF SEVASTOPOL.

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of the Tchernaya, Prince Gortschakoff, resolving to abandon the city and works on the South side of the harbour, made preparations for destroying the principal forts. This appeared to be essential, for the Allies opened another bombardment on the 17th of August with 800 pieces of ordnance, and it seemed evident to nearly all the combatants that the final act was near at hand.

On the 20th of August Gortschakoff inspected closely all the batteries, and the result of this inspection would have deterred most men from any idea of further resistance. In the city and suburbs there was nothing left but piles of rubbish and charred wood; the scenes in the hospital alone were too horrible for full description.

The Russian doctors never spared themselves, and performed their duties under the most difficult conditions possible. The wounded were necessarily accumulated in cellars and bomb-proofs, and these were so overcrowded, that the Medical men could only move amongst their patients with great difficulty. An effort

was made to separate the cases according to their gravity, but the necessity of bringing the wounded under shelter from the fire rendered any such arrangement impracticable. In the hospital in the Karabelnaia there were at one time only six doctors to look after 1500 men, and its state baffles description. There were no proper latrines; there was no system of ventilation. An eye-witness thus describes what he saw just after an assault—

“The room in which the wounded were brought was literally choked with patients, the floor was covered with them, heaped up without any classification. As the night fell, two tall candles in the hands of the orderlies only added sufficient light to make darkness visible. The doctors were deafened by the sad cries of this multitude of wounded calling for aid or, at all events, for water. It was impossible to move to the furthest one without trampling others under foot.”

Nevertheless, through all this suffering the spirit of the Russian soldiers never failed. In one of the Medical reports a doctor states that, on going round the patients, he found a man smoking, and on saying to him, “What’s the matter with you?” received for reply, “Oh, nothing much! You had better attend to somebody who is more severely wounded.” But the doctor lifted up the man’s great-coat, and found that the flesh had been torn from his thigh down to the bone. This same sort of spirit apparently animated Prince Gortschakoff, for on the 1st of September, in writing to the Minister of War, he said, “I am resolved to defend the South side to the last extremity.” This he proposed to effect by bringing 25,000 men



THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER, IMPERTURBABLY BRAVE TO THE LAST.

from the Mackenzie Farm heights' position, and by help of these fresh troops he hoped to prolong the defence for another month. This, however, was not to be.

Towards the end of August, the English Attack showed greater signs of activity, but now our difficulties increased in proportion as the enemy saw we were at last in earnest. It was nearly impossible to push forward our trenches by daylight, as the leading men were shot down, and at night the moon shone so brilliantly as to almost turn night into day. The soldiers, moreover, were no longer men in the prime of life, but weedy boys. Those who had been longest in the trenches were perhaps the least fitted for acting in the open, and on the 26th of August, when a Russian shell, bursting in the 5th parallel, killed a Line soldier, his comrades not only retired, but refused to return to recover the body. Corporal M'Murtley, Privates Moucker and Fitzgerald, Royal Engineers, however, advanced and brought back the corpse. We did not understand in those days that private soldiers were actuated by the same feelings which impel officers to do great deeds, and the official record of this episode ends, "the Corporal to receive £3, the privates £2 each.—Signed, James Simpson, General." This announcement was, moreover, published in Royal Engineer corps orders only, and thus but very little effect was produced either on the companions of those who showed want of courage, or on the comrades of the brave men.

If we turn to the General Orders issued during the same period by the French Commander-in-Chief

we find the names of soldiers of all Ranks cited for commendation within forty-eight hours of any gallant actions performed, and those selected especially, granted the Medal for Valour, or gazetted (by a delegated power from the Emperor) to various grades of the Legion of Honour. There were also numerous cases of Senior non-commissioned officers being granted commissions.

In letters recently published, written by Captain Colin Campbell from before Sevastopol, while there are some statements which one would prefer should have been omitted, yet the whole tone of thought shows that the writer was much in advance of his age. He records an opinion that had the Victoria Cross been instituted before the Crimea War, we should have taken the Redan.

Although, humanly speaking, I believe we could not have taken the Redan on the 18th of June, our men would have offered their lives far more freely than they did in the second assault if we had known how to get the best value out of them. Even as late as the 8th of September, a brave officer could think of no higher prize for gallantry than money, and offered £5 for the first man who got inside the Redan!

A General officer under whom I served some years later, and who commanded a battalion in the Crimea, was, like most others of his epoch, averse to the instituting of any special order for bravery, and was never tired of telling the story how, when the men of his battalion were ordered to nominate a private soldier for the Victoria Cross, they unanimously chose

a man who, trusted for his steady conduct and honesty, was selected to carry down the grog can at dinner-time to the trenches, and who, except for half an hour each day, was never under fire.

When the Government realized how much the Senior officers disliked the instituting of this Order, it is easy to understand that Ministers did not care at first to entrust them with the selection of its recipients. Although no soldier would now defend the method of selection then adopted, yet as an incentive to behaviour which ensures success in struggles for Life or Death, there can be no longer any doubt of the value of the Order.

Towards the end of August the casualties of the opposing forces became heavier daily. On the 27th of the month the Russians dropped a mortar-shell through the roof of a magazine in the Mamelon, and 15,000 lbs. of gunpowder exploding, killed or wounded 150 Frenchmen, besides a few English soldiers who were hit by falling stones.

On the 31st of August, about 12.30 A.M., a small party of Russians made an attack on our extreme Right advanced works. There was no covering party close at hand, though there was a large support further to the rear, "and the working party fell back in great confusion before one-third of their numbers, in spite of Captain Wolseley's repeated attempts to rally them."* The Russians destroyed about fifty yards of the sap, and then retired about 200 yards into the Dockyard Ravine, whence they kept up an incessant rifle fire.

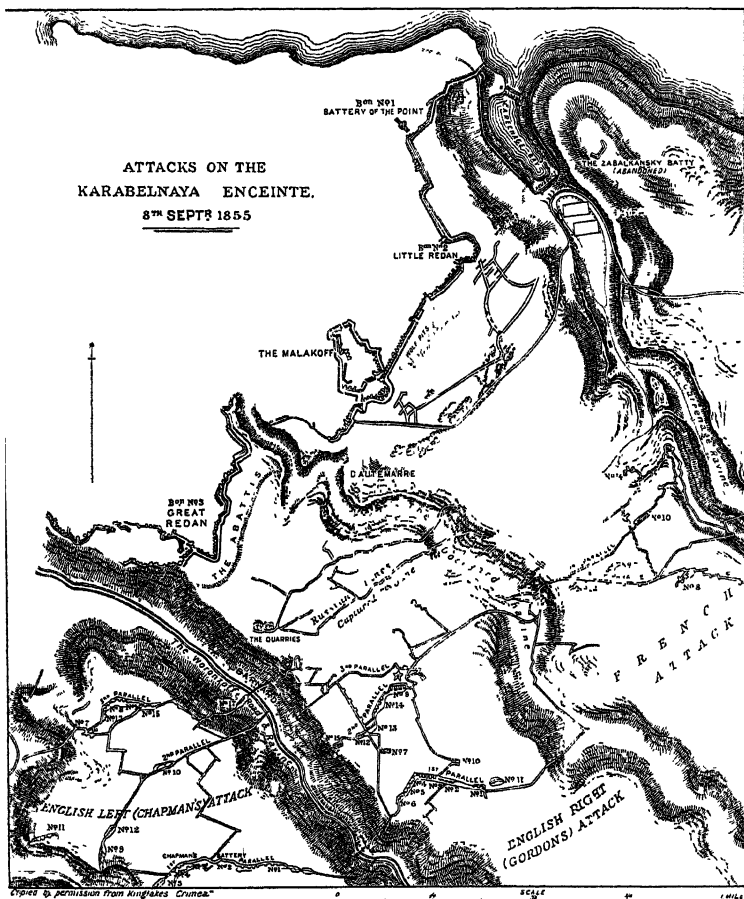
* Royal Engineer Journal.

When the Russians retired Captain Wolseley got some sappers to set to work repairing the damages ; but this was difficult, as they had to labour under a shower of bullets, round shot, and shells from the Gervais Battery, which, from the other side of the Ravine, played on the head of the sap, and in a short time there were twelve casualties out of the working party of sixty-five men, and the work progressed only by Captain Wolseley and a sergeant, Royal Engineers, working at the head of the sap.

Worseley had replaced fifty gabions, and was on his knees holding the front gabion, into which the sergeant, working also in a kneeling position, was throwing earth over his Captain's shoulder. The gabion was half filled, when it was struck in the centre by a round shot from the Gervais Battery. Wolseley was terribly wounded, and indeed the sergeant pulled his body back without ceremony, intending to bury it in camp, when he found that the life of his officer was not extinct. Besides grave injuries in the upper face, a large stone from the gabion was driven through the cheek and jaw to the neck, where it lodged ; the right wrist was smashed, and a serious wound inflicted on the shin. Strange to say, after a rapid temporary recovery, he did his duty till the armies re-embarked, the wound on the shin becoming more serious some years later, when the bone began to exfoliate.

Although the English approaches were still about 200 yards from the Redan, in front of which solid rock cropped out to the surface, yet the French trenches in front of the Little Redan, *i.e.* near the

harbour, were but a few yards from it. The nearest trench to the Malakoff was about twenty-five yards,



and it was obviously impossible to advance any further without a loss greater than any possible advantage

obtainable for the assailants. The final bombardment was therefore begun on the 5th of September, and numberless projectiles were poured forth from all the batteries from the Central Bastion to the Little Redan near the harbour. The Russians answered the Allied fire but feebly, and on the night of the 7th one of their battle-ships caught fire, burning all night. Nevertheless, on the morning of the 8th, the defences were fully manned, the guns loaded with case, and Reserves brought up to close at hand.

It may render my narrative of the final assault more readily comprehensible if I commence by stating that, the Malakoff being now considered the key of the Russian position, it was determined that all other attacks should be considered subsidiary to that which was to be directed against it.

General Bosquet had command of all the French troops employed on the right of the English attack. McMahon's division was to assault the Malakoff itself, having De Wimpffen's brigade with Camou's division in Reserve, and with it two battalions Zouaves of the Guard.

On McMahon's right, La Motterouge's division, composed of the brigades of Bourbaki and Picard, was to attack the Curtain. It was supported by four regiments, two of Grenadiers, and two of Voltigeurs of the Guard. Still further North was Dulac's division, supported by Marolle's brigade of Camou's division and one battalion of Chasseurs of the Guard. These were to attack the Little Redan. Pélissier himself took up his position in the Mamelon, and to avoid

giving warning to the enemy by any system of a general signal, the watches of the Staff and the Generals were carefully compared, in order that the assault might be commenced at 12 o'clock. This hour was chosen by Pélissier in consequence of his having ascertained that the troops on duty in the Russian trenches were relieved at that hour, and owing to the works being cramped from the number of traverses and blindages erected to cover their garrisons from fire, it had become the habit for the old guard of the works to march out before the relief marched in, and it was thus anticipated that at 12 o'clock the works would be comparatively empty. This surmise proved to be accurate.

The French had taken great trouble to screen the concentration of their troops from the sight of the enemy. Each Division had a separate access to the advanced trenches in which the storming parties were to assemble. In places where the parapets, having sunk down, might have disclosed to the view of the enemy the troops moving into position, they had been carefully raised. Cuts had been made through parapets to admit of the Supports moving forward in formed bodies, and also to allow Field artillery batteries, which were stationed at the Victoria redoubt and the old Lancaster battery, to pass through to the front. These apertures had been filled up with gabions, and carefully concealed, so that their position remained unknown to the enemy.

General Herbillon, still encamped on the Tchernaya, was directed to cause his force (less Camou's division

called up to support La Motterouge, and Dulac) to stand to arms at 12 o'clock, and his command was reinforced by a brigade of Cuirassiers under General De Forton. The morning was dull and gloomy, with a cold wind, which drove clouds of dust into the air. A little before 12 o'clock all the French storming parties were crouching ready for the order.

Bosquet himself was in the 6th parallel; McMahon, surrounded by his Staff, was standing in the front trench with his watch in his hand. No one spoke in this group, in which the calm faces showed no sign of the excitement visible in the Zouaves on either side of them, who, though silent, were trembling with impatience. Close at hand there was a corporal holding a little Tricolour. Two minutes before 12 o'clock the word was passed in an undertone, "Ready," and as the hands indicated it was 12 o'clock, on a command from McMahon, a shout arose of "Vive l'Empereur!" bugles and drums sounded the charge, and the Zouaves dashed straight at the Malakoff.

McMahon allowed two sections to pass him, and then, followed by his Staff, climbed over the parapet, following the advanced guard. It placed one ladder, by which the General descended into the ditch, and was, it is said, the first up the escarp of the work. A friend of mine described to me how he watched the Tricolour on the parapet, being carried slowly along, thus indicating exactly how our Allies in the body of the work were gaining ground. The Zouaves who crossed the ditch on the proper left of the Malakoff

had some difficulty in climbing up, from the height and steepness of the escarp.

McMahon's leading brigade crossed the short intervening space without a shot being fired. The enemy's working parties and gunners who were repairing damages fought bravely with picks, shovels, and handspikes, but were eventually driven back. The very few Russians in the Salient were completely surprised, so much so that some of the Superior officers were found at dinner in an underground chamber of the Malakoff, and the French without difficulty obtained absolute possession of the South end of the work. Although the enclosure covered an area of about 400 yards by 150, there was but very little open space within it, for behind the remnants of the stone tower were rows of traverses stretching from side to side of the work. Behind these the Russians took post as they came up from their bomb-proof shelters. Every separate parapet was fought for, hand to hand, and it was not till Vinoy's brigade, which, entering by the Gervais Battery, got behind the traverses, turning out the regiment Grand Duke Michel, that the enemy was finally driven from this part of the work.

The leading brigade of Motterouge's, and Dulac's divisions, headed by their Chiefs, seized the Curtain and the Little Redan, the latter falling first, as St. Pol's brigade was nearer to it than Bourbaki's brigade was to the Curtain. Once inside these works, from which the Russians were easily driven, the French pressed on to the retrenchment then being built

across the rear. General Pélissier now gave General Simpson the signal to attack the Redan ; but before narrating the English assault, I prefer to finish my description of what took place at and around the Malakoff, for there the fate of Sevastopol was really decided.

The possession of this fort was strongly contested, the Russians bringing up field batteries ; the French were also fired on heavily by three steamers, which, circling round, fired broadside into them, and batteries sent shells from the North side of the harbour into the French support. Eventually after a prolonged struggle, in which the French captured four field guns, St. Pol's brigade was beaten back, losing its Brigadier, and with him fell the chief Staff officer of the Division, and two Colonels. The Russians followed up closely, and Bisson's brigade, which, for want of space in the trenches, had been stationed in the Careenage Ravine, was too far behind to afford effective aid. Bourbaki's right being thus uncovered, he was also driven back, although supported by Motterouge's other brigade.

After Bourbaki and St. Pol had been repulsed, the Voltigeurs and Grenadiers of the Guard, and Marolles' brigade, were sent against the Curtain and Redan respectively. These they carried, but were once more expelled from the Little Redan, Marolle and De Pontevès falling dead at the head of their brigades, and Mellinet, Bisson, and Bourbaki being wounded. The French still held the Curtain, and Bosquet now ordered up the two field batteries then standing behind the Victoria Redoubt. They

descended the ridge at the trot, unlimbered in front of the 6th parallel, and, coming into action, fired with great effect on the Russian Infantry, which offered a broad and deep target. Yet the batteries suffered terribly; the Commanding Officer (Souty) was killed, and out of the 150 men he brought down, 55 only returned when the guns were dragged back by hand, for, except 19, they lost all their horses.

Bosquet, surrounded by several Russian officers, who were prisoners, and their guards, was interrogating the captives when a shell burst over them, killing or wounding both them and the guard, the General only escaping. Later, when leaning on the parapet watching the progress of the fight, he was struck in the face by a fragment of a shell. He had just strength to send word to General Dulac to take his place when he fainted.

The struggle in and around the Malakoff was continued till three o'clock, when Gortschakoff withdrew his troops from the work which they had defended with such marvellous endurance for eleven months. The prize was now won, but at heavy cost. McMahon's division, which assaulted with 4500 bayonets and 200 officers, lost in killed and wounded just half its strength.

Soon after the Russians had been driven from the Salient of the Malakoff, the French troops occupying it were fired on from the lower part of the old masonry tower, which was loopholed, and inside which five officers and sixty Russian soldiers had taken refuge. It was nearly impossible to dislodge

them, as the only entrance was strongly blocked on the inside. After a time some gabions were collected, and having been placed in position close to the loopholes, were lighted, but before the defenders could be smoked out, a mortar fired against the door blew it away, and the Russians surrendered. The gabions burning fiercely, the officers became alarmed lest the fire should be communicated to some of the surrounding magazines, and an attempt was made to extinguish the blazing fragments. As this was difficult, sappers were set to work to dig a trench, and throw the excavated earth on to the fire. While the men were digging, four wires communicating with mines were found, and successfully cut.

While the Russian officers were surrendering, a desperate struggle was carried on at the far end of the Malakoff enclosure, the Russians coming over the parapets in three heavy columns. Khrouleff, the fighting General, being wounded, had been replaced by General Martinau. The combatants fought hand to hand till, Martinau losing an arm, and his men being out of ammunition, Gortschakoff ordered them to give up the struggle and fall back.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock a magazine blew up near where the Curtain joined the Malakoff, and the Division, quitting the position, ran back to the French advanced trenches. This occurred at a moment when General La Motterouge was wounded, but his men were rallied and got back into position ere the smoke and dust of the explosion cleared away. The colour of the 91st Regiment was buried so deep that it was

not found till next day, when it was recovered, still grasped tightly in the hands of the lifeless officer who was carrying it when the explosion took place.

When the Russians withdrew, General McMahon, contemplating the possibility of further explosions from undiscovered mines, in order to minimize possible loss of life, sent back the brigade under Colonel Decaen, whom he ordered to hold himself in readiness, and if Vinoy's brigade should be blown into the air, to come forward immediately, and replace it. Then, turning to General Vinoy, McMahon observed, "It is possible, General, that your brigade will be blown up, but Decaen will replace you immediately, so we shall still hold our position." McMahon himself remained in the Malakoff with Vinoy's brigade.

Ten minutes after Bosquet's men left their trenches to assault the Malakoff, General Pélissier gave the signal which had been agreed on between him and General Simpson.

On the 7th of September Lieutenant-General Simpson had issued the following orders:—

"The Redan will be assaulted to-morrow by troops taken from the Light and 2nd Divisions, under command of Lieutenant-General Sir William Codrington, K.C.B., and Lieutenant-General F. Markham, C.B.

"The column of attack will be formed as follows:—

"1st. A covering party of 200 men to keep down the fire from the enemy's embrasures.

"2nd. An armed party of 320 men to carry and place forty ladders.

"3rd. The main body of assault, 1000 men.

"4th. An armed working party of 200 men.

"5th. The supports amounting to 1500 men, the remainder of the two Divisions equal to about 3000 men, will be formed as a second support to the 3rd parallel, near the French Right Attack, Middle Ravine."

The 3rd Division, and one brigade of the 4th Division, were held in readiness to protect the left flank of the Stormers. All the troops were ordered to carry one day's provisions.

In the absence of the Brigadier, Colonel Unett, Senior officer of the Light division, and Colonel Windham, tossed up a coin to decide who should lead the forlorn hope of the Storming party. Unett won the toss, but he fell wounded just before reaching the Abatis.

When General Simpson gave the signal for the troops to go forward, the officer in command of the Ladder and Storming parties warned the men to be ready, and many mistaking that cautionary for the executive order, dashed on over the parapets, running forward in front of the Ladder parties towards the Redan. The Abatis, shattered by shells, was easily passed—the ladders were so placed that the men in mounting them were scarcely exposed to any flanking fire,—and the Russians (not more than 150) then in the work having retreated, the apex of the Redan was gained without difficulty as far as the third embrasure from either flank of the Salient, where the men halted under protection of the gun traverses.

In rear of the Redan was a breastwork, behind which large bodies of the enemy collected, and against them it was impossible to induce the small body of

young soldiers to advance. The companies lost all formation and cohesion, from the irregular manner in which they had run forward, and they stood in confused groups behind the parapets. Many officers endeavoured to lead them on, but as the battalions were mixed up, the officers were in a great measure unknown to the men, and the young soldiers paid no attention to the orders that were given. A friend of mine saw a sergeant, in order to encourage others, sit on the top of one of the traverses for a considerable time, and he escaped, temporarily at least, all the bullets then flying around him.

The Commanding Royal Engineer in his journal, published by order of the Secretary of State for War, writes—

“The troops having without difficulty succeeded in getting into the Redan, ought to have been well supported, and as large a body of men sent on to join those within the work as could have been collected. It does not appear that the Reserve was called upon to advance, or any great and decided effort made by those in the trenches to reinforce the troops within the Redan and enable them to maintain the ground they had gained.

“It is very much to be regretted that the troops, who with so little difficulty had forced their way into the Redan, were not strongly reinforced.

“There cannot be a doubt if a large body had been sent in support the assailants could have maintained and entrenched themselves within the work. That they did not do so must not be attributed to any want of bravery on the part of the troops, who so gallantly held their ground for one hour exposed to such a destructive fire as was poured on them.

They retired when they found themselves without any officer of rank to command them."

He reiterates the same argument in summing up the results of the operation.

"The troops did not advance from the trenches in regular order. The Senior officer inside most injudiciously determined to go back for support. The troops selected for the assault were chiefly recruits who joined the Army during the siege, and consequently were most unfit for the duty. The saps at the Salient, although narrow, were sufficiently large to admit a column to enter the work."

This, no doubt, explains to some extent the situation, but it must also be admitted that the young raw recruits failed to follow their leaders in the way in which the soldiers had done at the Alma and Inkerman.

When the leading British troops climbed the parapet, the work was held by the Vladimir, which was supported later by the Kamchatka, Iakoutsk, and Sousdal Regiments. The Vladimir and Sousdal were defeated at the Alma by our men, and according to Todleben's account some fifty of our 20th Regiment, when surrounded at Inkerman, broke through 700 or 800 men of the Iakoutsk Regiment (*vide* Chapter IX.).

The *Times'* correspondent mentioned that there were only fifteen old soldiers in each battalion at the time, and he tells of one lad who, though badly wounded, brought back his rifle, making the naïve confession, "he had never fired at all, for he could not." His rifle was at once examined, and found to be in good order.

Colonel Windham, who led the attacking troops, found it was impossible to induce the small numbers (estimated by him at the moment as numbering about eighty men) within the Redan to go forward and attack the overwhelming numbers of the Russians standing behind the breastwork. He therefore sent back three messengers to ask for support ; but as this produced no result, he called to his side an officer, and having begged him to explain his action in case of his being killed, went back himself to Sir William Codrington, who, in reply to his demand, said, "You may take the Royals." Windham observed, "If the battalion only keeps its formation, we shall capture the Redan." But at that moment the British soldiers were tumbling one over another as they leapt from the Salient of the Redan parapet into the ditch, pursued by the Russians. The supports had closed up to some extent, but moving through the parallels, their frontage was necessarily cramped, and their progress impeded moreover by meeting crowds of wounded men being carried back. In most cases those troops which reached the Redan after the "Storming party" lay down alongside the covering party under the abatis, and contented themselves with firing on the enemy.

The French handled their supporting columns much better than we did. When Colonel De Wimpffen's brigade, which was in Reserve, went forward to support McMahon's division, Wimpffen declined to move up through the narrow trenches, and marched across the open in good order. The only case amongst

the British troops that I know, of a battalion being led in regular formation to the assault was the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers.

This battalion was in support in the 4th parallel, and filing along the approaches, went forward up to the 5th parallel. Colonel Lysons, who was in command, was urged by a Staff officer to go to the front, but on questioning him it was apparent that he had no authority to give orders to that effect. The five companies which Lysons had in hand were considerably impeded in their progress by strings of men of other regiments crossing and recrossing the Fusiliers in their advance; eventually they formed up "in line," in the 5th parallel. Soon afterwards an officer persuaded Sir William Codrington that an attack on the proper right of the Salient might succeed. Codrington dissented at first, probably from the consideration that an advance on this side was open to the fire of the Barrack and Garden batteries, but later he told Colonel Lysons he might go forward and try. The battalion, jumping over the parapet, and, headed by the officers, went forward in a perfectly formed line.

Lysons kept well down the hill so as to avoid the crowd of men clustering round the Salient, but after passing it, the battalion was fired on heavily both in front and on its right and left flanks, in the latter case the projectiles coming from across the Woronzow Road: when the Colonel was close to the ditch, he fell severely wounded, and soon afterwards the Russians, taking the offensive, as stated on the previous page, drove our troops off the parapet, following

them in many cases down into the ditch. The Welsh Fusiliers alone had 15 officers hit, out of 18, and 197 men out of the five companies.

Our total losses were—

Killed—29 officers ; 356 other ranks.

Missing—1 „ 175 „ „ (who may all be taken to have died).

Wounded—124 officers ; 1762 other ranks.

These proportions of total losses indicate that the Rank and File did not follow closely their leaders. There is seldom more than one officer present for every thirty of other ranks, but in this case one officer was hit for every eighteen men. The casualties in two hours were greater than those sustained in six hours at Inkerman.

General Simpson wrote in his despatch :—

“I determined that the 2nd and Light divisions should have the honour of leading the assault, from the circumstances of their having defended the trenches and approaches against the Redan for so many months, and from the intimate knowledge they possessed of the ground. It was arranged between Sir William Codrington and General Markham, that the assaulting columns of 1000 men should be formed of equal numbers of these two Divisions ; the column of the Light division to lead, 2nd division to follow. The trenches were subsequent to this attack so crowded with troops that I was unable to organize a second assault, which I had intended to make by the Highlanders, supported by the 3rd Division.”

These arguments indicate great kindness of heart, but no more cruel kindness to the Army could have

been perpetrated by a General in command. He held in reserve the Highland brigade, which had not been in action since the Alma, where the casualties of the brigade were less than the strength of a company, and one officer only was killed.

The brigade had done no night-work in trenches ; it had been encamped close to Balaklava for ten months, and its losses in the worst of the winter were 15 per centum against 73 per centum of the eight battalions in the extreme Front, most of which were eventually chosen to represent England in our final struggle. Every comrade to whom I have spoken considers that the knowledge of the ground was an absolute disadvantage, for in acquiring it the troops generally lost the dash which is essential for success, and the Light division existed only in name. The discipline and physique of the Highland brigade was magnificent, and it was commanded by a man who knew his own mind, and how to handle his battalions. With all his experience available, and in spite of the warning he gave his men at the Alma, the troops chosen for the assault were allowed to encumber the trenches, carrying away wounded.

Sir Colin Campbell said on the 20th of September, 1854, before the final advance on the enemy's position at the Alma :—

“Men, remember this, whoever is wounded—I do not care what his rank is—whoever is wounded must lie where he falls till a bandsman comes up to attend to him. No soldier must go carrying off wounded men. If any soldier does such a thing his name shall be stuck up in his parish church.”

The Highland brigade should have led the assault, but if we admit at once the grave error of neglecting to employ this splendid instrument for the purpose in the first instance, who can doubt but that if during the two hours' struggle, when the Russians and a few hundred British recruits were looking at each other, neither daring to advance from cover, the Highland brigade had been sent on across the open, it would have broken in over the left (proper) flank of the Redan, and cleared the breastwork in rear?

The all-important difference, however, in the difficulty of the tasks set to the French and British troops was in the Russian defences. The Malakoff was practically a closed work. Once the French got in, the Russians had to climb over parapets to meet them. The Redan was open to the rear, except for a breastwork, up to which our men never got, and from behind it the Russians poured a deadly fire at the few brave isolated men who endeavoured to break out of the corner of the Salient. The French failed to hold the Little Redan under similar conditions, and for similar reasons, except that they, by using far greater numbers, did once get up to the inner retrenchment.

It was shortly before 2 P.M., while the French troops were still struggling around the Salient of the Redan, that General Levaillant received the signal to attack, and he sent forward two brigades against the Central Bastion, headed respectively by Generals Trochu and Coustou.

Trochu's brigade, preceded by an advanced guard of volunteers, who had claimed the honour of leading

the assault, moved straight on the Redoubt Bielkine to the proper right face of the Central Bastion, while Couston's brigade attacked the left face, and the Redoubt Schwartz. In this last redoubt the Jitomir Regiment endeavoured, but unavailingly, to stand the rush of assailants who crowded over the parapets. The Russians, after much hand-to-hand fighting, were pushed back over the interior of the work. Couston remained in possession of the redoubt for some little time, and a portion of his command advanced still further towards the town.

Trochu's brigade was less fortunate ; several mines (fougasses) exploded amidst the front of the Storming party, while the guns of the Quarantine Fort enfiladed its ranks, and after the French had got on the top of the Russian parapet, they were unable to resist a counter-attack made by the regiments of Bielostok and Podolic. General Trochu was severely wounded, and his brigade fell back, suffering terrible losses. Out of its 2300 men who went forward, there were over 900 casualties. The Russian General in command of the Central Bastion, relieved from all anxiety on his right, now attacked Couston's brigade in front and flank, and regained possession of the Schwartz Redoubt, Couston himself being wounded.

After a short pause, General Levailant attempted another assault. The troops went on, but never succeeded in passing the parapets, which were now manned by large numbers of Russian infantry. A third attempt was made by d'Autemarre's division, which marched along the front of the Bastion Du Mât

towards the Schwartz Redoubt. Generals Rivet and Breton were killed at the head of the column, and just then an order was received to abandon all further attempts, as the French were in assured possession of the Malakoff. It was said that when the French were driven back from the Central Bastion, a General exhorted, threatened, upbraided his retreating soldiers, seizing them by the collar and turning some of them round to face the enemy, but did not succeed in arresting the retirement. In his endeavours to stop the retreat, he had seized a good-looking boy, a conscript recently landed in the Crimea, and, as he pushed him aside, said contemptuously, "Go, then! you are no Frenchman." The recruit repeating aloud, "Not a Frenchman!" turned back, and climbing up alone the parapet of the Russian work, he there fell dead, riddled by bullets.

During the afternoon it was reported to General Péliissier that large numbers of Russian troops were crossing by the floating bridge to the North side of the harbour, but the Allies did not yet feel confident that the End had quite come. About midnight one of the maritime forts was blown up, and explosions continued at intervals throughout the night, fires bursting out wherever any inflammable substance remained.

At 3 A.M. on the 9th, Corporal Ross, Royal Engineers, who was employed in the advanced sap, being struck by the unusual silence within the Redan, crept across the ditch, and climbing over the parapet, discovered that the enemy had evacuated the work.

At daylight all the Russian fleet except the *Vladimir* had disappeared under water, and the last of this heroic garrison was seen forming up on the North side of the floating bridge, which was then cut, leaving on the Southern side 200 or 300 men, who had remained behind setting fire to the houses. This was the last of the active operations. Gortschakoff withdrew his troops, and, placing the cavalry on the Belbeck, extended the infantry along the Mackenzie Farm heights' position, which he proceeded to fortify.

The Allies were now in possession of the blood-stained ruins of Sevastopol, and the last of the Black Sea fleet was at the bottom of the harbour. Perhaps it was well that Peace ensued. Although we might have dislodged the Russians from their position on the heights, it would have been difficult to obtain any further material advantage in the Crimea.

The 9th of September was fully occupied in collecting and burying the dead. An enormous hole in the Curtain between the Malakoff and Redan, made by the explosion which had buried the standard-bearer of the 91st French Regiment, was utilized to inter Russian corpses.

On the 10th the *Vladimir* crossed the harbour under a flag of truce to get some wounded, left behind on the 8th of September. In one hospital alone, 500 only were alive out of 2000, and these had lain since the 28th of August without human aid, or even water. In one room alone 700, many of whom had undergone amputation of limbs, lay dead.

The English official report records—

“The Russian Engineers nobly performed their part in the defence of Sevastopol. Their works were thrown up with great skill and labour ; they were planned with judgment, and the sites for them were admirably chosen. The great resources at hand were skilfully employed in strengthening the work, and in making the magazines bomb-proof and making cover for the garrisons.”

This is only a just tribute, but I cannot find language to do justice to the enduring constancy of the Russian soldiers of all ranks. Their casualties, exclusive of gunners, from the 17th of August—that is, after the battle of the Tchernaya—to the 7th of September, were over 17,000, and on the 8th of September they lost 7 Generals and nearly 13,000 of other ranks.

On the 17th of September the Naval brigade re-embarked. It had served for the last month under command of Captain the Hon. A. Keppel, who succeeded Sir Stephen Lushington when he left the Crimea on promotion. The latter had never been sick or absent from duty since we landed on the 2nd of October, 1854.

The following General Order records the services of the Bluejackets—

“The Commander of the Forces notices the patience and courage with which side by side the soldiers of the Army and the sailors have endured the dangers and hardships of nearly a year’s duties in the trenches.

“It is only in justice to the officers and men composing the Naval brigade to state that throughout the entire period

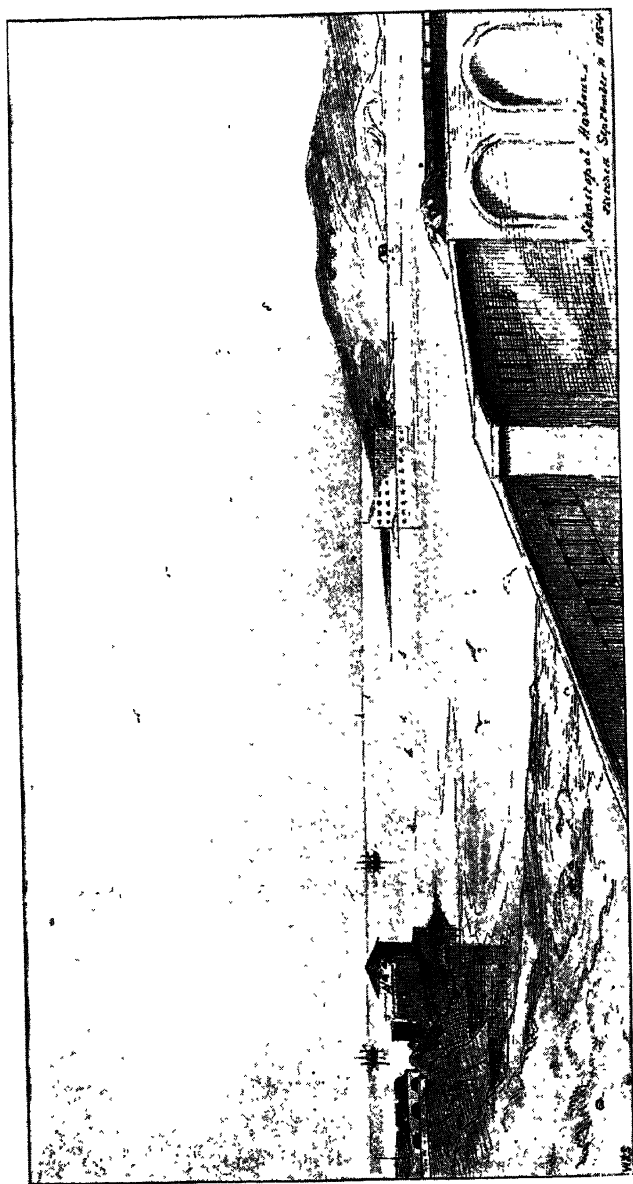
of their being employed with the Army, the greatest good feeling and cordiality has existed between the two services.

"They were always most active and zealous; idleness never appeared to form part of their character; and when their batteries were not engaged, they freely and voluntarily gave a helping hand with pick-axes and shovels, and always appeared anxious to make themselves useful."

It has always been a matter of regret to me that no one has adequately recorded the patient heroism of the Royal Artillery of the Siege Train companies. They saw their comrades of the Cavalry and Infantry decorated with clasps which betokened only a small part of the dangers they incurred for months, and if clasps had been given equally in the Services for dangers braved, a gunner who served throughout in the trenches should have had five.

It does not come within the scope of my story to enter into the political question which delayed the final settlement of the Peace till the 30th of March, 1856. The last of our troops finally left Balaklava on the 12th of July.

Mr. Kinglake animadverts strongly on the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon during the war, and it is therefore to be regretted that his history was not extended up to its conclusion, when, as Sir Edward Hamley says, "The Emperor was the only man in France thoroughly loyal to the English alliance." It was not, however, to the interest of France to continue the war, but England was in a different position. By Christmas, 1855, though we had lost some 22,000 men in the East, our Army was stronger than it had ever



THE MOUTH OF SEVASTOPOL HARBOUR, LOOKING NORTH.

been before. We had 4000 cavalry and 45,000 infantry, with 100 guns, on the Chersonese, besides a Turkish Legion of 20,000 officered by Englishmen, and a German contingent of 10,000. Some two or three months later 18,000 more men were collected at Aldershot. For the first time we had a Land transport equal to moving the whole of our forces. Our fleet, moreover, had been greatly increased in force and in weight of guns, and all these reasons rendered the British Government more determined to obtain satisfactory terms, and they therefore stood firm.

Eventually when the Treaty of Paris was signed, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort thus explained the feeling in the Allied capitals: "The Peace is signed! In London it has been received with moderate satisfaction, in Paris with exultation."

Some of my readers who have followed my narrative thus far may ask, "What is the present state of Sevastopol?" My host, who took us to the Crimea in August, 1894, and all his guests on board the ship, were treated with the greatest courtesy by the Governor, Admiral Lavroff, and, although I personally rode about for several days with a large Ordnance Survey map under my arm, no one offered even to inquire my purpose. A feeling of honour, therefore, made us all refrain from any attempt to examine the existing defences. These, and the strength of the fleet, are probably known to the War Ministries of all European nations, but it was not for us, who were received with confidence, to look into such questions.

The beautiful, dazzling white city which we attacked in 1854, was originally called Aktiar, from the white rocks on which it was built, first of all on the North side of the harbour. In 1855 we left all on the South side a mass of ruins, destroying the docks and such batteries as the Russians had left intact when they retreated across the harbour, and we used all the timber-work of the houses for fuel.

Now, in 1894, the city is resuming its former striking appearance. The Wasp Battery (so called by us) on the Northern side, has been supplemented by a number of similarly built earthen defences, a line of which also has been carried Southwards to Quarantine Bay. This is patent to every one who sails into the harbour. The Russians began in 1858 to reconstruct their naval yards, a private company undertaking the work, which is to be taken over by the Government when it so desires. In 1868, when a comrade of mine was there, spasmodic attempts were being made to rebuild the city; but the task was not taken up seriously until 1879, since which time it has been gradually replaced, and with a finer class of houses than those destroyed forty years ago. The forts which now defend the sea-front were begun about the same time—that is, after the Russo-Turkish war—and the first dry dock was re-made from 1883–6, the second being commenced in 1894.

There is one remarkable omission in the reconstruction of Sevastopol which must strike every soldier as extraordinary, and that is, there is no statue in honour of Todleben, the Life and Soul of the ever

memorable defence of the city which, immediately after the Alma, lay at our mercy. Yet it was the genius and courage of that man, nobly supported by all the garrison, which successfully defied France and Great Britain for twelve months. There are memorials to Admirals Nakimoff and Korniloff, but, brave men as they were, their services will never be reckoned by posterity as comparing in any degree with those of Todleben.

I mentioned that the Russians have excavated a deep and wide ditch which embraces the hills on which we built the batteries of our Right and Left Attacks. If, however, they wish to secure the dockyard and the ships in harbour from a hostile force in these days of long-range guns, it will, from the nature of the ground, be necessary, I believe, to go further up, and fortify Cathcart's Hill, the Picket house, Victoria and Inkerman Ridges.

There is so little soil on the hills which we chose for our batteries that no cultivation has been attempted thereon; thus, in August, 1894, we had no difficulty in fixing the spot where I reached the Abatis on the 18th of June, 1855, and the exact spot where Captain G. Wolseley was dangerously wounded in August, 1855.

The Flagstaff and Garden batteries, to obtain which the French made such great sacrifices, are laid out roughly as a public park; but, either because they are too far distant from the city, or, as I was told, because several robberies took place in them, only little use has hitherto been made of these recreation

grounds. Those who have friends lying buried on Cathcart's Hill will be glad to know that it is kept in very good order. The Vice-Consul, Captain Murray, Gordon Highlanders, is indefatigable in his care for it. Constant attention is, however, requisite in the summer months to keep it tidy, in consequence of the dry nature of the soil. The slopes on which our Divisions encamped are but little changed, except that the farms are better cultivated, mainly due to the improvements we created in the supply of water. It is easy to recognize the site of every regimental camp, and only two years ago an officer found in a cave a stone he had used as a book-rest during the campaign. Where the 3rd Division stood, in 1854-5, a substantial country house was being built in 1894.

Kadikoi and Balaklava, if less picturesque, are certainly cleaner and better built than before the war. The ground about them was then covered with orchards laden with plums and apples, and vineyards thick with luscious grapes, while melons and tomatoes grew in profusion. There are even more vineyards now, and the two villages show unmistakable signs of prosperity.

Sir Edward Hamley, in his short but very able history of the war, adopts a pessimistic view of the permanent improvement attained therefrom as regards our Army. He writes—

“We soon reverted to our customary condition of military inefficiency. During the next thirty years nearly all that

remained as the result of the experience we gained in the war were—the present excellent system of our military hospital, the great example of those established at Netley, the framework of the Land Transport Corps, which still survives in the Army Service Corps, and Aldershot camp.”

I suppose, after what we learnt in 1870-71, no War Minister, nor indeed any General officer, would declare that the force for which he is responsible “is ready down to the button of a gaiter.” Nevertheless, I believe more has been gained by us in the advancement to military efficiency, than is shown in the above quotation. The general standard of military knowledge in the nation has, thanks mainly to the Volunteer system, been immeasurably increased; but in every sense the Army is, I believe, better adapted for its mission than it has ever been before. It is a waste of time to compare our system with that of a Continental country with conscripted forces so large as to be accurately termed “a nation in arms.” Our Army exists primarily to defend our islands, and provide soldiers to hold possessions beyond the seas. Never in previous history has England possessed a Reserve of over 80,000 men in the prime of life; never before have the wants of the Rank and File received so much attention; and the country has profited immensely by its increased interest in its Army. Whatever may be the advantages or disadvantages arising from our great struggle with Russia, it is certain that our soldiers have obtained for all time an enduring example of what we ought to endeavour to imitate. Forty per centum of those who served before Sevastopol in the depth of

the winter of 1854-5 rest on the Upland, or in the Scutari cemetery. Destroyed by unnecessary privation, exposure, disease, and undue exertion, our comrades never gave in, and it is impossible for us, the few now remaining, who saw them die without a murmur, to forget what England owes to the Army we landed in the Crimea forty years ago.

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